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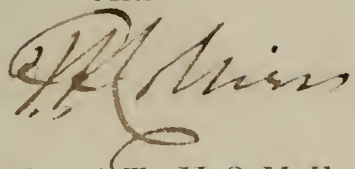

NAVY "AT HOME."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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WILLIAM MARSH, 145, OXFORD STREET.

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THE NAVY "AT HOME."

CHAPTER XXI.

Hawser visits Home. Description of the Rector, &c,; returns with his Father to Portsmouth—what happened at the Dolphin Inn—he goes to Sea, and is lost sight of.

MANY were the changes that now took place, on board our ship, and new faces appeared every day—on the return of post, Lieutenant Shroud was made a captain—more correctly speaking, a "*Master and Commander*," and would not, as he expressed it in his glee, have thanked *the king to be his uncle!* Mr. Billybuffer, the caterer, found none of the doctor's plaisters half so efficacious as a certain *parchment*, that had been considerately applied by the admiralty, and was speedily on his legs, advanced to that enormous dignity, a lieutenancy; and that too, in his own ship! where, for some days, he was sorely puzzled what sort of face to put on, on so tremendous an elevation! looking

out, as he sat musing on this strange accession of dignity, at that *very door* he had so long eyed with envy, on its dark exterior! and being now, as 'twere by conjuration, on a level with those very men, he had but yesterday looked up to, as a sort of beings, of a superior race! his first set out was somewhat awkward; but a few days' practice, aided by great strength of *mind*, enabled him to jog on with tolerable equanimity—nor had his elevation much changed his habits—though 'twas said, that he had thrown an additional quantity of severity into his short, round, fat phiz, and withdrew himself somewhat suddenly from the familiarity of his old messmates; while he rather *over did* his sudden intimacy with the new:—Time, that great curer of incurable evils—partly smoothed these discrepancies—nor was he known to have had a single *hard word* with any but the *master*, Weazel—whose petulance he had so often smarted under; and now assuming the superior authority, his rank warranted, gave him once or twice a taste of the "*snip, snap, short, system*," by way of wholesome retaliation, whenever these two worthies disagreed on points of duty, or politics.

Mr. Tugjunk, too, had been promoted, and commenced officer and gentleman much about the same time, on board the old *Billy*, where he strutted about with the most wonderful confidence in his own superior merits. Mr. Lackwit, was likewise decked with that envied addition, white edging, and the anchor button on a sunk field, while the step gave him an opportunity of sporting a sword a foot longer than any other person, a finer belt, and a goldlaced hat—with which items, he displayed his body up and down High-street, the most supercilious, self satisfied mortal in his Majesty's dominions—while his purse enabled him to *hang out* at the "*George*" hotel, until an appointment to some frigate, should give him an opportunity of trying his hand at a gun-room table.

Young Hawser, (before the captain left for London), got leave for six weeks to go home and see his family; whither we shall beg leave to escort him, leaving his good ship repairing in one of the docks; the ship's company and officers on board one of the hulks, where they lived like "*fighting cocks*" the officers, (that is, the juvenile fry,) kicking up the usual number of "*rows*" *in Southampton-row*, and

South Sea, as they swaggered along in groups; while the men, equally happy, in the endearments of their chaste spouses, heightened the enjoyment of their lives, by lots of *heavy wet*, and blue ruin—introduced under the special care and contrivance of their ladies, who shewed, in this particular, the most heroic devotion; though sorely against their will, they were assisted by the industry and zeal of Mrs. *Half-ton*, the *bum boat* woman, who, dropping a low curtesy to the first lieutenant, (now, Mr. Classic) hoped she might attend the ship, as she always had done? begging his honor to observe, that she defied man, woman, or child, at *point*, or on board, gentle, or simple, to say "*black was the white of her eye;*" thus, being satisfied on this material point, she was admitted to her old monopoly.

"Leaving, then, all hands thus comfortably provided for in Portsmouth harbour; not excepting Toby, who had been assured he would be made a purser of the *Griper* before long, let us look at the country once more—once more tread mother Earth, and see what they are about, at the rural cottage of the knight. Just a week before Horatio got home, Sir Careless had *seen, by the papers*, what

had happened ; and, after congratulating not only his own family, but all the neighbourhood, on the event, he next set to work to calculate the prize money his son would share, which he said, at a moderate computation, would amount to two hundred pounds!!! which sum he determined to borrow for the moment—losing not an instant in writing to him, and desiring his presence on an affair of the *last importance*—a phrase Sir Careless was in the habit of using on the most trifling occasions—not with any fixed idea on the subject, but as it sounded well, and turned a period in the most happy manner; as we often hear it made use of, in certain senates—for once in a way, however, the idea of fingering two hundred pounds, was to him, indeed, an affair of the very utmost importance.

In that happy buoyancy of life, in the freshness of youth, when we live but to chase butterflies in one green enamelled field, simply being at liberty, was, in itself, *inestimable happiness!* this our youngster shewed by a thousand childish sallies, as he put up a few things to take with him—and shook them all by the fist—" Yoy hoy for home!" Old Dan,

indeed, came plaguing him, as if he could have taken him "*along, too*," as he said—not that massa Dan wanted to renew his tilling of fields, but he was tired of being cooped up in a ship—he was, nevertheless, assured, that he had no choice; in half an hour his young master was on the top of one of the coaches, rattling out of the town, and without any adventure worth relating, was safely landed two fields off his own house, twelve hours afterwards: he had now seen *something* of the world, as he imagined, and could not help wondering, in earnest, at the different appearance things seemed to wear to what they did in his eyes so lately! the Red Bull, of the village inn, as it glared at the coming customer, now looked quite as much like a camel—though the time was, he had thought it a very respectable personification of that terrific beast—the house itself had dwindled to half its size; and so on of every thing about, still familiar to him, except in this their metamorphosis!—at last, getting over a style, he saw his own home, where he had spent so many happy, so many tedious moments—in a double sense, it was a mere wig-wam! In a moment he was hugged by every soul in the

house, and his poor mother shed tears of joy over her boy, as she turned him round and round, with a face of extreme surprize and wonder, at his altered appearance—(we need not add for *the better.*) Sir Careless was really proud of him; and, as he paced the room, (while they all sat together, and Horatio tried to answer a hundred questions) rapped his snuff-box with peculiar energy, stuffing a double quantity of that precious dust up his nostrils, as expressive of his perfect satisfaction; exclaiming, from time to time—"Ha! hem! I knew, my dear, (turning to Lady H.) it would make a man of him—ha! ha! what did I tell you—you see what it is! eh, Horatio! and how's my friend, Captain Oakheart? I must write to him, by the bye—he has behaved very handsomely, 'pon honor!"——while his sister Maria, meek, sensible, and sensitive as ever, shewed her delight more by looks than words—and, presently making tea, the family sat down, the happiest circle in the county—at least for that night.

Horatio, who had always loved his sister with a truly generous affection, next morning took a long walk with her over the fields,

while yet the dew was on the grass, and Sir Careless slept off the effects of sundry glasses of punch, drunk to the success of his "dear boy." While they thus walked together, listening to the chirping of birds, the cowherd's whistle, and admiring the freshness and beauty of the country round, doubly welcome to her brother, after looking at salt water and a ship's beams, and decks and ropes so long, Maria told him how things went on at home—not a whit better, than at his departure—nay, worse—one of their horses, papa had sold, and bought a worse, for which he was in debt—as, indeed, he was for every thing he could get hold of (from his eloquence and winning address) among the village rustics; who, partly astounded at his title, did not like to *refuse* outright, though pretty well aware the day of payment was ever postponed, on one pretext or another. These particulars gave them both not the less serious concern, that they were nothing new—but to sensible and well-regulated minds, they could not fail to create great uneasiness; the more so, that no remedy presented itself. Among other things, she told him, that their neighbour, the baronet, partly from

their father's own fault, partly from that general antipathy to *poverty*, so natural and so general in civilized society, had allowed their intercourse to dwindle down to a very formal visit, at very remote periods; and then with a coldness and ostentation, as if in mockery of their reduced situation——struck at length to the quick, Sir Careless had partly withdrawn himself, when the altered tone of *Highrouge* house could no longer be mistaken—that he had taken his brother away, after a very slight apparently good-natured opposition, and well acted *surprise*—and had, by the greatest good luck in the world, got him a cadetship in the *Indian* army, having sailed only a month before for Madras, —(not too well equipped, but still, better than Horatio had been) amidst the prayers and blessings of his family, for his success and safe return, *one of these days*—the good girl's eyes, while she said this, were wet with tears. Her brother comforted her with assurances of there being no danger; and as to climate, *Madras* was said to be the Montpelier of India; or, rather, the most healthy spot in it; more than can be said for the former, in France.

From the more painful details of their own house, they spoke insensibly of other things—such as, that the young lady, the baronet's daughter, continued an exception to the rest of the family; frequently writing her kind notes, and taking long walks with her, on their meeting; which they now and then did—that she made one or two kind enquiries after Horatio; "Not, my dear brother," she said, "that I would have you throw away a serious thought in that quarter — her father and mother have other and higher views, be assured, for her, than such as yourself; nay, even were you a captain, without an estate, your chance would not be much improved."

To this he could not but agree with her, assuring his sister, that all such romantic notions he had long since got rid of; and, in truth, his good sense had shewn him the folly of thinking of a girl who was taught to look up to a large fortune, and a title at least —which pursuits, once dwelt on as indispensable to any thing like *comfort*, or style, it need not here be insisted on, that whatever the good sense and feeling of the young lady might have been, or philosophy, on this point, she was in time, like enough to coincide with

her parents; particularly, as there were several young fellows down with them from time to time, with both title and fortune; and there was no reason why some of them might not feel inclined to fix their eyes on a young lady, who, to a very tolerable portion, promised at her marriage, was herself, not only very beautiful, but very accomplished — it was agreed, therefore, between the brother and sister, that the thoughts of a visit, on his part, to the baronet's, should be wholly given up—though, should they meet by accident, he determined to appear to know nothing either of their coolness, nor his father's resentment of it; and this was the more confirmed, as the latter had not mentioned one syllable about the matter.

Maria now took her brother round to the farm yard, where she fed all her protegées—many of them had been once his—and here they were saluted by a confusion of noises, the qua-a-king of ducks, gabbling of geese, and turkeys, crowing of cocks, cackling of hens—while the pigs thrust their snouts to his hand, as if in friendly recognition, with a peculiar, and well understood kindly grunt; while, on another side, a horse

and cow presented themselves—and to each, Horatio gave a gentle pat, and handful of salt; and opening a gate, turned them to their pasture, smiling inwardly at his resumption of his old occupation, dressed as he was—for he had come home, decked out in a full suit of uniform, with his dirk by his side, and *weekly account* on his collar—the very first midshipman, it was thought, ever seen in the village of *Drawling!*

After breakfast, Sir Careless summoned his son to the garden, where, of a forenoon, he worked in good earnest; grafting, lopping, dibbing, hoeing, digging, transplanting, and the thousand operations of a professed gardener; and here he broached the subject to his son of the loan by anticipation, of the prize money, he had so happily calculated before hand.

This goodly *castle* however of his, in the air, quickly vanished, as his son assured him, so far from two hundred, he did not think he should get more than twenty pounds! certainly not thirty—making his father sensible of his real situation, on board ship; not even "*rated midshipman!*" but all he could do, he could not make him under-

stand how a *gentleman*, could be nothing more in fact, than an "*ordinary seaman*," on the *bonâ fide* books of the ship! to be paid, and acknowledged by government, in no other shape!!!

Facts, however, were stubborn things, and betaking himself to the Bull, to look over the papers—he ruminated on this upset of his last week's speculation; but happily, the knight was of too sanguine a temperament, to be cast down at trifles—his imagination sprung buoyant from its momentary depression; casting certain uneasy monitors, (in the shape of farmer this or that, and their small bills,) at a distance; and anticipated a permanent relief from these petty embarrassments, from a source, over which he often pondered—and which, had not yet been made known to the reader—it was briefly this.

In early life, he had been the chum at college, of a man, who, going to India, was said to have amassed an immense fortune—it was certain he was rich, and equally so, that he was not married—now all this might have been nothing to him—but for the fact, that they had been sworn friends, and at parting, his friend had more than once assured him, that

if ever he came home *above* the world, he would not forget the many good offices he had received at the knight's hands—besides, this gentleman, (whose name was *Mangrove*,) was of an eccentric turn—and though such general professions from young men mean nothing, and generally turn out nothing—yet in his late straits, Sir Careless had often resorted with fondness to this hope, and had, at a venture, given his son a letter to Mr Mangrove, though the latter being in Bengal, there was but slender chance of its doing either of them much good, unless his regiment was ordered in that direction.

To the indolent and imaginative, the most slender hope is quickly magnified to suit their purpose—the merest straw serves to catch at—at least it amuses—and many a night of late, since the departure of his second son, had Sir Careless sat over his glass, long after lady H. and her children were in bed, at home—contemplating some unforeseen and happy change, to be brought about by the princely munificence of a man, whom he had not seen for five and twenty years! and whom he had no claim on; for the little services he did him—required no very deep gratitude, and were

such as most young men render each other every day, while together—and not thought of after the moment.

On his father's leaving him, Horatio had gone down one of the many pretty romantic lanes, not far from home, to see, (by way of killing an idle hour,) what had become of an old flame of his—the one possibly we have glanced at in the outset—he was returning in sombre mood, not finding the house tenanted by the same people, and thinking how he should find out what had become of his old friends, when the resolution he had made about the baronet's daughter was suddenly put to the trial, by her abrupt appearance round a sharp turn in the road, in her little pony phæton, driving it herself—beside her sat another young lady, and a groom on horseback followed—the lane was so narrow, that, as he drew up to let them pass—he thought it but right to take off his hat, on recognition of the lady who had once gained so great an ascendancy in his imagination. Seeing a person, who she did not immediately recollect, so close, and in a uniform new to her, as it was unusual in the country, she pulled up—and almost instantly recognising him, seemed

much pleased at the meeting—introducing her fair friend, and asking him many friendly questions, of himself and the sea—she was still more interested, when she found out that he belonged to the very ship she had just read of, as having captured a French frigate.

There is something so ingenuous, so generous, and open hearted, in a really well bred English girl, that however, they may be tied up by cold formalities for a season, in town—they are sure to recover their goodness, with their more genial woods and lawns. Such was the young lady's manner to our sailor—and she looked so kind, and said so many agreeable and flattering things, that poor Horatio's heart was once more thrown from its equipoise, and fluttered violently, while the blood rushed into his face, as he stood in a sort of pleasing confusion, before these two fashionable naiads or protecting sylvan deities; as long as she could, Miss Highrouge found something to say, while her eyes told how pleased she was with the interview, as well as her young friend—not indeed exactly to be accounted for, unless we might suppose they found some charm, some novelty, in his bashfulness—and the idea of thus, in a secluded lane, far in the country, talking

to one of those very heroes, (though a small one), for whom they felt so enthusiastically, while fighting their country's battles, in the person of Master Hawser, or Mr. as we *think* he may now be called; besides the agreeable surprise at seeing him so much the man! altered so much, so "*astonishingly*" for the better, since she had last seen the poor fellow at church! when he cut so odd a figure. Not being able, without its being too marked, to prolong the conversation—she reluctantly whipped on her nags—hoping, he intended, to come and see them, as she was sure, her papa and mama would be most happy to congratulate him on his safe return, and his recent good fortune.

Hawser stammered out his thanks, with a sensation very much like worshipping the fair speaker; and as he lost sight of them, sauntered home in a pleasing reverie; in which this young lady, occupied a very prominent part—though, so confused, that he could hardly have told himself what he dared hope, or wish.

All this, he faithfully related to his sister, who, as she was the best creature in the world, shared the pleasure it had given him—but

her greater knowledge of the world, recluse as she was, was little imposed on by the incident; and putting her hand in his—as he finished, observed, "Ah dear brother, still do not think too much, of what may be merely accidental, in her manner—she is so good natured, that if she does but speak to one of the clowns in the village, she sends them away, I verily believe, in love with her."

She now went to her piano, and played several overtures and airs of the best masters, with a grace and taste, that quite charmed her brother; who, in his turn, assured her he had not neglected his violin; though practising on board ship, was difficult enough, from the want of privacy, or room, the continued noise,—and lastly, the unmerciful quizzing of his messmates—spite of all, however, he added, she should judge if he had not improved very considerably; for he was passionately fond of music, and in spare moments, had cultivated it with some success, even while on board, aided by the master of the band, who, like most Germans, and spite of his hard English, was a most thorough musician. They then played several duets, not ill executed on his part, *considering;* to the great delight of his sister, whose partiality

magnified his performance, many degrees beyond its just merits—as a matter of course.

Horatio had not failed to inquire after all those he recollected in the village; the surgeon, who used frequently to come and spend the evening at the cottage, not finding the healing *art* much in request, and not being patronized at the great house, or the parsonage, where they always sent to town (near a hundred miles!) for the great Doctor Solemnpuff—the country people too hearty, and too poor, to require his aid, and the gentry, within reach of his ambling nag, too much divided, as to the merits of various pretenders, (who drove up to their lodges in their own carriages,) to attend to a simple and unassuming man as the good doctor was—he had therefore taken himself off, recommended by a friend (by way of speculation) to *write* the waters of a small hamlet on the coast of Kent into notice; and the last time they had heard of him, they were rejoiced to find he had so far succeeded, as to have attracted the attention of certain *builders*, who had run up a row of houses or barracks, which were at that very moment inhabited by six bilious East Indians and their motley-coloured pro-

geny, running through various shades, from white to deep olive; three (whether from bile or not, was not known) yellow admirals—five red-nosed generals; with an infinity of hypochondriacal old maids, old bachelors, and led captains; among whom the doctor contrived to pick up a very comfortable living—descanting night and morning in the pump-room, and at their several tables, (where he first tasted *curry* and *mullagatawny*), on the wonderful efficacy of this chalybeate; which, (as he found nothing but miracles were understood), he quickly infused, with every requisite under heaven! and in appealing to themselves for the truth of what he advanced, he was sure to be listened to with a reverence bordering on superstitious awe—the proof of what he advanced, lay in the supposed alteration for the better in each of their faces!—of this every individual was sure, in *himself*, but not so certain of, as to his neighbour!—while the doctor, like that great bond of nature, electricity, kept them all together, and in perfect harmony.

The next person inquired after was the parson, who was a very excellent respectable man, played the violoncello well, and

had an occasional duet with Sir Careless: he remained at the parsonage, and thither the young sailor went to pay him his respects.

This gentleman, of whom we have not before spoken, it may be as well to describe more fully: he happened to be the rector himself, and in the receipt of eighteen hundred or two thousand pounds a year; kept his carriage, and what is called the best company—certainly the very best the country afforded; nor do we know of any better in the kingdom, (not daring to lift our eyes to certain high mightinesses of London, called *exclusives*, who, of course, can alone be sensible of each other's peculiar dignity and merit); in short, this clergyman was on terms of intimacy with the baronet, where he dined, and his family, about once a week—shot with him two other days—rode with him after foxes over the country—and preached him a sermon on the seventh.

To a good round purple face, he added a comely stature and a portly presence, carrying about with him some fourteen stone, the chief quantity of which he very properly carried before him: he was at bottom a good

natured man, though his features had never relaxed from a consequential solemnity, ever since his leaving college; some thirty years before this period; when he was presented to a living; and in due time, (through his patron, my Lord Muchinhand), the present rectory was added; when a curate did the duty of the first gift, and very often of the second—for Dr. Littlegood was not the sort of man that set much store by the *efficacy of works*, or the doctrine of meekness and humility, inculcated in the first tenets of the Christian religion—thence, the very last thing that ever attracted his attention, was the particular use he might be of in his own parish—or any good he could do, after the manner of the man of Ross: —to him it was quite enough that he did no harm—lived with a proper decorum in the bosom of his own family, (which in truth was a lovely one)—and consulted, on all occasions, his own peculiar advantage and that of his relations—and in this he was most exemplary: —then, he so managed, that every year he, and now and then, his wife and two of his eldest daughters, went up to town for the season, or took a trip to Paris—once they had been through all Italy; being absent from the

parsonage a whole year!—nor had any thing suffered by his absence—nothing was visibly altered, nor even in his own house, at his return, could it have been guessed they had been such desperate travellers, but from the greater number of views of ruins, and cameos, and landscapes in Italy, on the tables, framed, and in the girls' albums and portfolios—and by their greater partiality to Italian airs; and, occasionally, a little display of the language—but all this was moderate.

Mrs. Littlegood was a woman of excellent sense, and though the proudest, most overbearing female in existence, yet did she never encourage the slightest affectation of any thing, or in any thing—returning from Italy as haughty, and as simple in her tastes, as when she set out. If ever she was thrown from her constant evenness and dignity of manner, it was perhaps when in town—when her whole soul seemed bent on getting the girls husbands at any rate, despairing of any sort of chance in the country—and in this good attempt she did indeed, now and then, overshoot the mark, by a too great anxiety, too great an extravagance, and too great a familiarity with young men who had no sort

of claim to the extraordinary notice she took of them—but that they were possibly, distantly related to high people, or perhaps kept their cabriolets, shewed themselves at the opera, dressed well, and talked current fashionable slip slop, and displayed, on all occasions, a *quantum sufficit* of presumption and conceit; caught by such appearances, to these men she made advances—and (on the hearsay of their *means*) invited them to her house—in some measure forced them into her parties—and did all, in short, from the most laudable motives, an anxious mother can—but as yet she had done no good: one had turned out a notorious gambler, (how shocking!)—another had gone to the King's Bench—another to Paris; just too (so provoking!) as he began to be a little particular with the youngest girl!—while the rest, after dangling about them, and accepting their civilities, when they had nothing better in view, &c. walked off, or cut them with the most inconceivable coolness.

On these occasions, Mrs. Littlegood returned to the country something soured and disgusted—but it no further amended the matter for the next season—unhappily, however, it served to throw a double portion of stiffness into her

carriage towards her friends in the country. Poor Lady Hawser was but barely tolerated, and only admitted at all by virtue of her title —while others were treated with less ceremony; and in these sentiments the girls were faint, but correct, echos of their mother. With all this, the father little interfered—and sometimes got a lecture (a curtain one) on his seeming indifference about the settlement of his children!—which he generally ended by shrugging up his shoulders, and saying—"Well, my dear, what in the name of Heaven would you have me to do!" Not that he was really indifferent, but he was aware that such matters are only brought about by chance—and that, nine times out of ten, "*the more haste the worst speed.*"

The great distinguishing feature of this excellent and respectable family, however, was, that they lived isolated in the midst of their flock—there was no sympathy, no communication—all was coldness and distance; the ladies never stirred through the village on foot, never spoke to its inhabitants, any more than if they had been Indians or Hottentots, nor did the doctor—he scarcely knew the *name* of any one of his parishioners, who were not *gentry;*

with which class alone he conceived himself bound to keep up a social intercourse, and so far no people could be on better terms. With a delightful house, inclosed in a beautiful garden and pleasure grounds—no where in the country could a day be passed to more advantage than at this clergyman's—no where meet with a greater degree of elegance and taste than in its sensible and polished inmates; for at Highrouge hall the greater wealth and profusion was not guided by a corresponding taste: but this was a particular good—reflecting its feeble rays, certainly not beyond the enormous garden walls, that shut out the flock or *herd* without—that kindly feeling of love and esteem that endears the poor to the rich, (where they are "*Alworthys*,") the result of personal kindness as much in manner as in matter, was here unknown—the rector never condescended to speak to a farmer or a tradesman, their wives or children; and as they touched their hats or courtesied on meeting, he passed on with a very slight, and sometimes, without even a friendly recognition of this outward respect at least—and on a Sunday, when he mounted the pulpit, it was more with the drawling manner of pompous con-

descension, than an earnest devotedness to amend their lives. His tones were those of measured sonorous declamation, not of persuasion; he forsooth was no *Fra. Pacifico*, except perhaps in looks; or, nearer home, a Chalmers! His sermons—trite truths indeed—but little to the purpose; and so dull, that they might have been guessed of his own composition—(never having been remarked for being particularly clever at any thing, except riding, and bringing down his bird.) This duty over, in the same austere solemnity, he unrobed, joined the family, as they made up to different gentry of their acquaintance—and, taking their respective ways home, left but the impression of a tedious duty performed, and listened to by the gladly dispersed congregation.

Of all this, it is but justice to say, the doctor had not the most distant idea; conscious only of having done his *duty* to the letter—he dreamed not of other obligations. Familiarity with the poor, or the relief of their wants, particularly when it might have put down his carriage, certainly were not pointed out to him by *precept*—unless he had searched towards the fountain head of christianity—

nor still less, by *example*, among the higher prelates—where pride and ostentation had the means, (seldom neglected) of far outstripping his well-meant imitation. But whatever face this man of God put on, to the little world, who were beneath his notice—those of his friends, and even poor Sir Careless, found him a cheerful, hospitable, and convivial neighbour; though somewhat pedantic, and dogmatical, and intolerant.

Nobody knew better how to do the honours of his own table; where the best wines sparkled on the board, one bottle of which went to make part of his individual self every day of his life; here too was "the feast of reason and the flow of soul"—and, as if not too much exhausted over the community at large, shone with redoubled lustre on the select few, who frequently declared he was the best fellow in the world—his girls the finest in the county—and his wife the most ladylike woman, as she was the most beautiful, for her age—nor could the loads of paint with which Lady High-rouge bedaubed her cheeks, nor her later fashions, nor higher feathers, mend the matter one jot—obliged to confess, while she bit her lip in envy and spite, that "certainly Mrs.

Littlegood was a very fine woman, but that she was (she could not help adding) monstrous, ridiculously, stately!"

In spite of this, the two ladies were on the best of terms—at least when neighbours in the country—for in town, possessing an opera-box, a magnificent house in ——— square, and knowing some few of the exclusives, Lady Highrouge threw her rival in personal appearance, entirely in the shade; and indeed once or twice ventured to treat her in such a way, as produced a coolness all the next summer and autumn—nor was it made up, but by the intervention of the baronet and the doctor, who had not been violently moved by their wives' squabbles.

There are those who will consider this picture of the divine as unjust!—and O! ye critics—who in such matters would bow-string our thoughts, and make of our free isle a Turkish province—where, 'twere as good and safe to hint an imperfection—as preach the fallibility of the prophet's ass in a coffee-house at Constantinople, bethink ye, that men can but be men after all!—when a foolish zeal, and a childish, if not a malignant intolerance would exalt them as divines, into something

more than what is natural in their neighbours, when it is but too often unhappily proved, spite of some bright exceptions, they stand something less in the general estimation.

To strip off at once the temptation to a too worldly way of thinking and acting to one devoted to God! whose life and conduct should be one continued lesson to those about him, of humility and self-denial, of charity and kindness, of meekness and forbearance, would be at once to strip the profession of its brightest ornaments, in a worldly sense!—of its charms, of its enjoyments and its convenience! would we then go back to the isolated and tinselled state of the Roman church—where, indeed, too—the want of wives and families, and the absence of the ostentation seen in England (and Rome) does not prevent, or check the acquirement of great and undue wealth in a few of the superiors—it would scarcely be desirable:

And is there then no happy medium, where we need neither blush for the silly mummery of the one, nor the indecent *worldliness* of the other? such a medium it is said may be still found in the poorer livings in our own island, where the possessions are too poor to awaken

cupidity and ambition in the possessors, or ambition divide that attention, which should be devoted to the good of their flocks—directing the greater share of their thoughts to their own particular benefits—but though it is our business to describe a man, as intent alone on his own sublunary concerns, and those of his family, we are far from describing him as a bad man, or as unworthy of the trust he held, (making due allowance for received notions on this head; where a *living* is estimated, by those who are free from humbug and cant, as a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence) whatever zeal or goodness therefore there is brought to this vested right in the person of the possessor, must give him a clear credit with those who are to feel its influence.

The duties of a divine, like those of other individuals in the every day concerns of life, may be *fulfilled*, and yet in such a way—so coldly, so mechanically, as not to touch the heart, much less warm it, of any one soul concerned; and such was precisely the case of the reverend divine in question; nor should we mention the appearance of several fields about, where the tenth shock lay rotting, but that it marked an unseemly struggle—where

all should have been love and kindness—not that Dr. Littlegood condescended to squabble with his parishioners (after the fashion of a certain man in London, whose bickerings about his rights and monies filled the columns of our daily papers, to the great disgust of all decent people and good christians)—no—he left such matters to his bailiff; and perhaps would have been shocked at the idea of disputing about the exact value of his proportion; but the point was, however, frequently contested, and the result—the rotting of the produce of the earth where it was cut. To the unconcerned—to the philanthropist—to the patriot—these facts spoke volumes, as he crossed the field, unknowing and unknown to either party—it seemed melancholy, in an extended sense—and in that very field, where dozens of poor barelegged creatures, old and young, gleaned through the day a scanty handful!

And yet, however, the fact might be regretted—no body was wronged—it was his,—and with what was *his*, by the *law* of the land, he did what he pleased;—words, words, words!—there are ten millions to prove him right—and such a state of things the best

possible; but we deal not with systems, but facts, trifles, grains of sand—and look for a moment on the pebble, which thrown from the shore, extends its undulating circles to the furthest verge of the vast lake;—the good doctor was this small pebble, and a polished one, and those circles still receding, touched not only the tinyest creature in the village, and the whole parish, but their sensations; in *what way*, we have already attempted to describe, it was not with a kindly influence.

To this gentleman, young Hawser made his bow, and was received with a cordiality he knew so well how to extend to his acquaintance; here the youth saw (the doctor detaining him a short time in his study) how a man of letters passed his time, agreeably relieved by out of door sports and exercise—his bookcases well filled with the classics, his table thick strewed with periodicals of the day, newspapers, and pamphlets—while on his desk seemed a half written sermon, and pamphlet against concession to the Catholics, which he resumed at starts, as what he conceived a happy train of thought came over him—perhaps the only regular task he ever undertook; pricked on by his vanity; for it never once

occurred to him that much, infinitely better sermons had been written already, waiting only for delivery, by such able divines as Tillotson, Blair, Sterne, &c.; his *own* were *excellent!*—so he was told every Sunday, by some half dozen of his personal friends; and it was not for him to find out that half the congregation were yawning or asleep! it was impossible to suppose it.

After answering various enquiries of what he had been at—and where—how he liked the sea, &c., the doctor took his young friend in, to have some luncheon with the ladies, who they found in their drawing room engaged, much as fashionable women of this age are of a morning, between novels, drawing, knitting purses, destined never to be filled—and cutting out and arranging scraps for albums, &c.

After the first how d'ye do, and a few common place questions, little notice was taken of their visitor—intently occupied with the above pastimes, or bewailing the fates, that they could not go and see Lady, or Mrs. So and So—that really a visit was owing—then they bethought them of sending their cards—then again could they have the carriage, for

positively it was too bad — they must see another great lady that very day—here there was a party to be prepared for—there a *féte*—public déjeuné—while altogether it seemed impossible to get through the fatigues of the many calls of society and friends, and correspondence to other dear souls left in town!—who, by and bye, meant to come down for a week or two on their way to ———; sometimes warm contentions about the merit of this and that individual, who looked, who danced, who sang best; but all this went on in a sort of mysterious language—not meant to be understood beyond themselves, by the aid of sundry smiles, nods, shakes of the head—and an occasional initial letter helped out by the fingers!—at length the young sailor took his leave, with a shake of the hand from the father, begging him to come often, and asking him to dinner, that day-week.

The next person he called on was an old lieutenant in the army, yclept *captain* by courtesy, who had long retired on half-pay, and lived as he best could in an obscure lodging at one end of the town. This gentleman was of the sister kingdom—but had been absent ever since a very early age, without how-

ever, having lost a jot of a good rich brogue, which, on the contrary, he was extremely proud of retaining, as it put him and his friends in mind of the Emerald isle; the young sailor had always been a favourite of this son of Mars, and he welcomed him back with many shakes of the hand, and the salutation of, "Och, is it yourself now, come back! and looking so well—why they've made a man of ye! and what have ye been after doing all this time, my boy."

Being fully satisfied on this head; he made him stay and dine with him—barring the door, so that he had nothing for it, but to remain quiet, though he entreated Mr. O'Bother'em to excuse him, as he should be waited for, and begged it might be some other day—"No, by his shoul, it should be this very day, honey!" he had read of the action, and thought "sure enough he was *kilt*," then taking him into his bit of a "potatoe field," as he called his garden—he ran over a world of grievances, about not being able to get employed, much less have a company—and in truth, this was hard enough, for he was a brave fellow, had seen some service abroad—but unhappily had come home in a garrison battalion and gone on

half pay, and had never from that moment been able to get noticed; though, at stated periods, he wrote the usual letters to the *guards*, soliciting employment, &c.

Surely there is not a more unenviable situation in this infinitely varied world of ours, than that of a poor half pay officer thus left to promenade his *ennui* about a country town; without the least taste for any thing but regimental duty, and a social glass of wine; he cared neither for music, nor books, though he had made an attempt at the flute, and now and then, read half a chapter of a novel. For a long time the body scorned to partake of the inaction of the mind of O'Botherem, and many leagues did he walk round and round about, sometimes with a gun over his shoulder; (having obtained leave to sport on the baronet's manor) sometimes with a bit of a shillelah in his fist, but he never could out-walk the tediousness of his heavy spare time.

After trying half the towns and watering places in the kingdom, he had sat down at *Drawling*, to be "*retired;*" and he *was*, with a vengeance; having been a whole year in the village before any body found him out. At length at the Bull, Sir Careless got acquainted

with him—and asked him to his house—next introduced him at Highrouge hall, and at the parson's—but whether the good lieutenant's address and appearance which were not the most prepossessing in nature, did not *take*—or whether it grew out of a very uncommon shyness in himself—he seldom made his appearance at either house, and was as seldom invited—so that he was likely to end as he began—with the exception of the knight, who loved his cloth—and paid him some few compliments, as he fought his battles over again, at the Bull—and encouraged him to think he would yet be a captain, spite of fate.

At last, dinner over, the sailor gave him the slip; and got home in time to tea, well filled with whiskey punch, with which the lieutenant had plied him—"As infinitely superior to ale, or any liquor in the world!"—telling him, every instant, "that he might depend on it, it was the *rale malt*." The sailor had got away from the soldier, after much ado, only, on condition that he came immediately after him, as soon as he could adonize his person a bit—for it must not be supposed, that he was either so old, or indifferent to the sex, as to be unconcerned at his own personal appear-

ance: often had he cast him about; or rather, cast the matrimonial noose about, at the various watering places—many the widow, with snug jointure, nearly caught—many a longing eye had *he* cast at certain green old maids, said to be "well off!" but it ended, from various causes, in leaving him still in single blessedness. Sometimes he could not be *sure* (and O'Botherem was a close calculator) of the *penny* that might be forthcoming; sometimes the lady herself was not quite sufficiently tempted by the blandishments of the lover—sometimes it fairly came out (*against appearances*) that he had not a farthing in the world, bating his half-pay; with the ugly drawback of divers long tailor's bills unpaid—but of this the world at large knew nothing. At Drawling, too, o'Botherem had made his enquiries into the state of things, and for some time looked with the eyes of prepossession at Miss Highrouge; but this he quickly found, after a furious siege of hyperbolical compliments, (like bombs, thrown away in the air) to be a fortress that was likely to require heavier metal—in short, the poor fellow was laughed at for his pains—and, perhaps, the attempt brought on a cool-

ness of which he now complained, on the part of the master of the house.

The Misses Littlegood would have died outright, at the bare idea of being changed into an "*O'Botherem;*" and, for his part, he consoled himself in that quarter, as he pronounced them, "proud divils, *not worth sixpence*"—the lovely gentleness, grace, and beauty of Miss Maria Hawser, had made a sort of impression on his heart, it was thought, (but never positively known,) by his looking now and then something silly at her; but he was aware, however free his access to this charmer, that she *had* NOTHING, either!—so that he had never ventured to advance one step on the score of love. The knight and he took their punch quietly together, or their tea, listened to a sweet air or two when Miss H.'s avocations allowed her a moment's recreation—and, finally, they settled the affairs of Europe together—he paying a most exact deference to the knight's opinions, on all such points as did not touch on the manœuvring of a regiment, or the carriage and dress of a soldier—as he himself always shewed *en militaire*, with a surtout buttoned up, straight collar, and stiff black cravat—and

good martial strut: presently, after his young friend, he made his appearance at the cottage—the whole party passing the evening as usual, with the addition of a minute and affecting description of the battle, and the death of Lieut. Rodman, from Horatio — which, with an oath, the lieutenant pronounced as a "burning sin, poor shoul!"—adding, that he himself was as near being hit in the head, in the very self same manner, by a grape shot; and why he was not, devil burn him, if he could ever tell to that day!—but "it whistled by so close, that he felt the wind of it in his face."

During the few days the young sailor remained at home, many were their little convivial parties of an evening—the wants and difficulties of the cottage were forgotten, or kept out of sight for the moment—they had all dined several times at the rector's, and were highly delighted at his kindness and hospitality; for, as we have said, he was a good-natured, highly polished gentleman, and never better pleased than when his house was full of company; perhaps, not quite so fastidious in the choice of it, as his wife would have been — who, on this question,

rather consulted the *wealth* of her acquaintance, than any thing else.

Horatio having been at the baronet's several times, had, in some measure, won back their wonted cordiality to the family. Lady Highrouge came down herself to the cottage; and "*wondered*" she never had had the pleasure of seeing her neighbours! — insisting on their coming and taking a friendly dinner with them (when, in sooth, all were dressed out in the extreme of fashion, and as much pomp and ceremony appeared, in the midst of protestations to the contrary, and the dislike of it, as at that villa, whose marble floors and state had so frozen Pope, of old); nor was the stately stiffness of the hall bettered by the presence of their only son, an excessively consequential and taciturn gentleman, more noted as one of the *Melton Mowbray* set, than for prize poems. This gentleman (who we may meet hereafter) was the oracle of the house and neighbourhood—there seemed no appeal from his *dicta*—and even the doctor himself, (often of their parties) though he made a vigorous stand, and always *floored* him when it came to classic lore—yet was he obliged to give way when the "WORLD"

were spoken of—that is, the *west end*—what was said in the *best salons* in Paris! *Florence, Rome,* and *Naples!* to which places he drove periodically, with a rapidity, only inferior to his rate after the hounds at Melton, as aforesaid. *Vertu* was his forte—and the higher order of politics, on which he was vastly mysterious and solemn—tracing effects to *causes* little dreamed of in their poor simple philosophies; and sometimes too true—and here, even the good sense and knowledge of the doctor was at fault—nay, even the baronet found himself, a mere tyro, though he had been sitting in the "*House*" any time these one-and-twenty years!!! while the knight replied by an incredulous shrug of his shoulders—which significant dissent, he had acquired to perfection, while in Paris, at the French Revolution.

Such was this most supercilious connoisseur, dandy, and *traveller*—for he despised the mere cockney travelling, which is jostled against at Paris, Geneva, and over the Alps, and Florence, (which town has been very nearly wrested from the sceptre of the Grand Duke by an English colony of inquisitives) but aiming at more difficult footing,

he had gone on into Africa, examined every ruin in the Roman belt, (the syrta,) on that shore; and, trudging round Assyria, had got to Constantinople by the most difficult route—where, having bought a magnificent pelisse, and smoked a pipe in it—he packed them both up, and came back again, first taking a squint up the Nile, as far as the ruins of Thebes, and pronouncing the hallowed sounds, whistling round the head of Memnon—all humbug!—with such qualifications—such research, no wonder if he stood alone, and "*gave his little senate laws*" not, indeed, by *twaddling* much about it—he had too much *tact* for that—but a few words occasionally, delivered with an emphasis, which said—"there is nothing more to be said about the matter"—and to this (no matter what) an edified silence succeeded.

The doctor ventured, indeed, to differ with him about the Apollo Belvedere, which he pronounced a mere copy, while he exalted the Venus to the skies, and deified Canova—as he did some pictures, while he abused others, contrary to received criticism, but who would keep for ever repeating other people's words!—no—let us be original—no matter how:—the

knight shook his head! the doctor looked posed—but *doubted still!*—while his father contemplated him with foolish admiration—and the rest of the table were lost in wonder and delight!

As for her ladyship, his good mother—on questions of *ton*, she found herself ever behind hand—and felt *obliged* to consult him on *nice* points: the great proof of his superiority she found, on his getting her in at *Almack's!* where she had been intriguing, flattering, struggling, and begging and praying, for four years, to no purpose.—A single word, in a round about way, did the business, through one of young Highrouge's college chums and fellow-travellers—on which self-same occasion, fifty German *barons*, and as many French ones, with count and a "*de*" before their names (and every one with large whiskers and mustachios) were introduced to that august assembly, without dreaming of there being any difficulty about the matter!—but then, to be sure, it was a much easier matter to introduce the lord knows who, by dozens, provided they were truly foreign, and positively could not speak a word of English, than an unfortunate *English* gentleman or lady; not exactly *known*

between certain squares and streets, at the west end of London!—But, however amusing it might be to follow up and unravel the secret springs of society, after the fashion of some late publications; we find it can no longer be more than touched on here.

Time presses, and our sailor's leave of absence having expired, he found himself compelled to pack up his bundle once more, much gratified by his trip—but little advanced beyond a very slight flirtation with Miss Highrouge—who bid him good bye, with as much open frankness, and little more apparent concern, than her mother.

Sir Careless, who began to be tired of being thus eternally buried alive, determined on accompanying his son down to the ship—particularly as a small supply of cash enabled him to go to this additional expence—though, indeed, it would have been better devoted to more pressing emergencies—but he had the greatest facility in *putting off* wants, and deficiencies, when they interfered with his immediate inclinations or convenience—and promising his better half not to be gone more than two or three days, they both set off—taking the same road, travelled over at the

beginning of this work; and mounting on the top of the very same coach, on a fine day, arrived at Portsmouth in due time, and put up at an inn, in Portsea, the same night—and where, they by good or bad luck, found a goodly bevy of the officers, old and young, who were on *leave*—and enjoying themselves at the *Green Dolphin*—(the landlady, being particular about the colour of her Dolphin, knowing the multiplicity of colours attributed to that fish, when dying and dead.)

Horatio and Sir Careless were shewn into the "Tiger," a small room, or back parlour, at the end of a long boarded passage, leading to several sleeping rooms, occupied by various lodgers—and notably, one of them by Lieutenant Tugjunk, who was on shore for a cruise, that day, and a carouse with his former messmates; and nearer to where the party now sat drinking and smoking cigars, a small room, which looked into the yard, was tenanted by the captain of a merchantman then in port, from New England.

We have observed, that the party now assembled in the said small back room, familiarly called the "*Tiger*," in accordance with that good old custom, which thus distinguishes the differ

ent apartments, in taverns, to prevent mistakes—further on, in the narrow passage, lie the "*Goose;*" the very one, by the bye, in which they had stowed away the carcase (having put up a bed) of the Canadian captain, an old acquaintance of the house's, and very good fellow, though something given to the marvellous, as to his own exploits—and who now lie in his bed, either sick or *weather bound.*

The party who, at present, sat joyously round the table, consisted of the said newly made Lieutenant Tugjunk, just from the *Guardo;* Ditto, Lieutenant Lackwit, who, that night, condescended to meet his old messmates, though he found the place a peg below the "*George;*" —Mr. Purser Toby, for that gentleman was by this time exalted to that rank, through the goodness of his captain, and had been sent to feed and fleece the crew of a craft called the *Griper*, then in dock, carrying fourteen guns and a half (or a swivel). To these gents, were added, schoolmaster Smallnouse, who, the new made purser, (swearing he would "*warm the cockles of his old heart*") had got on shore for the evening; and several other new mids and youngsters, with a clerk of the dockyard, their particular friend; accompa-

nied by the staid and second lieutenant of the Royal Naval College, there situated, an old shipmate of Lackwit's.

To this jolly set were now ushered in, with a world of *congés*, the knight and his son—the former sneezing three times, as the effluvia of the Virginia herb, they puffed forth, got up his nostrils, and before he could well make it known to them how much he felt himself flattered by his distinguished reception!— All being once more seated—additional glasses were called for—Toby and Smallnouse wielded pipes—as suiting their peculiar organs better than milder cigars—and now clouds of smoke fast thickened, and settled, first over their heads, and next, made the place impervious to vision—only occasionally seeing the tips of each other's noses, while the "*law*" was laid down from the opposite points of the compass—with various effect.

The knight made a set speech, by way of thanks for their kindness to his son; and Toby, standing up, voted the health of Sir Careless, "Long might he live and flourish!"—bowing at the same time extremely low—for though he had heard of such things, this was the very first time the said Toby had ever found himself in

such close proximity with a *knight* of the realm—but as he imbibed the cheering liquors, that flowed round the table, his awe gradually subsided—till, at last, he slapped the knight on the shoulder, across the table, shook him repeatedly by the hand, and swore he was an excellent fellow; at the same time offering his services on any occasion he pleased.

To all this, Sir Careless, laying his hand on his breast, returned his most heartfelt and earnest thanks, solemnly declared a reciprocal regard; and was not slow in proffering a patronage as far as his "poor gentlemanly interest went"—not only to Mr. Toby, but to every soul he had the honour of thus being introduced to, convinced, as he assured them, he was, of their exalted merit--and the inappreciable services they had, he was sure, rendered their country!!

As the landlady sent in fresh supplies of "*heavy wet*," wines, gin, &c. so did their mutual professions of faith, and unbounded promises encrease; nor Persian, nor poetical hyperbole could further go—interspersed with song and glee—and if, now and then, the more reserved and *compos*, winked at each other, or ventured a sly sarcasm at the cut of

the "old gentleman's togs," (for Sir Careless wore, on this occasion, his hair full powdered, and a cut velvet coat of many colours, the last Parisian fashion) whispering to each other—"I say, *Sir Careless*, eh!—*knight and barrow pig, more hog than gentleman!*"

Spite of this wit and waggery, the majority of them were well disposed to do honor to their guest, and make much of h m; though he was an "*old fashioned prig*"—nor was Sir Careless, though something *new* in such company, long in appreciating, at their due value, its several members—but a man of the world, and of the old school—his "*suaviter in modo*," concealed much of what he really thought, on some queer speeches, oaths, and sayings, coming out, and the general style of conversation; nor had he been an hour with them, before they *felt* his *superiority*, however disposed they were to laugh at his exterior; and were so much flattered and tickled at what he said, that they would have "*gone to the devil for him*"—if there had been any occasion for such remarkable devotion, which being only a figure of speech—may be qualified to any pitch of good feeling, the reader pleases.

LIBRARY

While yet they were in "*high snuff*" and the *welkin* rang with various harmonious noises—a strange agitation and counter-discord reached their ears from the narrow passage without—but, before we can clearly relate the cause of the uproar that now disturbed their confabulations, we must go back, for a quarter of an hour before, when Lieutenant Tugjunk, having given them the slip, under cover of the smoke, had beat his way along the said passage to the door, where a nymph, from a neighbouring bower, or row, had agreed to meet him at that hour—quietly leading her along, he had just got her snugly stowed away in his own quarters, at the extremity of the passage; when, unluckily, the landlady, a perfect she-dragon in virtue, ever since she had kept the Dolphin, however loose a piece of flesh she might have been, when her poor good man, God bless him! late boatswain of the Thunderbomb—was at sea—she then, we say, unhappily spied the said piece of abhorred traffic, or contraband goods, thus surreptitiously introduced into her strong hold, castle, or custom-house—and issuing from the *Lar*, made directly for the said room, or box, where the said goods were boxed up; and

knocking, not too gently, with her brawny fist, while her cheeks glowed, and her eyes darted unwonted flashes, she demanded instant entrance! swearing many big and congenial oaths, that so help her heaven! she would have no such doings in her house, please God! she had not kept house so long, man, woman, and child, to be so abused, and she'd see the rights of it, or "*The devil should be to pay, and no pitch hot.*" For a long time the lieutenant heard the storm rattling without—unheeding—but as the hostess's fist, was as hard as the wood itself, and drummed incessant on the door—he at last wanted to know "What was the matter? why such a clatter! and what, in the devil's and all the imps of hells names, she wanted? That he was *asleep*, and not *very well*, and could'nt be disturbed." "Disturbed! aye! quoth she, I'll disturb ye, and be d—d, I will!" "Here Betty! Sally! James! here! here! here!—call in a constable—we'll see, if such goings on 'll *gee* here, in the Dolphin—and my good name ruinated!"—So saying, she pealed another storm on the door, stamping like a bedlamite, while her maids and myrmidons gathered round her to hear the dire complaint,

and some of them being dispatched to fetch an *officer*—watchman, or constable, to see her righted, and prevent her house from being defiled. This bustle and noise, at length pierced the something lesser noise of the carousers, in the "Tiger," who, opening their door, sallied out, just as the officer had advanced to the den of Tugjunk, and joined his lungs to the landlady's, in bawling out, that "If it was not opened, a *crow bar* (which was now *handed* along,) should go to *work!*"—while these threats were as loudly defied from within; the lieutenant, swearing by all the gods and devils, in and out of the world, that he'd divorce the souls from the bodies of the first, that dared intrude—which awful threats reaching the valorous constable's ears, lowered his tone considerably, and a sort of *parley* was beat—the accession of the "*Tiger's*" company, who now swelled the torrent rolling to the door, eager to see the fun, only increased the confusion, as they stood behind each other, unable to advance from the narrowness of the passage—in the midst of this—after a solemn pause, in which it would seem the lieutenant had drawn his sword, and called out that he "Was coming, and to *stand by!*" the door

opened, and he sallied out, his sword in one hand, and his frighted lady, or nymph, in the other: his first stride was so furious, with uplifted arm, that the landlady, (a fat thing, as broad as she was long,) thinking she would be cut down, in attempting to retreat, stumbled, and fell, flat as a flounder, screaming out, "That the bloody minded villain would murder the whole house." In her fall, she had partly upset the constable, who, opposing the *crow bar* by way of shield, was cut at by Tugjunk, as he strided on, while the party behind, first of the servants, and lastly the convivials, in the first backward movement, upset each other, with the precision of a pack of cards, so exactly were they packed—the hindmost unhappily, were the knight and his son, who, as they saluted the floor, burst open the sick captain's door, falling at full length into his premises; while the triumphant Mars, swearing vengeance, and flourishing his cold iron right and left, made good his retreat, under a shower of benedictions, from the landlady, and the constable, and waiters, and maids—as for the rest, who were upset in this notable and memorable sally, they now lie laughing at each other, seeing the exit of Tugjunk in such trim ;

and picking themselves up—helped to pacify their termagant of a landlady, which was found no hard matter, after the fright she had got—easing her mind with certain rubs at the constable's backwardness to face the danger; while he retorted, by flinging in her teeth the cursed fuss she had made about nothing at all; mean time—not immediately finding the knight who had vanished, they entered the captain's room, where he was found putting himself to rights, having had some of the powder knocked out of his hair—and his person besplashed by the contents of a well filled utensil of the captain's—who had, on hearing so strange a rumpus, (of which, though he lie listening, he could neither make head nor tail) resolved on a sudden retreat, thinking thieves had broken in; and seizing his sword, without waiting to put on his breeches, had just jumped up at the instant, when the door bursting open, in bundled the knight, and eldest son, somewhat suddenly on the floor!

At this strange intrusion, the captain, not knowing, probably the number of the enemy; and thinking that a safe retreat was often as good as a victory against odds—betook himself to the window, which, throwing up, he

jumped nimbly out of, calculating the ground not far off—but, alas! though that was the fact —yet did there stand under the said window a huge cask, filled, at that unpropitious moment, with good cold rain water, into the which, not seeing distinctly in his hurry, he incontinently plumped; nor could he, with all his might and redoubled efforts, release himself from this cold bath, where he was now found, stuck fast up to his neck, with his teeth chattering in his head, brandishing his sword, and swearing, by all the cod fish in Penobscot Bay, that he would do for some of them! for he had not remained many instants in *cooling*, thus, before he found, by the roars of laughter above, in at the window, that this was all a *lark* and no robbery at all!—When his wrath, exceeded his fears for his own individual safety an instant before—nor was the matter much mended amidst the condolences, gibes, and jeers, on all sides, as they, reaching out of the window, dragged him up, dripping like a shag, and swearing, that as they were gentlemen, they must answer for such infamous conduct, as breaking his door open—though he would be d——d to h—ll if they, or all *their breed*,

seed, and generation, "could frighten him much—if he had been his own man!"

Getting on a dry shirt, the captain at length once more, covered himself up in bed, when the knight, approaching, informed him, with great solemnity, (as the skipper eyed him, not without suspicion,) of the real state of the case, and that he himself had gotten a severe bump on the back part of his cranium, as the door gave way of his chamber—for the truth of which asseveration, he begged him just to feel the said bump—on which, somewhat mollified, the commander put forth his paw, and having felt that the bump was neither that of hanging, nor slaying, nor the knavish, nor of modern philosophers, he seemed, at length, convinced that the whole arose from accident, and the landlady's outrageous nicety about her house—and who, the ague struck skipper now cursed for a meddling b—— with all his soul.

Such was, indeed, the effect of the knight's mild exposition of facts, and his own legitimate and true bump, (having been truly, for a moment, in as much trouble and confusion as was the patient, on the first onset of the furious

lieutenant), that he guessed he should not stir till he had tasted some of as good New England rum, and Montreal brandy as ever came from the West Indies, of which he took a good swig, by way of helping off the effects of the icy cold bath he had just had, and reviving his spirits. Nor did Sir Careless object to quit, for that evening, the dense atmosphere of the naval gentlemen ; so begging his son to say he had gone to bed—he partook of a friendly glass with his new made acquaintance, more from benevolence, than the goodness of the stuff, which, sooth to say, was most execrably bad—nor was it till he had heard sundry brief, tedious stories of this voyage and that—so many ventures—and of the most wonderful magnitude of his speculations—and doings—and indeed all those concerned with him—not one of whom, was less than *desperate clever*, or *a great genius* (meaning that so and so, were not absolutely fools) that the knight could not, but be convinced of his courage and sagacity, and, shaking this sick lion by the paw, retired to his own room, to sleep off the effects of the fumes, not only of his cheer, but those of all the pipes and cigars, by which he had been nearly choked the whole evening.—

while the bucks, down stairs, after laughing till they were tired at the landlady's adventure—some of them, followed the knight's example; others *went cruizing*, and one or two set off in quest of the "*Bear* and Trulla," who had gone off with such flying colours in the teeth of the enemy; bearing off his prize to some other, and more friendly port.

The next morning, getting up early, Horatio shewed his father that glorious spectacle, the dock-yard—giving him some idea of the magnitude and excellence of that branch of the service—and next they went on board the hulk, where, introduced in due form, they breakfasted with the officers, who shewed him every polite attention, Mr. Classic explaining many things at first incomprehensible to the knight, who turned up his eyes, every now and then, in astonishment. Taking his leave, and giving his son his blessing, he the next day returned home.

In a short time, the ship was once more out of dock, refitted, and sailed for distant seas, where she, as well as our hero, remained many years, and where we, for divers good causes and considerations, shall, in imitation of more able writers, leave her and him—

drawing a veil, or curtain, which is not to rise before the next chapter—a period of no less than some *fourteen years!*

To describe the various services gone through—hardships, pleasures, fair weather, and foul, would but be to recapitulate what has already been perhaps too minutely gone into—suffice it to say, that the lad saw many climes, from the hard features of his country's own colonial shores, the Canadas, to the softer of the Antipodes; and now he bathed in the Ganges, now the Persian gulf; now crossed the surfs of the Coromandel, and now witnessed the furious blasts of the China seas; at one time wrecked on its rugged coast, at another feasting with Mandarins and Hong merchants—compared, in the same year, the Japanese with the Chinese features, of face, of dress, of policy; at one time delighted in the game cocks of Sumatra, at another in the hunting of camelions and wild herds at Madagascar, or the elephants of Ceylon. This was the dream of youth! The world was shut out—while he wandered over two thirds of its surface, unknowing and unknown—to all save that mimic world a ship! and the ship itself in which he floated, often changed—the Apollo

gone, and her commander called to a higher sphere of action.

Here years rolled on without even hearing of his parents or friends—contumely and even tyranny were to be borne—and patience exercised, where a just indignation shewn, would have for ever ruined his prospects! These things were seen and felt—and after ten years' bondage, a gleam of hope (how oft before deferred to make the heart sick!) brightened the scene around—and he was promoted to that rank, (a lieutenantcy) more envied, more longed for, than any other after, in all the long list of dignities and names!—and the source of more real joy! This took place in the Mediterranean sea, after once more approaching his native shores—and where letters reached him from home, telling him of many changes too, in the long lapse of years, some for the better, others for the worse—much at home had taken place, which at length determined him, cost what it would, to return. An exchange into another ship from the one he held his commission in, was asked for—to one coming home—but this was difficult, and all his applications had been fruitless. Seeing no term to this species of slavery, he suffered in

his health—and was persuaded to "*invalide*," as the only means (though not strictly necessary) of once more revisiting his native isle:—many years had passed since Captain Oakheart had returned to England, and now shone one of her most conspicuous admirals; while all his old shipmates and messmates were dispersed over the face of the *waters*—not excepting old Dan, who had fairly run off, and gone back, it was supposed, to the United States.

CHAPTER XXII.

In which Mr. Hawser reaches Naples.—Something of Love and a Duel.—A Sort of Love Letter.—A Description of James Mangrove, Esq., a *Nabob*,—and other Matters necessary to the Furtherance of this History.

As we have bid a long good bye to the sea, the ship, and its inmates, so must we now attempt to follow the subject of this brief history on the Continent. He had quitted his ship at *Malta*, that little hot bed of plenty and conviviality; from thence, in a small vessel, he reached Messina; and now his own master, for the first time since he had reached man's estate, (for he now verged on his thirtieth year,) he began to look about him, and more seriously mark the various shades of character and climate he was about to traverse: the orange groves and the abundance of fruit of Malta had prepared him for the delightful softness and plenty at Messina; and often, as he wandered round the adjacent

shores, looking over the *sickle*, on the placid waters, and rich landscape of the Sicilian shores, while on the other side of the gulf, the blue mountains of Calabria framed the distance of this magnificent picture, and the islands to the north—did his heart swell with enthusiastic ecstacy towards the great Creator of the universe!—the war, then brought to a close, in which all Europe had, for so many years, so uselessly worried each other—and even these very shores, now changed politically! still lie beneath him, or towered upwards to the clouds in peaceful majesty, unconscious of these petty strifes; and were the same, even from the days of good Eneas!—and how much further had they still dwelt unchanged through the mists of fiction and of time! the Syracusan tyrant had but made way for others!—still, still, all nature smiled—and Horatio could not help enthusiastically repeating those exquisite lines of Pope—the struggles, bad government, and all, good and evil, that swept on among the nations by turns—"What then!" he exclaimed, "it is indeed true—true, as the Almighty God that rules,—true as his own *nature*, that "*all partial evil is* UNIVERSAL GOOD!" The gentle

and bewitching luxury of Messina had made him almost forget that he was but waiting for a passage to less effeminate climes—and its beautiful daughters, had well nigh cost him a world of sighs, at parting. The felucca, at length, put forth her peaked sails to the breeze, the low houses and ruins of Messina faded in the distance, and they passed those rocks and fabled monsters immortalized by Virgil—here were no syrens—no horrid yawning gulfs.

Stromboli's fires marked their track, and he sailed on, till the fair bay of Naples spread its vast and magnificent panorama to his delighted gaze. He was soon on shore, and roved up the Strada Toledo, amidst the din of twenty thousand merry beggars—taking up his abode at the Chaia, he wandered through the sweetly retired and serpentine paths of the Queen's garden—admiring the statues, the sea, the smoking mount beyond, and all the long gilded circling shore—nor less the Neapolitan belles, that thronged the walks, with a fair sprinkling of his own dear country women—as yet, towards sun-set, he sauntered up and down in a true *far niente* mood—what was his surprise at seeing a lady in mourning, the very image, as he thought,

though older, of Miss Highrouge! An instant after, as he followed, he saw her handed to her carriage, and drive off with two gentlemen, who Horatio could not help thinking he had seen somewhere! This threw him into a perturbation of spirits, not before felt for many a day, and an impatient longing to know whether indeed his eyes had not deceived him—one of the valets attached to the hotel where he was, on being despatched after the carriage, soon brought him word, not only where the palazzo was, (in the same street or long row of houses, facing the shore,) but told him the lady's name was Signora *Mangrova, una vedova, id anche Inglese!* This answer for a moment sadly disappointed our sailor, and he tried to banish the idea of its being the lady he took her for, still thinking, however, there was something very striking; this lady, to be sure, though still young, had not the extreme freshness of youth, such as he recollected that sweet girl!

The better, however, to clear up all doubts in the reader's mind, however we may leave Horatio puzzled over appearances, we shall beg leave to lay before him a letter, written two years before, and which had never reached

him from home. It was from his sister—and was eventually found broken open, in an old chest, in the post office at Palermo, where many a one had shared the same fate, during the time of the *queen's* intrigues in the island —It ran thus:—

"Cottage, Drawling, 1813.

"My dearest brother,

"It is so long since I have written to you, and indeed I have so much to do since the death of our poor old Nanny, that, I'm sure you will kindly excuse me.

"I have so much to tell you, both of ourselves and others, that I hardly know where to begin first.—Know then, that the arrival, shortly after we last wrote to you, of an old friend of papa's, from India, in the village, has not only created a great *sensation*—but has been productive of wonderful changes.—But how shall I describe this stranger!—figure to yourself, a little short man, thin as a wafer, with a long nose, little coal black eyes, and yellow face, with a long tail, powdered wig, and a straw hat on, as large as himself, made with *two* tops—as he said to keep the sun off; declaring he found the sun more oppressive

than in India!—he looked just like a mushroom, as he strutted about.—But how shall I tell you how he got out of his carriage!—how the bells were set a ringing!—and how he was attended by two black servants, dressed in green and gold, with white muslin turbans, quite as broad as their master's straw hat! such a coach! such a coachman! and such huge horses!—The Bull's stables and barn could scarcely contain them!—and there he put up, and turned every thing upside down, to their great joy.

"After him, came another Indian man, dressed all in white muslin, in a post chaise, bringing,—what d'ye think?—his pipe!—and a small *pet lion!* leading which, by a silver chain, and escorted by his two footmen, one on each side, we beheld this original, coming up our little path.—Papa heard the bells ringing—and I thought looked very sly, and had ordered, that morning, great preparations for dinner—had dressed himself out—and now all this was accounted for, by the appearance of this magnifico.—Papa rushed out to meet him, and they fell to kissing each other on the cheek! while the lion got hold of papa's leg, but only like a pup in play—though papa let go his

queer visitor, to see what it was—not a little startled (as I was too) at seeing so odd a *pet* —it was as big, I'm sure, as farmer Oates's dog!

"After this mutual hugging was over, papa took me by the hand, as soon as the old gentleman was seated in our parlour, and presented me to him, calling him Mr. Mangrove; and I was obliged to undergo a hearty embrace. Did you never hear of this old friend of father's?—but they were so familiar, that he called him *Joe*, and he called papa *Careless* —and so they laughed and talked themselves out of breath, till dinner came—and work enough we all had, to provide for them—for the servants would touch nothing we got ready for them; but, sending to the village, began making a strange mess of their own, with boiled rice!—Nor did the old gentleman much relish, I fear, my dinner; though I had taken such pains—the nicest things—but he made a great many wry faces—and said all was *tasteless*—however, he was very good humoured, laughed immoderately—and, after dinner, over some good wine (Sir Highrouge was kind enough to send us) he enjoyed himself hugely, smoking and making a queer

noise from his *pipe*, which, I must tell you, is no more a pipe, than a china vase.

It is a long silk snake, stuck in a huge rich cut glass sort of decanter, on which, sticks up (a yard high) a silver fillagree globe, filled with fire, and all which apparatus, with a fine carpet, his black man brought in, the moment the cloth was removed (this you must know is called a hookah), attending it behind, all the time—for the silk snake was led along (after taking several twists on the stalk) the carpet, and poked up under the arm of his chair—when seizing it by the head, which had a fine white muslin cover, and was made of gold and amber, perfumed with otto of roses, he put it in his mouth, and drawing up every minute, made a gurgling noise, drawing the smoke through the water—that so tickled our simple Sally, that she burst out laughing—and papa looked very angry, as she made her escape.

"I confess I was as much amused as the poor girl, though I contrived to put on as grave a face, as the Indian man who sat behind, squatted on his hams on the floor—putting the fire to rights——While the lion was fed on the lawn, with a whole leg of mutton, sent for from the butcher's—he is likely to have an

excellent customer in this comely beast!—but I never venture near it, though it plays with all, who like the intimacy; and seems very gentle—but when it yawned, and opened its mouth, and stretched out its claws, like a cat, it was quite enough for me.—Well, papa would make his old friend sleep in the best bed room—though they had a hard struggle about it—and the servants would have been kept too—but this the old gentleman would not hear of—(where we should have crammed them, heaven knows!)—They were all packed off, at last, to the Bull, and well provided for.

"The whole town, as you may think, was in an uproar—a thousand stories flew round—of, as how twenty Indian black princes, and a dozen tigers, and I know not what all, having arrived!

"The inn was crowded, inside and out, by the bumpkins,—looking at the strange new comers!—Mean time, while papa and his friend chatted of old times, I played and sung; and the evening passed away very agreeably—"A good deal, tired I went to bed early, while they stayed up in earnest conversation—and, next day, I never saw papa in such high spirits

before—he squeezed my hand and mamma's, saying, 'Ah, my child, my dear Mary, at last we shall be better off.—This is the most generous man that ever lived!—so good—no matter—you shall know all in time'——So shall you!

"Next day, the coach in state at the door, away drove papa and his friend to the baronet's, and, I believe, all round the country. They did not come home till late at night, having dined at Dr. Littlegood's; where no excuses would do, but stay to dinner they must—the doctor declaring, that his cook made excellent "*curries*"—and he was determined to make a warm impression on his guest, while (papa said) the girls, and their mamma, paid him the most marked attention, and looked so sweet on him!—Yes! yes! I dare say.

"Well, you never knew any thing like the activity of this '*Nabob*,' as they called him—on horseback half the day, and in his coach the other half—then he seemed indefatigable, and skipped about like a young fellow of twenty—snapping his fingers, chucking me under the chin, calling me his little daughter—and every day made me a present of some gold ornament of great value!—Good heavens! what trunk loads of all sorts of costly

things; I thought there would never be an end of the most miraculous displays of all sorts of curious valuables; and these are not a tenth part, they say, of what he possesses, at his house in Portland Place, in London.

"Among other things, he has given me heavy bracelets, of solid virgin gold, that make my wrists ache wearing them; and would have forced others, and larger still, on me—but though my opposition went for nothing—he, at last, recollected that they must be worn he said, round the *ancles*, and with the feet *bare*—on my begging to be excused, he launched into a long philpipic against the ungracefulness of *shoes* and stockings and told papa a long story of the *Byadères* or *nautch girls*, and I know not what.

He has been now with us a week, and has been *féted* and complimented by all the gentry round; the baronet the day before yesterday gave a grand dinner, to which half the county were invited to meet him—and *they do say* he has been very *particular* in his attentions to Miss Highrouge!—I'm sure she laughed at him; but her ladyship, whose whole soul is set on opulence, I have little doubt would be very glad of such an offer for her

daughter—but good heavens! at his age!—and yet they say men from India, more than others, make great fools of themselves, by such monstrous ill assorted matches with young women of rank—be that as it may, there he is, very often. On that occasion, in which one would have thought he was "*lion*" enough—they would have him bring *Tippoo*, as he calls his shaggy pet, and his *hookha*, though the old gentleman did not intend either one or the other, and would have foregone even his greatest pleasure, the smoking, but they persuaded him, and a fine show it must have been.

"I cannot tell you, dear Horatio, what he has done for papa, but I'm sure we have fifty things we never dreamt of before—as for me I'm dressed out as fine (when I please) as any of them, and indeed I am pulled to pieces when I go to the doctor's; the girls (old girls now, dear brother, as we all are, heigho!) will take off, and look minutely at my earrings, bracelets, chains, rings, &c.; poor things, their own are tawdry and paltry enough—no wonder they open their eyes at my *solid* magnificence!—nor would I wear them, for they really weigh one down; but in compli-

ment to our *dear friend*—for so indeed he is, though I cannot find out the extent of his goodness to papa—however, I have seen him several times with Mr. Set'emon, the lawyer, and our poor father seems to have suddenly acquired great *consequence* in the eyes of people, who I'm sure we saw little enough of some years ago!—now their carriages are often at our gate—and papa and the nabob dine out together almost every day, often taking me with them.

"We have an additional servant, and I have now literally nothing to do, but amuse myself with my music and work; but this is not all; you recollect the villa of lord Much-abroad's, that stands back, in the park going to Highrouge hall—well, it is for sale, and the nabob declares he will buy it, and make great improvements, as the house is old and in want of repair, while papa and him talk whole hours about vast and various plans! in my next I will tell you more, meantime dear brother, should you want money, I'm sure you can have it—do but write to papa, for we at least want for nothing; indeed, on pretence of doing it for *himself*, Mr. Mangrove has filled our cellars with cases of wine, and our

cottage with all sorts of good things, saying *he requires* them — our table groans with luxuries, and among other things several sorts of *curries* and *mulligatawnies*—not bad—but too hot with cayenne pepper for those who have not been seasoned to it in India, but papa declares they are excellent; then they have "*devils*" after dinner, which you must know are made of legs of fowls, peppered and prepared, and broiled; and this they eat as they drink their wine.

"O! you recollect *Mr. Highrouge*, the Oxford gentleman! they say he has lost a large sum of money, in a place in London they call a hell! What can it be?—Whatever it is, he seems, whenever he comes home, to grow worse and worse: I always thought him insufferably conceited—but he is often not even civil to his father and mother—gives himself such airs! and is so insolent, so immoveable, and so great—that I never venture, when I go there, to say a word to him—or even sit by him, at dinner, if I can help it.

"I recollect, one day that I did—he took no more notice of me than if I had been invisible—and this too, was made more pointed and irksome, by his mother begging him, every minute, to '*take care*' of me.—As for his sister,

she says he scarcely ever condescends to speak to her—or so surly and unkind, that she avoids him—while he is ever in contention with his father; who, it seems, will no longer supply his extravagance (or he would not honour them with his company so much) or scolding the servants, and giving them unnecessary trouble, and who hate him in proportion.—But Lady Highrouge, is ever singing her dear son's praises—and crying him up as the very *acmé* of perfection!

"God bless you, dear brother; papa desires me to say, he will write soon, but is not certain of your address, for sometimes we find you are at Malta—then at Sardinia or Mahon, while the next post brings us, perhaps, a letter from the *Rock* or the Dardanelles! but, I suppose, such uncertainty is inseparable from your profession. Mr. Mangrove, too, sends his kind regards, and, I think, contemplates sending you some handsome present, saying, he will, most assuredly, *adopt* the whole of us!

"Once more, adieu!

"your ever affectionate sister,

"MARIA HAWSER.

"I send this by the way of Gibraltar, to be forwarded to your ship; they say your old

captain, who is now Sir George Oakheart and an admiral, having brought the fleet home from the —— station, has gone with his family (have you heard! he is married to lady Emma!) to travel on the continent, and educate his girls!—perhaps you may meet him, I hope so; do tell me all about what you do, and the people and things you see."

Another letter had indeed reached Mr. Hawser from his sister, but as the name of the nabob was not mentioned, nor any particulars of the something bettered condition of his family—he was up to this moment ignorant of what had taken place at home within the last eighteen months—and we must, having the gift of ubiquity, now attempt to account for the appearance of that very lady, once Miss Highrouge, and now Mrs. Mangrove, the rich widow of the nabob, at Naples, with her brother and another gentleman, his particular friend—being the identical people he had seen drive off in their carriage; he had indeed seen little of Mr. Highrouge; and his friend, a man much of the same stamp, never but once—and the number of years past, may well account for his not being cer-

tain of their persons, from the change in their appearance; which, however, it is more than probable they were not aware of themselves.

Not six months after this letter had been written, the nabob, after a sort of up-hill courtship, neither relished nor rejected by the young lady, at last led her to the altar, assured *by her mother*, that the match was in every point of view "*unobjectionable*" — if her daughter ever thought of other men in comparison with her now husband, it was but for a moment.

Her establishment in town, and the villa adjoining her father's estate, both fitted up in the most superb style; her horses, carriage, opera box, and general splendour allowed of no violent regrets; if on any little disagreement or contrariety, such reflections shot across her mind—or if she ever thought of the young sailor, or any other, whose youth and prepossession for her (for she was well aware she had made an impression on her young neighbour long since; when she herself was in the first bloom of youth,) these were quickly banished—by others, in which all the convenience of luxury and wealth were set in array against obscurity—and *love* she had

heard so little of, either from her mother, or among the young women of fashion, her acquaintances in town, except as a very pretty affair "to point a moral or adorn a tale," that no great wonder if she almost thought it was scarcely necessary; and perhaps, after all, but a *name!* for which it would be very silly to throw away all that is coveted and adored—at least in the *world* she had been brought up in.

But she still had a *heart*, and she was a woman; no longer in that first bloom so bewitching, so irresistible, but still she was young, still lovely; the utmost stretch of her feeling for her husband, who doated on her, went no further than an esteem and gratitude, inseparable from an ingenuous mind; nor indeed was it possible to look on Joseph Mangrove, esq., though a "director," an M.P. (for he quickly bought one of those snug boroughs we hear of, as set up for the highest bidder) and her own dear husband, and think of *love!* suffice it to say, they lived happily together; her wishes were laws.

She disliked the lion, was afraid of it; having heard of a shocking accident that happen-

ed, when one of these pet beasts, at some gentleman's house one morning, killed and ate the housemaid as she was about to clean the parlour hearth! To oblige her, *Tippoo* was sent to the *Zoological* gardens, in Regent's Park, with his compliments:—next, she disliked his black servants, here the old gentleman made a stand, but was obliged to give up two of them; keeping his *hookabader*, and sending the others home to Bengal; sorry to quit their good "burrah sahib," but glad to return to their native climes, made easy for life, at the rate of about a pound a month, annuity.

The villa of his lordship had been converted into a "*Bungalo*," with a viranda all round, with baths, billiard rooms, *punkas* and *tattas* for summer; the apartments all on one floor, with mats, &c.; this was all very well, but from the moment his beloved wife entered, things insensibly regained their English appearance; one little innovation on the Bengal system, gave way after another—till in a twelvemonth after the marriage, nothing was left but a palanqueen, which Mrs. Mangrove used to get into for fun now and then, and her husband would positively smoke his

hookha after dinner ; nor was his kindness for his old friend forgotten, though, perhaps, warped considerably from its first meaning—for, on his landing in England, a month or two before his appearance, as we have seen, at his friend's, he had resolved to make him and his children his heirs ; simply, because he had not a relation on earth, and that he found him a poor man, with a title, and a family.

There is no knowing what harm his marriage might not have done, worked on by the petty jealousy of Lady H, who continually talked to him of "his family" that *surely would be*, and very *likely* a large one ; that people could not be too careful not to sacrifice their own flesh and blood, to romantic and foolish—nay, unjust notions of generosity and friendship to *strangers !*—but either Mangrove never cared for these lectures, or the *good* was already done.

He had given Miss Hawser a thousand pounds—saying he'd see if *that* could get the poor girl a husband if nothing else could ; the farm he had bought and presented to the knight, and with it a good round sum, as he said, to start fair with. To have done so *much*, as the world goes, was princely—was gener-

ous—that he did no more, while yet possibly he meditated on it, pretty well aware that he was not likely to have any children, spite of his kind mother-in-law's boding, may be accounted for, by an accident that happened one day, just six months before our hero reached Naples.

This accident was no less than this good nabob's sudden *death!* leaving his still youthful widow immensely rich and *disconsolate!* Black was the order of the day; whatever were the feelings at the hall, it is but justice to say his lady had too good a heart not to be sincerely touched at his loss; and his memory was enshrined in tears of as sincere sorrow at the cottage, by the knight, his lady, and daughter.

They had, indeed, lost a most inestimable friend; nor could the remembrance of all his oddity and eccentricity lighten one jot, the pain felt upon this occasion; all parties behaved decently; and even young Highrouge, who meant to profit by his sister's riches, continued for a time to conceal the pleasure he felt at the apropos exit of his good old brother in law—under pretence of driving out grief by *change of scene*, he prevailed on the

widow to accompany him on a trip to Italy—managing to introduce a *friend* as a travelling companion, in the person of a fellow collegian, a man without a penny, and over head and ears in debt—whose every thought centered in his own dear self—nor very scrupulous about the means he employed to administer to the comfort and pleasures of the said beloved person.

A series of college frolics—*ecarté* gambling parties, and common *misfortunes in St. James's Street*, had *endeared* these two gentlemen to each other—nor were they a whit in each other's debt as to reciprocity of *devotion* to each other — neither party at bottom, caring "a single *curse*" for any thing in the world but *himself.*

Now the former happened to owe the latter a cool hundred or two, some trifling bet at one of their last loo or *ecarté* bouts—and it was agreed upon between them, that he should have a seat in his carriage (rather his sister's) down to Naples—and as nothing so much conduces to a good (or bad understanding if males) as travelling together, when the parties are every moment in contact—the brother told him he might try what

he could do with his sister, in the way of diverting the sorrowful current of her thoughts to a more pleasing object—that he would use all his influence to forward the match—provided—but as this was a delicate and ticklish point, neither party dared advance more than certain obscure meanings, under the general head of "gratitude"—"some return"—"remembrance of so important a service, in any way most acceptable, &c., &c.

The thing in itself was nothing—the brother introduces a man to his sister—gives him his hearty concurrence, provided he makes himself agreeable to her, &c.—all this is an every day concern; and may be *laudable*, *indifferent*, or *villanous*, according to circumstances! In this instance it was detestable—he knew this fellow had not a shilling; not much harm so far—his sister had enough for both might be said; but he knew too, that he possessed no one good quality to make her happy, that he was a heartless, egotistical, blockhead; and lastly a confirmed gambler, and over head and ears in debt—this he *knew!* Besides the consciousness of making a kind of disgraceful bargain, for the which this very man must despise him, betray him, he could

not well, for he did not trust him with an explicit proposal, and that he might *cheat* him out of the *price* of his *goodness* was probable enough, but that in the latter case, he had resolved to pick a quarrel with him, and blow his brains out; or bind him down closer, before things went too far, to prevent their being married.

That there are men of this stamp, who doubts! Men too, born to handsome fortunes, half sapped by post obit bonds—a few brief years, too long to wait till nature should take the parent off! Here is a picture of every day depravity, which stalks about with the most impudent face of assurance in the best circles. Men too, who, *par excellence* pique themselves on being Briton's choicest sons!!!—As for *sensibility*, or *feeling*, we leave that totally out of the question, as out of fashion; though common honesty is not yet quite stared out of countenance; and we wonder at so much wanton perversion and abuse of common sense, and the gifts of fortune, as must go to such abominable results!

On this gentleman's joining them at Dover, as was quietly agreed on, as if by accident, and introduced to her, Mrs. Mangrove was

rather pleased than otherwise; for joined to a very fine person and highly fashionable appearance, he possessed a soft winning address, not unpleasing to a young woman, who had nobody to talk to but a brother; who, though of late (since he had been on the borrowing system with her) was much altered for the better in his tone and attention to her, yet was he, after all, dull enough—so far their meeting was propitious, and these gentlemen hugged themselves with the idea of soon bringing things to the desired end.

A thousand little attentions on the passage were lavished on her, that the "winds from Heaven (a good stiff breeze) "might not visit her sweet face too rudely;" but when on leaving Quillac's, at Calais, she found that her brother had promised him a seat in her carriage, without consulting her on the subject, she felt not only hurt, but a good deal irritated; she indeed said nothing, but this circumstance perhaps, served to put her on her guard, and bring on a reserve, as unwelcome as it was unexpected.

Reaching Paris, she told her brother she was determined that Mr. Surface should go no further with them in that manner; that it was,

in short, not convenient, nor agreeable; and that she hoped he would allow her to be the best judge; that, however she might respect his friend, and perhaps be glad of his company, yet she expected at least he would provide himself with his own carriage. For this she had a pretty good plea, as they travelled in a chariot, which, though it could hold three, they were rather too close to each other; nor was the brother much vexed at the new order of things, that must take place, consoling his chum, by giving him enough to carry him on (borrowed of her as if for himself), and telling him how glad he should be when they met at Florence, Rome, or Naples, when he should have all sorts of opportunity to prosecute his addresses; there was no alternative, nor did they by good luck, meet till at Naples, a week or two before the arrival of the *sailor*, the last man on earth either of these gentlemen would have liked to come across, had they been aware of certain latent feelings, not yet extinct, within the bosom of Mrs. Mangrove.

The brother had, indeed, seen a sort of partiality between them—but so faint, that he thought no more of it, nor would it have oc-

curred to him again, but on recollection of the occasional warm comment of his sister, on his expression of contempt for *sailors* generally, as a " poor ignorant set," and as for Lieutenant Hawser in particular, he had never condescended to exchange one word with him, even at his own father's house, good, bad, or indifferent.

Whether it was that Mr. Surface over acted his part, while they had been together at Naples, or that his selfishness was so inveterate as to peep out, spite of his over-strained devotion to the fair lady, is doubtful, but, the fact was, that up to that day when they had as usual been taking an airing, he had made very little progress in the lady's good graces; though, to say he had made none, would not, perhaps, be doing him justice; and what time, and the art and importunities of her brother might have done for him, there is no knowing; so much does time, importunity, opportunity, and a fine person do with the fair sex, even in the absence of every other quality.

But the stars had so decreed it, that—the assiduity, and affected raptures of the one, and the lectures and entreaties of the other, were to be entirely thrown away, or rather,

upset, by the arrival of the obscure individual, whom we have left cogitating on the appearance of the party—and not yet convinced of his mistake, spite of the Italian transmutation of Mangrove into Mangrovani, and of the signora's being a widow—of all which he was, from not having heard from home lately, entirely ignorant.

A week passed on after the rencontre; during which, Horatio made the usual excursions to the different *sights*, that lie thick strewed along these interesting shores—scrambling over the lava, he drank a glass or two of very execrable stuff, at the good fathers' half-way house, of 'the veritable *lachryma Christi*," and pushing on after a tedious two hours up hill work, he walked round the now peaceful crater; the last part of it, the most difficult, from the steepness of the eastern side.

On looking over, nothing was to be seen but the sulphureous sided chasm, up which stole here and there a tiny curl of smoke—deep in the bowels of the earth the process might be going on, in that vast mysterious *cauldron*, to burst out in some future day,

the awe and admiration of mankind—all was now quiet—having not long before "rumbled its belly full."

A troop of little ragged urchins, from Portici, who came up loaded with oranges, cakes, and *aqua vitæ*, in the hope of selling their loads at good profit, supplied all wants; and, as he sat under a huge rock a few steps from the brink, the magnificent view that lie beneath his feet of Naples, the plain, as far as Capua, skirted by the range of the Apennines, with the islands beyond Baia, the bay, and sea, cutting the horizon with a silvery line, or dark shadowed, in varied tints of blue, quite round to the shores of Salerno—while Portici, Pompeii, and the rich plains below, left him lost in admiration at the sublimity, richness, and variety, thus displayed at one glance!

Sometimes he mused by the "way of the tombs," through Pompeii's silent little streets; and now, sat in the temple of Isis—and now, on the proscenium of the smaller theatre—or tried to pick up still some vestige of the bakers' or apothecaries' shops—by no means so evident as a few years before.

Parties of workmen were going on, slowly clearing out more houses—and now more scribbling of soldiers on their barrack walls—and now, beautiful specimens in colouring and design came to light, fresh as when first done!—here was food for contemplation—but which has been too ably told, and too often, to need repetition here.

On other days, he took the road through Posilippo, wandered round to Baia—sat on the fragments of massive brick work every where crumbling on the shores—last lingering evidences of the magnificence of tyrants, philosophers, and poets!—and here nature had capriciously changed her mind, and robbed the sweet Lucrene of its fair proportions—yet, could he not believe the evidence of his senses—and see nothing but a fish-pond! where were now those forests? the horrid gloom, and dire attributes of Avernus! further on, the sybil had fled the Cumean shore—displaced by a set of gabbling Lazaroni; disputing who should descend through the dread cave!

Tired of *reality*, he quitted this long forgotten Elysium—threw off the solemn feeling of undefined regret, and joined in the hum

and bustle of the living, along the Strada Toledo:

At other times he mused over the solitary "*ingrata*," of Scipio's tower—or, wandering homeward, sought out the doubtful spot where lie "*ille (hoc) qui cuénit Pascua rura duces*," whose magic wand had enchanted all the neighbouring land!

At other times, striking across the hills, along a rugged narrow path, from Puzzuoli, he skirted the lake of Agnano, till he came to the grotto, where those poor faithful creatures are familiarized with death—but he felt little inclined to enter into the speculation of whether the dog suffers *pain* or *no*—or whether *being used to it*, does not make all pity superfluous!—a group of his countrymen were busy at the childish and cruel experiment; each determined to see, with his own eyes, the effect of the mephitic vapour—he passed on, rather to try the heat of those chambers, or excavations, hard by, of the solfaterra; and, with a goodly flock of others, advanced from heat to heat, through these vapoury cells; till, able to bear it no longer, they once more sought "the garrish sun"—how *cooled* and contented by the contrast!

Then again he passed whole mornings at Portici, or the Studio, examining and admiring alternately the paintings and inimitable statues of the ancients—each day but encreased his admiration—nor did his attention flag, till his head ached, from his study of the never-ceasing variety, whose profusion seemed indeed to have no bounds!

Every evening he went to the opera of San Carlo, as much to enjoy the exquisite strains of Mozart, Rossini, or Meyerbeer, as to search with his eyes round the boxes for that face that had so much struck him a few evenings before in the gardens!—and once he thought he saw the same lady—but she was just retiring; and though he went round towards the box she had just left, he was not so fortunate as to meet her—though more assured than ever that it could be no other than Miss H.

Nor was it long before he was fully confirmed, by meeting her in the same walk where he had first seen her—she held her brother's arm, and on the other side walked, in close conversation, the devoted Mr. Surface.

Spite of the change that must reciprocally have taken place, he was recognized, on his

looking earnestly at her, by Mrs. Mangrove, who, no sooner certain that it was Mr. Hawser who now addressed her, "hoping he had the pleasure of seeing her very well!" than her blushes, as she gave him her hand, confessed she did not receive him with indifference, nor as a common acquaintance.

Attended as she was, the conversation, and their mutual inquiries, were of course but common place; and Horatio, finding that there was no chance of walking nearer than the outside of one of the two gentlemen, found it impossible to say even what he could have wished on the occasion—without, however, feeling more than a confusion of sensations at the meeting, in which there was as much of the bitter as the sweet. During these few moments, neither of the gentlemen condescended to speak, or acknowledge his presence in any way; unless a slight stiff nod from the brother (who he, on recognizing, asked how he did,) might be so called—without once opening his lips—in fact, this meeting was not very agreeable to either one or the other—for though, on eyeing him from head to foot rather rudely, (as is the fashion with some of our countrymen, on the plea of

being short-sighted,) Mr. Surface sat him down as some *groundling*, not in "*the world*"—and naturally disliked the acquaintance, even in the remotest degree—as by possibility it might interfere with his entire monopoly of the lady—even thus in their accidental promenades—little dreaming she had the most distant thought of such a person, beyond that of a mere indifferent acquaintance, who, it appeared, she had not seen for some years; and as this intruder was in plain clothes, not of the very *last fashion* from *Stultz* or *Nugee*—he would have thought the idea of his turning out a rival "a good joke!"

On the other hand, added to a natural dislike of those who were not in affluent circumstances, or *of a particular set about town*—Mr. Highrouge's natural ill temper was something whetted on this occasion, from certain recollections of his sister's partiality for this very man, though so many years ago—and now being her own mistress, there was no knowing what trouble he might occasion him; for, as to his presuming to think of her!—the bare thought was insufferable—from twenty good and cogent reasons.

He determined, therefore, not only, not to renew the acquaintance—but to insist on his sister's not doing it—at least, not so far as to invite him to their house—already sufficiently vexed at her shaking hands, and appearing so familiar; when, for his own part, he should have cut him without further ceremony.

On Horatio's side, piqued at the supercilious conduct of her brother and the beau—together with some little confusion, as certain long-forgotten and tender recollections, thus revived by her frank and kind reception, mixed with the consciousness of the poor figure he cut—these sensations together, while yet he tried to keep up a general conversation by remarks on the place, the people, the weather, &c. left him for an instant undecided whether to make his bow and pass on, or continue walking with them as a matter of course, spite of the ungracious reception of the brother—while yet however he hesitated, that gentleman, pulling his sister after him, abruptly went towards their carriage; and, handing her in, drove off, together with his friend, without any further notice of his country neighbour, beyond a very formal bow.

For a moment, he felt much irritated and shocked at this strange conduct, no part of which he attributed to her—for while yet his eyes followed her, she waved her hand, smiling in such a way, as amply to repay him for the boorish inhospitality of her brother. He had hardly taken two turns, musing on what had just passed, when an English footman belonging to the carriage coming up to him, gave him a card, saying his mistress would be very happy to see him the first time it was agreeable to him; and on the card he read, "Mrs. Mangrove, Palazzo Ingano, Chaia."

As he reflected on this kindness, a thousand pleasing emotions took possession of his mind; nor could he help flattering himself that he might not be wholly indifferent to her!—what he had once felt as a boy, was now given new life to, and whispered him, that of all the women he had ever seen, she had taken the most complete possession of his heart—and most pleased his imagination, as he now and then thought of her, through the long lapse of years—though without the least idea of its being probable he should ever be so happy as to possess her—there was indeed not the most remote probability of it—and he had feared

besides, that she was married. To find her thus a widow—with the same kindness—perhaps the same prepossession in his favour!—awakened wishes, and a perturbation in his bosom he had long been a stranger to—but he now met her, it would seem, under the most untoward, the most chilling circumstances—he knew not what power this brother might have over her, and the stranger he looked on as no other than some favoured suitor—and thence, probably, the cold reception he had met with.

That night he turned and tossed on his pillow, thinking and imagining a hundred conflicting things, all equally possible or probable—and not being able to go to sleep, he flung open his window, looking over the bay, and rich shores at the foot of Vesuvius—a few sails still lingered on the waters, of market boats going or returning from the other side, or Sorentum—several ships of war, and that he had just quitted, lie within cannon shot, while he could hear some of their sailors or officers breaking the silence of the moon-light placid night by their jollity, and then again the noise of their oars against the rowlocks, as they dashed off aboard—except these

sounds, all was still—the noise and vociferation from the throngs at the maccaroni stalls and hundreds of others, had been long since hushed—all seemed happiness and tranquillity, except himself—but like all other evils partly imaginary, his were not long without a solace; and it was late next morning before he awoke to meditate over again, in a different train of thought, on his present hopes and fears, and what was best to be done—at once to follow his violent inclination, to see and converse with Mrs. Mangrove, resolving to declare his love for her, should he have an opportunity—and know at once from her own lips whether he might hope!—on the other side, he was not sure that she was independent—that she had fortune enough to enable her to follow her own wishes, should he be so happy as to retain, or rather gain a place in her affections; besides the opposition to their further acquaintance, pretty evident in the brother—and the rival he had to contend with, whose footing in the family he had but too much reason to think was a good one.

While this last thought struck him, he almost despaired, but, like a desperate man—he resolved to see her at least once, spite of

whatever opposition might be thrown in his way —rather wishing, than otherwise, that the brother or his friend's conduct to him might bring on an open quarrel; to which he felt by no means indisposed—particularly towards the latter, whose supercilious carriage he had felt, though it was impossible to resent it at the moment.

Thus determined, he dressed himself with more than usual care, and though then at that age, when men can no longer be called *young gentlemen*, yet was he a handsome *young man*, looking more youthful, spite of the service he had seen, by some years than he was—nor could he help flattering himself, as he took a last survey of himself in the glass, that he could bear a comparison with the more favoured coxcomb, whose pale face and mustachios left little of *English* in his features, and whose dress, bordered on the ridiculous, so much was it in the excess of fashion.

With a heart far from light, our sailor set off with a determined air for the lodgings of the fair lady; and being announced, was shewn into a magnificent apartment on the first floor, where he had not been long waiting, in a state of great anxiety, before the door

opened, and she burst upon him (as Smollett says) in all the glory of enchanting beauty.—She was dressed in mourning, but so becomingly, that her weeds seemed to add a grace to her figure—but what colour can a fine woman put on that will not become her?

As Hawser took her hand, while his heart beat high, he could scarcely articulate what he would have said—and fearing every instant that her brother would come in and prevent his explaining himself—women are ever quick enough at divining what a man would say at each moment—and it must be confessed that they almost guessed each other's thoughts—for an instant he was silent, and only contrived to stammer out "how grateful, how unexpected her kindness had made the present moments;" but finding she did not withdraw her hand, which he still retained, he ventured to lift it to his lips, and having gone so far, and perceiving by the gentle suffusion of her cheeks and her looks, that the liberty was not disagreeable (the forms indeed of the country warranting it without any thing particular being meant) he added, while he trembled with pleasure and anxiety—"O! madam! how often would I have given up

every other pleasure in life for such a moment as this!—do not think me presumptuous, but I fear I shall never be so happy as to create an interest where — where — dare I hope you have ever honored me by one thought! God knows how very often I have dwelt on your loved idea!" so saying, he once more kissed the unresisting soft white hand within his—while Mrs. Mangrove, on hearing him speak thus, was thrown into the most agreeable flutter, and hardly knew what she should say, that she might not say too much, or too little.

In this agreeable confusion he led her to a chair, when recovering herself in some measure, with her eyes cast down as if afraid to meet the ardent glances of the enraptured officer—she replied, "Indeed Mr. Hawser,—I confess to you, that meeting you after so long an absence, has given me a very sensible pleasure;" here Horatio again kissed her hand in acknowledgement;—she continued, "My brother forgot to ask you to come and see us on parting yesterday, which will account to you for my having sent you my card at the moment—I was afraid you would think us very unfriendly, not to say rude—

but,"—while yet she was speaking, the door opened, and her brother entered, and seeing the unexpected visitor, turned pale and red alternately with surprise and anger, at what he considered so unwelcome a visit.

However, the usages of society required him to put the best face in his power on the matter—and as the lieutenant rose to meet him—he advanced with one of those forced grimaces sometimes seen—when the lips say, "I hope you are vey well,"—and the heart—"I wish you were at the devil."

After the usual salutations, in which, however, he but ill concealed his vexation, he walked to the window, while his sister observed, by way of saying something to relieve herself from her present embarrassment, that "they felt much obliged by Mr. Hawser's goodness in calling on them, hoping they should see him often during his stay," every word of which completed the annoyance of Mr. H., who stood at the window pretending to look out, while he bit his lips, and was half tempted to turn round and contradict her.

After this they talked of the place, its amusements and sights; she asked him if he

had yet been at the ambassador's, telling him at the same time that there was to be a *conversazione* there next night; to all which he replied with equal good breeding—adding, that he hoped to have the pleasure of meeting *them* through the good offices of a friend, who had promised to introduce him.

As Mr. H. still kept aloof, or only joined in the conversation by an occasional and forced monosyllable; Horatio at length got up to take his leave—on one of those pauses, which seems to point to no other alternative, from a sort of awkwardness felt perhaps by all parties, but particularly by the *visitor*, where he may suspect himself thought, not quite on a par with those who ungenerously take this method not unfrequently of putting an end to the interview—stealing therefore a look full of gratitude and love at the lady, whose meaning seemed fully comprehended, and with a very formal bow to the gentleman, who returned it with equal stiffness, he took his leave; going down the stairs he met Mr. Surface, who stared at him with a face, in which wonder and conceit were very happily blended—but as our hero fixed him with a look full of steady meaning, in which con-

tempt and defiance were equally conspicuous, they both passed their several ways, without any other sign of recognition.

No sooner was the lieutenant gone, than the following dialogue took place between the brother and sister:——"Thank God!—and how came he to find out where we are, so soon! or may I thank your officiousness, Sophia, for this annoyance?"

"My dear brother," answered the lady, "I really cannot see, what annoyance there can be in the visit of an old acquaintance; after so many years absence!—and I must tell you, that, for my part, it gave me great pleasure!—Surely he is our equal in birth—and every way a gentleman; since he is an officer in the navy—nor can I see, that his poverty so much debases him, as you seem to imagine. What have we to do with the circumstances of our friends, while we find them sensible and genteel?"

"Pugh! fiddle stick's end," returned he—"'*sensible!*' vastly sensible no doubt!—Who told you so?—but I beg pardon—in the *tête à tête*, you seem to have enjoyed together, no doubt you have had a terrific display of sensibility!—but I think you might have seen the

other day, that I did not wish to renew the acquaintance—they are all very well at home, and in the country — but we have friends enough, without wishing to extend them—nor are these the sort of people.—Where was the occasion for inviting him so pressingly?—Take my word for it, I shall never be at home to him—and if you encourage it, I can only say, it may end in a manner extremely disagreeable to the whole of us!"

To this discourse she was about to reply, with some warmth, when Mr. Surface was announced—and now, less than ever disposed to listen to his mawkish insipidities, and over acted attention, which became every day the more tiresome, she retired to her room, at one door, as he came in by the other.

Leaving these worthy gentlemen and inseparables to entertain each other—firstly, with the history of the officer's visit—something magnified as to its probable consequence, not extremely relished—and, secondly, when they had been sufficiently witty, at the expence of the said pretender to their society—and settled, in what way he should be cut with the best possible effect—they discussed the scandal of the place—ever prolific in matter, among

their own countrymen and women; who, indeed, made more noise in this way, than all the rest of the town put together—having decided who and who were *well* together, who likely to be—and who *out* and *going out*. They got into their carriage, and drove off to one of the many sights, palazzi, or churches, worth seeing in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Mangrove begging to be excused on pretence of a head ache—the meaning of which indisposition, the one explained to the other as taking its rise in certain little explanations they had had—while they talked of these *symptoms*, many doubts and fears arose as to their ultimate success—in an age where *bravos* have been laid aside—forced elopements—and terrific "old castles" in the midst of "*gloomy forests*"—where the victim of base treachery "was obliged, at the peril of her life, to wed the detested villain," &c.

Alas! for this jog trot age of ours, wherein a young woman is perfectly her own mistress (if a "*scene*" is hazarded) even if she is under the protection and guidance of an imperious and *dishonest* brother—nor can an equally knavish suitor, as in this instance, do more

than tell a great many lies, not only to his charmer, but to the whole circle of their acquaintance—which lies—generally end by being found out—when the affair winds up by the gentleman's sneaking off, to figure among some other set—or, perhaps, brazens it out, and finishes with a duel; in which he is either shot—or *convinces* all the *world* that he is a devilish fine fellow!—tells his lies over again. Having gone, for the benefit of sea bathing, to * * * where, on the strength of his assurance, and dashing appearance, some simpleton rewards him, in the end, with her hand, and pays his debts—to the great edification of an admiring public, duly advertised thereof by the *Morning Post.*

And here we cannot but regret that the age of romance is over, or could we amuse our readers in the subterranean labyrinths of a second Udolpho—in which our Oxford man would make an excellent Montano — nor should our heroine be extricated without a world of mysterious sights, groans, shadows, 'scouling and dark'—the gleamings of stilletos half drawn, on which the moon glanced—with other horrors too tedious to mention—sup-

ported and overcome (the Lord knows how!) by the most unheard of *fortitude*—amidst the usual quantum of *faintings* and *flights*.

Unhappily, we say, we are deprived of these sweet interesting fictions, and have nothing to do but to relate a few humdrum facts, acted on a scene with little more of the romantic in it than in Piccadilly at noon day; and our castle the Palazzo d'Ingano—little better, I fear, than a good first-rate ready furnished house in Brook or Dover street!—still, let us not forget we are at Naples—and though the circumstances to be known, not very uncommon, yet were they not either, on the whole, of every day occurrence—but that they were, or were not, is not our business to examine.

Such were the state of things, when, towards the close of the day, as Mr. Hawser sauntered down towards the light-house, thinking how he should manage to make his slender stock of money spin out—*apropos* of a most unconscionable bill presented him that morning by the Padrone del' Casa—who should he meet but Gay, just jumping out of a fine six-oared gig.

As may be supposed, these old messmates were mutually glad to see each other, and,

repairing to an albergo frequented by Gay, where he kept a portmanteau ready for *shipping "his shore-going togs,"* they related to each other their various haps since last they parted at Plymouth, nor was it till Gay had thrown off a light camlet cloak, that Horatio was aware he was a *captain*, and at that moment commanded a sloop of war in the Roads—having come in a week before; being on that station almost ever since his appointment; Captain Gay told him that he had been *made* shortly after joining the *flag*—but, sick of the sea, had gone home, and been *one of the world*, kicking about at the west end of *town* for some years—and on the continent, in Paris, Switzerland, (where "I keep quite a recluse, "*il meo tresore*," he added,) his father knowing nothing about it—that he had even been as far as Naples, in his wanderings, during this period.

"Tired at last," he continued, "of such a life, vary it as we will—in which there is as much tedium as in trudging the deck—he at last, a year or two before, made up a long face at the Admiralty, and with a *note* from his father to the first lord, who always attended to such hints from proper authorities, (that is, where

certain boroughs were held, and a commanding voice in the upper house)—he was forthwith given a sloop, and sent on the most pleasant station in the world." Continuing thus—"I am hand and glove, you must know, with the old admiral at Malta, who lets me do pretty much as I like in these piping times of peace—so I run about to Palermo—knock some of the dollars out of the old duchesses there—run down to Messina when I'm tired of them—come here—or go up to Genoa, or tack up the Adriatic—sometimes I have a mission to talk to those bearded rascals at Tripoli, or Tunis, where I go on shore in as much state as possible—look very grave, sip my coffee sitting cross-legged—and take my pipe, while I caress the *kiah* or bey's pet cat, as I sit beside him; while he is dispensing justice to his kneeling subjects.

"I gave the old bey of Tunis the other day, a pair of the best pistols I ever had in my life—having seen me drive in the nail, that fastened a card I had put up at fifteen paces, (by accident, I confess,) there was no getting off begging his acceptance of them—confound the old Turk!—however, he came down with a fine jacket I'll shew you, and

this pipe—no, it's not ashore—two yards long, and otherwise curious enough—and faith I've almost learned to smoke!—their tobacco is so mild, so totally different from that horrible Virginia shag old Toby—(what has become of that comical old goose?)—used to smoke.

"I'll tell you what—it's well they made me—for hang me, if I think I could have done lieutenant's duty—that's flat—all for the best, eh, old boy? I've got the nicest set of fellows with me that ever lived, nor do I ever trouble my head about a single thing on board—and yet, she's in as good order as any craft up the Mediterranean—though it's a d—d shame I take all the credit to myself, when the old boy at Malta remarks it—I'm afraid, egad, to confess the real truth, so I look grave, and with 'Oh! sir,' 'take a pride in it,' &c.—pass it off, '*a plague on such lisping affectation and nonsense*'—as, who says? hem!—I shall stay here three weeks—if he says any thing to me, I'll make up some story—or say I was looking after a pirate—just run out a day or two to make log tally."

Thus did Captain Gay run on, every now and then shaking his old messmate by the "*fist*," and proposing, among other things,

to take him, on the morrow, to the ambassador's, where he went in and out, he said, "*like a tame cat*," and could do any thing he pleased—besides some twenty signoras he would introduce him to, that very night at the opera, when he told him, he must go and see them in their pigeon holes—for the devil a bit he'd find them elsewhere, unless you—eh, you dog!—and then you mustn't mind a little expence! they're devilish expensive sluts!—a *dear* princess has half ruined me—but I'm getting too knowing."

After all this, Horatio told him what *he* had been about—nor did he conceal his present thoughts and situation from him, knowing that however great a rattle, he was no less the most honourable creature alive; ending, by saying, "it was his intention, at any rate, to continue on to the north, and taking Rome and Florence in his way, get home by Paris, as soon as he could; but that he had heard, going with a *courier* was very expensive—posting more so—and that he didn't know but that he'd *walk* it, if he could find a conveyance for his trunk." At this, Gay "wished to God he was bound north;" then, after a moment's thought, he added, "Come,

d—n it, I'll run you up to Leghorn or Genoa, if you like, eh?" But Hawser observed, acknowledging his goodness, that his object was to see the principal towns of Italy, and something of the country.

As they had neither of them dined, they shortly after crossed to the "Coronna di ferro," which, though not the very first tratoria, yet they got an excellent dinner of three courses, and a bottle a piece of "*lachryma Christi*," for the very moderate sum of twelve carlini, or not six shillings; to this, however, over their dessert, they added some more of the said *precious tears*—tears of another and better vintage—over which they sat and chatted of old times, and of many curious facts connected with the government of the Austrians, the town, the new king, the old one—Tosi, the songstress, then in vogue, who was called the king-killer—*il Ré* of Sardinia—the grand duke—and, lastly, his Majesty of Naples, having died under her *reign* in each of their capitals.

Listening to such anecdotes, it was already late before they got to the opera—where Horatio, after paying for the pit, and following Gay, was introduced to at least a dozen boxes

all round, in each of which the friends sat a short time with the fair ladies, making their exit as some body else came in; by which means these little *salons de societé* are never disagreeably crowded—and here Gay told his friend which of these ladies had their acknowledged *Patitos*—which were *en vacance;* and which, breaking up old *liaisons* and beginning new; and in this list he was not a little astonished to find several of his own country women of rank and fortune: on his looking grave at this illustration of doing "*as Rome does*," Gay said, "Why, what would you have the poor things do? here have some of them been, to my certain knowledge, *economizing* these ten years—some left alone by their husbands to make what acquaintance they please, and pass their time in any way most agreeable to themselves; the time was, when these women were as much shocked at the idea of this sort of an *arrangement* as any girl just fresh from one of our country towns—but time and example have softened a thousand asperities in the features of what we at home call a sad vice—*here* a very natural order of things. As to the fuss

some of our prudes make about the matter, they can, of course, do no less; but see them after long absences of their husbands, and a little of that fashionable carelessness and absence of sentiment on the part of their protectors—left for perhaps half a year in the midst of this very order of things—in their most intimate Italian friends—you would then find such an alteration in their tone, as would leave no wonder at what *might* ensue—nor is in fact, any body to be blamed; we at home, are too prone to a species of intolerance in this as in every thing else; and we do but get laughed at, when we see our daily papers filled with more scandal and indecency *against public morals* in one week, than is allowed to escape here in a twelvemonth; but our noise about the *immorality* of the continent is fast subsiding—in good company in the west end of *town*, indeed, scarcely heard of, and would be considered a mark of boorish vulgarity, and a great *bore!*—so that one would be inclined to think, Heaven be praised! that *charity* to our neighbours was the fashion!—be that as it may, those of us that come abroad avoid shewing off their home-bred ideas—

where, at best, it does but excite an incredulous stare—and here indeed *virtue* must be content to be *its own reward.*

Hawser said he was sorry for it—but, as what he devoutly wished might be, at least, an exception for himself, were he married—he, like most other men, felt sufficiently indifferent as it regarded others—and thus he felt little inclined to moralize about the matter—nor was the opera or Naples the proper place. While they were taking their rounds, not one sound of music did they hear, or any body else—now and then, indeed, some favourite air was listened to for a few minutes, when the whole house talked on, with no more attention to what was going on, on the stage, than if there had been no such thing! nor did the *prima donna* meet with more attention, except in one or two of her favourite *arias*, after the recitatives—Horatio observed, that though he was every where received with great pleasure and affability, and made to sit in front, for a few moments, between the ladies, or next the lady of the box; yet there was no expression of any wish for the renewal of the visit, that being, Gay told him, as a matter of course, after being thus introduced.

He told him, too, that he might thank his stars if none of them ever asked him to their houses to dinner, where he would most assuredly, have to pay dearly for it, to a set of impudent free and easy servants, who lay every body under contribution—and particularly the English, who they imagine roll in riches.

The next day, they drove together to the *Favorita* palace, where vast sums have been expended; and where, indeed, nothing that art and luxury can imagine has been spared. Wandering over the gardens, and in examining the beautiful frescos, the day slipped away: in the afternoon they embarked at the stairs, and went on board to dinner, where, perhaps, they more enjoyed themselves than at the hotel—so good was the captain's cook, and so well were his lockers stored with all the choicest wines of every shore of those seas.

The greatest kindness and harmony seemed to reign between the captain and his officers, some of whom dined with them—quite filling up the small cabin of the brig, nor did it escape Horatio's observation—the good order that prevailed on board, and the neatness and arrangement, conspicuous in every thing—while the men were playing at leap-frog and hunt

the slipper along the deck, from the gangway forward, with a cheerfulness and spirit—the best indication of their good treatment and conduct.

Having "bowsed up their jibs," as Jack says—the cutter was once more manned; the naval friends once more trod the shore, and amused themselves on the jetty, for some time, listening to the quacks, of all sorts, selling their nostrums, as well as oranges; the latter being puffed off with a speech, as horribly stuffed with epithets as the former, and equally humourous, while others displayed their *harlichinos*, their raree shows, and their agility, amidst the usual singing, cries, and other noises, common in the streets of Naples.

At length, tired of it, they dressed and betook themselves to the ambassador's, not without certain palpitations of the heart, on Hawser's side—who was advised, by Gay, to run off with her at once—or, if either of these humbugs stood in his way openly—to call him to a "short reckoning"—and so "*clear the coast.*"—With these *crumbs* of comfort they arrived—and were ushered into the saloons of the British Embassy, where Mr. Hawser

was received in the most gracious manner—indeed, nothing could have been more happy than this introduction—for much depends on *who* introduces—and here, gentle reader, excuse a small digression we mean to make, while we enquire, why it is that the officers of our army and navy are not considered eligible to go to their ambassador's, at foreign courts, without being *formally introduced;* as is the case, most properly in other countries?—A French officer, for instance, goes to his ambassador, and is kindly received, as a matter of course—while an unfortunate Englishman can only appear as a matter of *favour*, and after making a sort of interest with third people to do him the kindness—perhaps with people, too, who would be hardly admitted to their sovereign's drawing rooms at home! this seems a strange incongruity; and is, in fact, extremely unjust.

It often happens, that a poor officer has no other passport to society abroad, and knows not a soul who could present him—besides, he may dislike to ask what is considered a *wonderful favour!* Under these circumstances it seems hard that he should be, in some measure, shut out from society—for so he must be,

unless he descends to a secondary sort.—Foreigners will not imagine you can be *genteel*, and fit company for them—while they do not meet you at your own ambassador's, at least!

Every body knows that a *gentleman* finds no great difficulty, through some good natured friend—except in *Paris*—but the hardship is, that at a king's officer, who can go to his own sovereign's levees, should be thus shut out from his public servant's—Let us hope, so invidious a distinction may be better ordered—nor be left to the decision of men who, in some cases, would willingly turn their public situations into private ones—and only receive their own friends, or a particular set, who come with letters, or can get introduced—an order of things that is neither compatible with the dignity of the nation, nor the high feelings British officers are, at least, supposed to possess.

But to return to objects of more immediate interest—those latent sparks of love, so long dormant in the sailor's bosom, had been too recently fanned to life, to leave him as indifferent to what was going on, as his friend, the captain; who, leaving him to find out the ob-

ject of his attachment, went round the room, chatting, first to one then another, with his usual careless gaiety of heart.—Whatever we may say or think of *love*, in this age of selfish arrangement in high life, or, indeed, in the middling ranks—however it may be banished from the heads of some of our young women whose mamma's din nothing in their ears but "*settlements*" and "*prudence*"—still it is the ruling passion of our lives! still the great *folly*, the great *weakness*, or what you will, that gives a zest to every other pursuit.

The conventional fashion of a day cannot set aside the fashion of nature—nor the flippancy of stupid writers (unless, indeed, they may be indulged in their own maudlin trash, going back to Arcadian *excellence* and *innocence*, forsooth, and mere namby-pamby) stamp the noblest passion of the human soul, with ridicule. *Love*, then, founded on a preconception of the nobleness of the object's nature—knows no distinction of circles, and will not be guided by any given rules—but "*light as air, at sight of human ties, spreads its light wings*,"—not those *ties* that decency and the proneness to ill of mankind, require—but such ties as Mr. Highrouge wished to bind his sister

with, by binding her to an unprincipled tool of his own.

It must be recollected (since we thus feel obliged to account for the sneaking regard for the absent seamen so long and perhaps unaccountably cherished) that her first marriage, though to a very good man, was the work of her political mother, in which any other feeling than that of the "eternal fitness of things" never entered her head—nor did she ever enquire one syllable about the matter, as to her daughter's thoughts.

We have, indeed, seen the young lady enter that solemn state like a good girl, who, having no particular *penchant* of her own, readily follows her father and mother's: unhappily, she was no longer so very young! but we should not be doing justice to our heroine (we find we must adopt her for want of one with more excellence) were we to say, or imagine, for a moment, that she had no *heart*—She had, and wrapt within its inmost folds, lie the idea she scarce dared whisper to herself, of one, who, like the sylph of a dream, now and then haunted her imagination.

This image, like all others, gained strength by its unreality; and was given charms, it did

not, in truth, possess; since, *certes*, the real object, if he were in being, was very far, as we have seen, from perfection of any sort—with still enough to make any woman happy! and this she found—or thought she found, when after so long an absence, she once more saw him—unmarried—unengaged—and, so far from indifferent—her ardent admirer!

The few days that had passed, since their tender interview, in which she had been agreeably surprised by his saying so much, had left her in a flutter and irresolution, little less than at the moment of his leaving her—and when she dressed for the party, or *conversazione*, where she felt almost sure of seeing him, her anxiety and tremour may well be imagined, by those who have felt the tender passion.

She had arrived, before them, with her constant attendants, her brother and Mr. Surface, to whom she had shewn a double portion of reserve, from that very day—but whose assiduities it was impossible to prevent or avoid, backed as he was by her brother; and unwilling to speak her mind more plainly, than by a manner that might, however, have been plain enough to one less in love with *himself*,

or less confident than was the said Mr. Surface—who, to give the devil his due, was so little a "*Joseph Surface*," that he had neglected a thousand *means and appliances to boot*, that a greater share of cunning would have given him, resting solely on the indefatigable juxta position of his own infallible person, with that of the desirable object of his wishes; which he thought quite enough to ensure success in the end; aided, indeed, by an infinity of common place, which he dealt out; never very highly relished, and, latterly, very much to her annoyance.

As there was no dancing, and the people, that had arrived, had gone off into groups and coteries, he had left the fair lady a moment, to pay his respects to an *excellenza* at the other end of the room—at the moment the sailor had entered—so that Horatio, on casting a rapid glance round, saw the object of his wishes, quite alone. In an instant, he was at her side, and kissing the prettiest and fairest hand in Naples; looked what, for a moment, his tongue could not give utterance to.

We need not say they were equally pleased at meeting; her "eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks," as she yielded her hand to a gallantry

which amounts to no more than shaking of hands with us—and may, or may not, mean any thing among our *absentees*, just as it may happen—Here much was meant and felt, and words were superfluous—even could they have found time to talk—for, before he could well tell her, how heavy the time had seemed since they parted, and how happy he felt on this occasion, the brother came up and the conversation took one of those every day beaten tracts, in which, unless it is carried on very earnestly, not a soul feels the least interested ; question and answer come of course, and people only tease each other by a forced politeness, by way of finding something to say ; here it was doubly conspicuous, since each individual felt an awkwardness scarcely concealed from each other.

How long this might have lasted, there is no knowing, for Hawser had taken the vacant seat by Mrs. Mangrove's side, when they were joined by Mr. Surface, who seeing his late place thus unpleasantly filled, came up in the hope of drawing them off to some other part of the saloon ; without taking any notice of the new comer, he proposed going into the refreshment room, where, round a large cir-

cular table, some of the company strolled and helped themselves, as they moved on, from an hundred delicacies; to this proposal, of course the brother acquiesced with great pleasure, and held out his arm for his sister as a matter of course, without taking the trouble to ask her if she felt inclined or not; his vexation may be easily conceived, when she said she should remain where she was—nor was that of his friend much less—fired too, for the first time, at the idea of a rival, for Mr. Highrouge had hitherto neglected to insinuate the possibility of such a case, from the contempt with which he held the appearance and pretentions of the lieutenant, rather than any want of a secret conviction, that the thing was probable enough.

Finding the lady did not mean to stir, and that still less did the officer mean to quit her side, these friends strutted off arm in arm to commune with each other on *appearances*, something in the following shape—"I say Highrouge, why d—n it, that's the same fellow that was at your house the other day!" "Yes!—there's no getting rid of these people — on the slightest pretence they thrust themselves every where—how he got *here*

God only knows—I suppose old Mother * * *, who brings all Thames street, tag rag and bob tail, has introduced him!" — "Well, but what's worse, your sister seems mightily taken up with him!"—"I wish to God she'd listen to what I say, but you must know she makes a great fuss about him, as an old friend of ours—we saw him once or twice some fifteen years ago, from their living near us in the country; and so indeed, if the whole village could tramp down through Italy after their betters, she would, I conclude, think it necessary to shake hands, and be hail fellow well met with the cobbler's son!" to this Surface replied, with a significant shrug of his shoulders, but added—"Humph! and who after all is this—if he thinks and be d—ned to him to diddle me, he shall find"—

Here the brother entered into a long account of our hero, whose character he finished thus;—"In short he has not a penny in the world, and is after a certain process like many other blocks, made into a lieutenant of the navy—which I'd take a bet I'd make our butler's son in six years; and that too, after he should be found unfit for every thing else under heaven; and yet on this, he fancies him-

self a wonderful great man no doubt! however, my dear fellow, the truth is, women's tastes are ticklish concerns—you know she is her own mistress, and unless you make hay while the sun shines, I can do nothing."

"Nothing," returned the other, pale with anger and jealousy at the preference she appeared to give him, as he could see them every now and them in an apparent earnest conversation;—"Nothing! why at least you may cut him! why not cut him dead—curse me, if it was me I'd cut him, if we had lived half our lives together; if there was a necessity for it, let's insult him, if he'll take no other hint;" to this proposition the other replied, "I have no objection, but after all you are the best person—for independent of the necessity I am under of not treating him as he deserves; my sister would take it very ill of me, but you, you have a right in some degree to interfere — and without much explanation, may give him to understand, in short, that his particular conversations with her are not to your taste, considering your being her avowed admirer, which gives you a right to call *him* to an account; however, after all, there may be nothing in it, for to tell you the truth,

like all those amphibious animals, they talk indeed, but such common-place unmeaning stuff, they have seldom any thing in them—not that this comfortable assurance had much weight with Surface, who could ill conceal from himself the little progress he made in the good will of the lady—in short, he felt himself in that humour at this moment, best vented by the words of Tybalt, "Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting, makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting," in good earnest, besides being additionally annoyed by the seeming indifference and altered tone, as he thought, of the brother.

They remained together in the midst of the crowd, each silently indulging, or rather, eschewing, very different sensations—in which, however, their own individual benefits were uppermost—and with no one tie, or sympathy in common; but the wish for the lieutenant to go to the devil, with all convenient dispatch.—While they stood musing, let us, for a moment, go back to where the lovers (if we may so call them) remained seated. For the first few moments, Horatio felt so confused, that with many efforts to speak, his thoughts died away on his tongue,

without utterance; while the lady felt scarcely less embarrassed, besides knowing herself under the observation of the gentlemen we have just left, who were, though in the next room, not out of sight; however, after some little hesitation, she relieved him, by observing, "How inspired Signora —— had just improvisied, that she thought her age and extreme plainness were lost sight of, as she proceeded," and from this opening, spoke of the present party, and of some people then standing near them of note. At any other moment, these general remarks would have been highly interesting; for, with her good taste, she spoke of things and people in such a way as to give a novelty to what was in fact sufficiently common; but Horatio, wholly occupied with what was nearest his heart, scarcely knew what he answered. At length, he said, "Will you pardon my abruptness, and suffer me—perhaps this is the only moment I shall have for many days, to ask you, if what I ventured to say the other day was disagreeable to you—let me hope not—I can sincerely say the happiness of my life depends on your favourable opinion of me—nor need you wonder," continued he, seeing her about to answer, while she looked

down more seriously at her fan, "at my presumption, on so short an acquaintance, if you will kindly give me credit for never having ceased to think of you—even when I little dreamed of the pleasure of again seeing you, under circumstances which—while you are your own mistress—will perhaps excuse my expressing sentiments I could not have ventured to do, had you remained"———

At this word, our hero hesitated, and looked what he had not the power to express. Smiling with great sweetness, seeing him at a loss to proceed, or rather guessing well enough what he would have alluded to, she replied, "Indeed, Mr. Hawser, I will confess to you, that I was scarcely surprised at what I heard the other day—and why need I conceal it—I will confess to you such a declaration from so old a friend, one I have known so many years, and whom I have always taken an interest in, was not disagreeable to me—at least, I can hardly judge so harshly by you as to suppose you could think me pleased by an unmeaning compliment—you may be sure, that whatever I have felt, I should have considered myself obliged by the good opinion you expressed—and I am pro-

portionably concerned at my brother's indifference about old acquaintance—but you know it becomes the fashion of the day—Englishmen are almost rude to each other abroad, simply because they are from the same land, I should suppose—or rather, such is the presumption of each individual, that fellow travellers are seen with dislike; I know no other motive for my brother's want of cordiality—but you know he is naturally cold and haughty."

"I am indeed truly sorry for it," returned the sailor, "on your account—I should say, on my own—but let me hope this glimpse of happiness may not be cut short by a feeling on his part which you do me the honour to think I do not deserve—O madam! what would I not give to have half the empire over you he has—or that I could assure myself that hereafter you will not forget a poor obscure creature like myself, who can have no merit in your eyes but what the most constant, the most sincere, devotion to you might give, if that indeed may be thought so."

Here Horatio, who had all along spoken in an under tone, would have thrown himself at her feet; but the numbers on every side pre-

vented any heroic and tender display of this sort, and he was obliged to confine himself to looking up to her approving glances in the most impassioned manner.

Sophia indeed was too much pleased by these repeated declarations from one she liked, to conceal her satisfaction; and if she forebore to assure him of it otherwise, her looks were sufficiently explicit interpreters of her thoughts. She had scarcely time to say that there were many objections to her listening, at that moment, to sentiments, in which, she concluded, by way of rallying him, there was the usual portion of that gallantry men address to women, in that part of the world, at least; adding, "You may rest assured, that under the most adverse circumstances, I shall think of you with interest; and though I cannot break with my brother—or act contrary to his wishes without doing so—yet—perhaps on our return home, I shall see you under a more favourable influence, and we may meet where, whatever I may think, I shall have no reason to avoid the same frankness towards you; and now let me beg you to leave me, as I know my brother is averse to our intimacy." With this injunction, made

sweet by the manner of its delivery, and a look in which he read his own happiness, Hawser rose, and, kissing the hand she gave him, went across the room to where Captain Gay was; and just then the inseparables rejoined the lady; the brother to find fault, and wonder what she could have to say to a man almost a stranger; and Surface, while he ran his fingers through his oiled locks with affected *nonchalance*, to "hope she had been happy in the conversation of her *new* favourite;" to which she replied with an emphatic "*Yes*, extremely so; I hope you were both equally amused eating ices."

Shortly after, they went home; Horatio, catching her eye, bowed to her as she retired through the last vista of doors and powdered servants. The rest of the evening was spent much as at other *conversaziones*. In one room, at the piano, a celebrated *Abate* sang delightfully, while groups of English girls hung round him in ecstacies real or pretended; at other tables primero was going on; in one corner scandal went forward; and in the opposite, a discussion on the last antiquities found; while the ambassador was seen every where, doing the honours of his house in that

quiet way, that leaves it doubtful which individual of the assembled numbers is the entertainer.

Gay went off for a grand flirtation (being quite new) with La * * * *, and Horatio attached himself to one of a fine family of girls, whose mamma his friend had just before introduced him to—this was Lady * * * *, a very excellent creature, with no particular foible, amidst very many cardinal virtues—if we except a desperate fondness for an Italian singer: that her ladyship's extraordinary enthusiasm was purely platonic, nobody doubted, and on this point *there could be no mistake*—but it was most romantic, most intense—at every fresh *shake*, cadenza, swell, &c. fresh raptures escaped her at the opera—"the dear man," "the sweet creature—heavens, look at his eyes—what a voice! was ever any thing so heavenly! what nature! what powers! what pathos! what feeling!"—such were among her ordinary exclamations; then she had him, when ever she could, at her house, and he taught all the girls—on a perfect footing of equality, and very unconscionable terms!—who could think of treating so interesting a creature as a mere "*singing master*?"

he dined there, drank tea, and supped—in short, he was her hobby; the *new* English stared!—those of any standing were used to it—*there was nothing in it*—had not Lord * * * and Lady * * * the very same liberal enthusiasm?—did they not make a point of *importing* them, and running all over town to cry them up!—that the poor dull Italians themselves could find out nothing so very extraordinary, might have been attributed to their want of *soul*, of *delicacy*, of *sentiment!* They had indeed yielded him the palm he really deserved—with a most detestable voice by nature, his style and finish were exquisite; and with a false note here and there, to set the teeth on edge, passages were heard pure as the warbling of the nightingale; but anon came an unnatural falsetto squeak to break the charm: While in private life, except among the English of a species of *new light*, he was treated just as a singer and music master would be in London, always saving and excepting *Italian* ones.

But as we have observed, this rage to exalt singing to the skies, and treat its children as deities, was not alone confined to her ladyship; so far has it been carried indeed, of late

years, that *character* in the individual has never been once cared about; that which would have blasted an Englishman for ever in society, nay stuck him on the gallows, has not kept out these *gifted* order of exotics from our most exclusive saloons at the west end; while, on the other hand, there is no end to the exorbitance of their demands, the moment they cross the channel—being the most petted, spoiled children of luxury, this or any other age has perhaps ever witnessed. Whatever this can be owing to, except the wish to carry every thing to a foolish extreme, and be *singular*, is of little moment; it formed the subject of conversation between the lieutenant and Lady * * * *'s youngest daughter; he found her quite an enthusiast, like her mother. Gay had given him his cue, and though he just hinted a *neutral tint*, and "*hesitated a dislike*," yet he dared go no further; besides, a natural tact and delicacy soon enabled him to discover what ideas were acceptable on this point; thence, yielding his judgment to the young lady's, he obtained at length a *confession*—that "indeed some people thought some of his upper notes false, and *once* she had imagined so herself!!—it

was but on one occasion though! poor thing! he had had a severe cold!"

In due time, the company thinned off, and the two seamen strolled home arm in arm, comparing notes, along the Chaia, on a deliciously still moon-light night, such as is often found in Italy—aye, and in England too—let people say what they will to the contrary.

Hawser now indulged in all those delicious reveries sanguine lovers are wont to, and his fervid imagination pointed the lovely object out in all the seducing colours of voluptuousness—in truth Mrs. M., or let us rather in future call her his *Sophia*, was a most beautiful young woman; her shape was perfect, while her luxuriant hair set off a face beautiful in its loveliness of expression, rather than any decided *beauty* according to the *schools;* it was that sort of soft expression, with so much nobleness, and ingenuousness stamped on it, that it was impossible to look on it with impunity; and which most men of any soul rather fall in love with, than *regular beauty*, without this "*je ne sçais quoi*," which we at any rate thoroughly understand in England; and which, but a single painter in the world can transfer unimpaired to the canvas, a mix-

ture of what we so much admire in the heads of Lawrence, and which we take to be a happy combination of the "*Sublime and Beautiful*," and which requires neither a very high forehead, a very straight nose, nor a very small mouth—essentials, with some mortals not to be dispensed with.

If we have not before done more than glance at the appearance of the young widow, it was because we were otherwise busy on other matters, not indeed so important to one class of readers, but which we have been led into from perhaps too great a disregard to love and sentiment throughout these pages—but which we shall try and make up for with all dispatch, so that at least some few lines may be read by young ladies, who are not easily tired of the romantic.

We would say, that when Sophia came into a room, almost the first thing remarked was her extreme grace and elegance of dress; the next thing the exquisite symmetry of her hands and feet—and on venturing to meet her eyes, the conviction of their being at once the softest and the most intellectual possible; so much indeed were we struck by their bewitching influence, that to this day

we find it a very difficult matter to say what colour they were of—something of a dark or light hazel, for their long lashes shaded them from impertinent scrutiny, while their fires shot out with a brilliancy that dazzled the most *blazée'd* about town;—men who had predetermined long before, to admire nothing more under the sun; all these qualities may be something exaggerated by partiality—but what shall we say of her mind? this, that on the basis of strong good sense, she had received a very distinguished education—not that she devoted too much of her time to any one supposed essential accomplishment — she danced with ease, and she played and sung with feeling and taste; but that she was the very best possible on these points, it would be unjust to say—some young women might have exceeded her in their own peculiar arts, and in Paris there were, who might have danced still better; and in Italy there were, who surpassed her in expression—but it may be said that she was admired in those very countries; since in singing she took care that the poetry and the meaning of what she sang, should be *heard* and *understood*, a most indispensable affair that our girls never think it worth

while to attend to—while, as she danced, she avoided all those extra swings and flings of the body, arms, and feet, that are cultivated by some of our belles who have been abroad, to the great admiration of the lovers of *good* dancing in England!—but, which is considered not only very ridiculous in Paris (where it is supposed to be understood), but very *mauvais ton.* Sophia spoke French and Italian, not perfectly—but, in such a way as to be admired, for the manner she pronounced it, in its peculiar idiom, which her correct ear soon caught—so indispensable, and without which, all familiar intercourse with the inhabitants becomes a sad labour to both parties; this gliding into the meaning and music of the language of a country, is like genius of all sorts, the immediate gift of heaven—and the great mass of travellers without it, hammer at their grammars and dictionaries to little purpose. An anecdote will better illustrate this, than any thing else.

A certain *Doctor Dunderhead Wordy,* a very promising young man of the faculty, hot from college, had set out for Italy, determined to be the most correct linguist among his countrymen, any where to be found; his

chaise was loaded with grammars, dictionaries, and learned books on etymology—on his arrival at Florence, the best place, of course, for the study of the language, abstractedly, amidst the learned professors and those of Pisa; he took a master, who was quickly astonished at his mighty erudition and sapience, and who assured him very gravely, that he should presently *compose* something in Italian to astonish the natives. As the doctor did not take up things lightly, he chalked out one year before hand for the study and reading the best authors, and the next, to acquire the best pronunciation in *Rome*—he now set to work, his mornings were quickly consumed with labouring and belabouring at the *words*, of which he made out long lists, and repeated them to himself as he paced up and down—but, as every thing should be done fundamentally, as soon as his master came, they went to work in tracing certain *roots* and *derivations*, with great assiduity; frequently (such was the correct depth of the doctor) two hours were passed over a single syllable, the mea ing of which, the master could by no means hammer into the doctor's skull, and the sun often set on a

crooked word, to the great dismay of this indefatigable learner of *letters ;* mean time *il suo maestro* assured him his progress was astonishing!—and his friends were bored by his precision in particles, and articles, which he forthwith declined for their conviction—if they were not satisfied !

Having now shut himself up for a year, on this ground work, not troubling himself about minor concerns—he was by no means astonished (nor, indeed, his friends either) when he found he could not make his landlady understand that he wished to leave her, with many thanks, and pay his bill—first of all, that was because, being used to the barbarous pronunciation of the place—how could she understand good Italian?—and next, he was satisfied, that he had laid down such a *substratum* of real Italian *words*, that a fair pile should quickly rise on it, in Rome ; where he meant, not only to *talk*, but maintain a learned thesis, and dispute (at which he was a dead hand) on some knotty doctrines, in their own vernacular!—but, alas ! such was his inveterate hankering for *words*, that he never could string together a *sentence ;* not that he ever condescended to enquire about the *sense* of

the said sentence—but there was always something wrong.

His letters of introduction took him about in the gay world—cardinals, excellencies, fair dames; not a soul could guess what he meant to say, unless helped out with one half bad French. This puzzled him exceedingly; assured as he was, that each *word* he had spoken, was in itself *correct!*—but then, indeed, the pronunciation was a hard matter; and the doctor had, unfortunately no *ear!* (he never suspected it though) and as for the idiom and music of the language, he never once dreamt of such things—he went blundering on, and talked a great deal — nobody knew what—with a *power of face* that made his friends laugh, and the natives stare; but patience and perseverance does wonders.

At the end of two years, he could write out his washing bill with great nicety—and without the least mistake—and could make himself understood, when he called for a cup of coffee at a coffee-house, always substituting, when he meant to say "*waiter!*" *domestico* for "*bottega*"—besides which, he was quite sure he understood *Dante!* nay even criticised the "*Inferno*" with great gravity of visage!—and

put several friends *to rights*, who were good enough to *explain* his meaning for him in some Italian circles where they met—for he was so *minute*, that no WORD or letter could escape him; and, as for *meaning* and *good sense*, they were beneath his notice—observing gravely, "Take care of the *pence*, the *pounds* will take care of themselves!"—and "What was language, but a collection of *words!*"

At length he returned home, perfectly embued with the *spirit* of Italy; and promised the world some translations, from scarce and valuable lore of the middle ages! as yet ungroped into—but a friend, having suggested to him the necessity of first knowing how to write his *own* language with sense, ease, and perspicuity—he forthwith got a fresh stock of *fundamentals*, declaring he meant to sift the English well, and purging it of the *Norman*, write in a pure Saxogothic medium!—in the which laudable pursuit he is, very likely, at this moment, hard at work—when not occupied with going about *correcting* the Italian of his numerous friends.

Gentle reader, pardon this digression—it exemplifies the dullness and assurance of some

incurable blockheads, who go about the world; when, in good sooth, they should be kept at home, or put in Bedlam.——It must be confessed, this case is rather an exception—but how many are there who, after spending a little fortune on masters, cannot make themselves understood — simply from their having no *ear!* — and neglecting the peculiar *idiom* of a country.

But to return to the lady—Whatever she did, she did well—and whether she was or was not, the most accomplished creature that ever left the English shores on an Italian tour, is of very little moment—none were more lovely—more unaffected, or more ladylike. O, that the fates would have allowed us to describe this fair being, in the first blush of her youth!—but that had passed—she was, however, improved in every thing; perhaps, even in the qualities of her heart, by *reflection;* and an absence from the vortex of certain worldly ideas, in which her good mother still swam as giddily as she had forty years before: such was the woman that now engrossed the whole faculties of Hawser's soul—and sailors can love with fervency—with sincerity—a thousand natural causes conduce to it; their

constant absence from women of *education* and *mind!* and that single heartedness, unbroken in on by the cold axioms of fashionable idlers; whence, long before the prime of life, many of our young men have already exhausted every species of pleasure; happy, if they could even exclaim—

> "Painful preeminence ourselves to view,
> Above life's *frailties*—and its pleasures too!"

He had hardly got home before he resolved to write to his charmer, and pour out his gratitude, his hopes, and his fears, in her tender bosom—for though what she had said, left him little reason to despair; yet, shut out, as he was, from her society, except as chance might now and then throw them together at different people's houses—he could think of nothing better, for the moment, as well to assure her of his tenderness, as, if possible, to draw forth some more explicit declaration, from herself, which would set him entirely at his ease, even if he were deprived of the pleasure of approaching her while in Italy, as he knew they shortly meant to return—and possibly he might contrive to travel the same road, about the same time. But he was sen-

sible of the delicacy of his situation, and her's; and that, of all things in the world, a direct quarrel with the brother, or being the occasion of making her uneasy and uncomfortable, was to be avoided. At one time, he thought of writing to him as a friend—declaring himself, as if he was not aware of the pretensions of Mr. Surface, or his particular wishes—but his haughtiness, and unfriendly carriage towards him, checked it. At another moment, he half resolved to have an explanation with his rival—mean time he wrote the following letter to Sophia; over which he spent a whole day—blotting out, considering, reading, correcting; till, at last, he determined on it, thus:—

"Madam,

"O suffer me rather to call you by the endearing name of my Sophia! and be not offended at my taking a liberty, which, you will do me the justice to believe, does not spring from presumption, or want of respect. Respect, do I say! it is too cold—too insignificant a word to express my feelings, towards one I adore; nor need you think this language forced and unnatural, when you re-

flect how many years I have dwelt on your loved idea!—when I thought, indeed, it was impossible ever to realize a bliss my fond imagination set before my eyes, in such glowing colours, as made me often miserable—when I reflected how very many chances there were, against my ever approaching you, or having the ineffable happiness you have just, with so much goodness, encouraged me to look forward to—I trust at no distant period!—that sweet vision, arrayed in purest white, emblem of your chaste mind, which, when the surges beat round me in tempestuous seas, seemed to float before me, wafted on the bosom of the clouds, to cheer my heart; that angelic form, that in my dreams, made me think myself in some paradise, and threw a sunshine round my heart, to which in my waking moments I was too often a stranger; and shed its hallowed influence on my pillow—best solace of all kinds of hardships, and the contumely attendant on my friendless lot!—Where, methought, reclining in my arms, I bore you through the air, towards romantic valleys, and flower enamelled meads, where a delicious and mysterious harmony seemed to fill the air, and your sweet smiles approved

the worship of my soul, as the divinity of the enchanted scene. At other moments, methought that fortune frowned on us, and that I stood near you, such as you last appeared to me, at your father's house, and urged your flight by all the most passionate entreaties—far from the selfish maxims of the real world, and the vain trifling beings that surrounded you!

"Such, such were some of those visions, that to me became sacred, and obtained a mastery, at length, over my imagination, more impressive than the airy phantoms of a dream; they were, indeed, connected with a sweet reality!—but that reality, yourself, how many thousand leagues from me!—perhaps, had ceased to think of so friendless, so obscure a creature.

"A waking dream; the dream of life, has passed since last we met—I hardly know which is the most visionary—once past and gone!—all seems as unreal, as those very visions of the imagination—that soothed those hours.

"How many years of dull monotony now float before my sickened mind!—and one green sea—and strange lands, and men! and

one unvarying and insipid course, with but a *name* in its hardship, to gild a state of slavery! I have not in truth lived, but vegetated, unknowing, and unknown: if my mind, and my ambition, whispered me better things, the rough contact of vulgar souls, checked all growing hope—and kept me in the same beaten track, where not to *think* became a duty—a necessity, sometimes, for the preservation of life—or, at any rate, to prevent a present ruin. Returned to Europe, my heart once more expanded—and my mind, so long shackled by the iron hand of partial and capricious discipline, once more dared to feel its own importance as a Briton—nay, I might say, as a *man!*—but how, sweet Sophia, shall I explain to you what would seem a paradox; what you cannot have the most distant idea of, connected, as it is, with one of the most glorious professions of the most glorious nation that, perhaps, ever existed—I have been disgusted—thoroughly disgusted—things are only known by studying their details—through these details it has been my lot to drudge—that they have been most bitter, from accidental circumstances, is true; and much of the dark side of the picture has arisen from situations,

over which a benign and a just government had no immediate control.

"In the service in which I embarked, much is left to *individual discretion*, and even the lives and fortunes of Englishmen are thrown prostrate, in some situations, at the mercy of others—that this power is not often abused, may be attributed to the innate honor and good feeling of our nation in general—but that there are vulgar and ill regulated minds, entrusted with such vast power afloat, is, likewise, too true—and at such immense distances from the proper authorities, by which, elsewhere, they are kept in check, that moral obligations are laughed at!—and justice becomes a mockery!

"Bowed down by ill luck, beneath this yoke, for so many years, I may consider a peculiar misfortune—my better stars *might* have placed me even in the same service, under more exalted minds—under more generous men—under better officers!—under such, as first encouraged and protected me!—but it would be too much to speak further of abuses that now mend daily, as the times, even in the heart of our country, grow more and more enlightened, and shed their influence through-

out our navy, scattered to the utmost limits of the known world!

"Opinions have changed, and habits must with them; I have seen the worst, and it will every way render smooth a career, I now, indeed, look forward to with some pleasure. I breathe, at last, with freedom, and on the point of once more embracing my dear friends, and native land, I *would* forget the dreary desert I have past;—judge, then, of my delight, on first treading the shores of Europe, to meet that very being, who has, in secret, through so many lengthened years, still kept so strong, so vivid a hold on my imagination! I, indeed, thought it scarcely more than a dream!—I could not flatter myself I should have ever been so happy as to have found the beloved reality, as I have—but heaven, in pity, sends you to me, unchanged, and as my guardian angel!

"Can you wonder that I feel this happiness most intensely, or that it is possible I can exaggerate, when I tell you how dear, how very dear, you are to me! I might well say, I adore you! for in no other way can I express to you the mixture of love, tenderness, and devotion, with which you inspire me—I find you all, nay more than

my imagination had painted—by all that so lovely a reality exceeds the charms of the unsubstantial image, I have so long dwelt on—I should be the happiest creature in the world! but "the course of true love never did run smooth," and spite of your unvarying kindness, and the distinction with which you have honored me, I find I have your brother's prejudice, rather enmity, to overcome, and a *rival*, who though I am assured you do not encourage—yet is he not contemptible, while you feel yourself obliged to act with deference to your relative—besides the opportunities he has of being near you; which are denied me; and situated, as you are, in a foreign country, under the protection of a brother, I know how difficult, how delicate a part you have to act—even could I flatter myself with possessing your entire confidence—indeed, indeed, I deserve it—if the most devoted heart that ever beat, has a right to the sympathy of yours! and if the greatest truth and love might assure me of the return it deserves!—I will not doubt it—and yet pardon my anxiety; in a few days you set out—I too shall take my way to the north, and be as near you as I can—would I could watch over you, and

shield you from the accidents and, perhaps, perils of the road—it is some consolation to think you will travel, at least, well guarded; but when shall we meet again? and when, my Sophia, when shall I grasp that happiness, which you have with such sweetness allowed me to indulge a hope, will not be too long protracted? but what do I say, I know all does not depend on you—let me hope for the best, and stifle an impatience that I have, in truth, no philosophy, when near you, to reason with: may I hope for one word from you to place near my heart, as a sort of charmed talisman on the road—at once to cheer its possessor, and ward off the strokes of envious fate! Heaven bless you, and believe me, ever, your devoted,

HORATIO HAWSER."

Having at length finished this morsel, which some may think too high flown, some too obscure, some too diffuse, and some too prolix, he folded it up with great care, and, having sealed it, confided it to a trusty servant, who soon brought him word that he had delivered it into the hands of the lady herself, without having been observed by any body. Elated

by this piece of good luck, Horatio sallied out in high spirits—the heavens seemed to smile on him in a double sense, for the weather was lovely—and such prospects of bliss opened to his view, as he proceeded towards the Mola in pleasing anticipations, as made him bound again with pure joy, unmixed with one thought either of Mr. Highrouge, or his friend Surface; and willingly would he have shaken hands with them, had they come across his path; but fortune is never tired of plaguing us with such jade's tricks, as quickly upset the pleasing reveries of our more happy moments, and this was our unfortunate hero's case.

He had hardly reached the Mola, in the agreeable frame of mind alluded to, before he actually met those two gentlemen, who came up immediately to him—not, however, as if to shake hands, but in such a way as men do, who seek an explanation of an embarrassing and unpleasant nature; the fact was, that the night before, these two exquisites had had a long conversation, in which our hero's conduct and pretensions were very freely canvassed, immediately after they quitted the ambassador's. Surface was sufficiently nettled

at his friend's sister's coldness and reserve; and the marked preference she had just shewn this "obscure fellow," as he termed him, had still more exasperated him, so that it wanted very little of the brother's ill nature, directed towards the same subject, to induce him to hazard an open rupture on the first convenient opportunity, and thus put it to a decision, at once violent and arbitrary; in short, it was agreed that Surface should call Mr. Hawser to account for presuming to address a lady so particularly, where he himself felt so *peculiarly* interested, and where his own pretensions, sanctioned by his friend, her brother, seemed, in their very sufficient conceptions, to admit no dispute, or even the necessity for the approbation and consent of the only person that could with propriety, it might be thought, have at least a negative voice in the affair, namely, the lady herself! After a long discussion, it was therefore resolved on, to come to an *explanation* the very next day, and that of the most peremptory nature.

Now, Surface did not want for animal courage; and his vexation and anger towards a stranger, who he despised, from the little he

knew of him through the brother, never allowed him for a moment to balance on the danger of the undertaking; besides, if he thought at all on the alternative, it was not the first affair of honour he had been engaged in; and, on such an occasion, it was not only the shortest, but the best way he could desire to support his own very ticklish and equivocal claims, or rather footing; nor did certain sarcastic allusions of the brother, on his reasoning on the subject, should the said lieutenant decline being dictated to, fail in giving his determination the necessary fillip—indeed they had both said so much on the subject, that Surface found himself bound in honour to proceed; and the afternoon of the next day they had walked out in the direction where they thought it most likely to meet the obnoxious person, just at the time he likewise had sallied forth with feelings of peace and good will, not only to all the world, (for he had scarce an enemy in it), but extended even to these two gentlemen, who had rather, on the whole, mortified and vexed him on more than one occasion, as we have seen; but towards Sophia's brother, Hawser had determined to act in the most forbearing and

cautious manner; and as for Surface, though he had for a moment felt a rising resentment, yet it appeared to himself accidental, and he was far from suspecting the species of persecution his Sophia was obliged to endure in silence, from his unwelcome assiduities, and the obstinacy and unkindness of her brother, on his account.

On their meeting, Mr. H., touching his hat formally, instead of taking the extended hand of Hawser, said, "I am happy we have met, sir; if you are not otherwise engaged, I should be glad of a moment's conversation with you;" to which Surface, who put on as careless a look as possible, added, "And so should I, Mr. a—a———"

We have witnessed that the sailor was in no humour for quarrelling, but he could not help feeling greatly shocked at the brother's refusal of his hand in the first instance—for, as it was offered, perhaps too freely, yet it was a downright rudeness that made him blush to the eyes; the measured solemnity of this address, increased his mortification and surprise, particularly on the addition of the friend's, "*and so should I Mr. ——a—a,*" with an affected and extremely impertinent

drawl, which he answered, looking him directly and close in the face with, "Then sir, we are well met!" then, as they all turned down towards the Mole head, addressing himself to Mr. H., he continued, "I am afraid Mr. Highrouge there must be some unaccountable misunderstanding between us; your present manner confirms it—I can only say I am sorry for it, and hope the fault is not mine, for it has been my wish to cultivate the friendship of one, I had once the pleasure, when a boy, of being neighbour to, and who *was*, at one time, on friendly terms with my family."

"I hardly recollect what you allude to sir," returned the former, "nor need we have any explanation on that head—people are, I hope, at liberty to *choose* their acquaintance—my business with you, is to tell you, that your attentions to my sister are not expected, nor agreeable, and you will oblige me by not addressing that lady in future; she is under my especial charge—and I think I have a right, as her brother, to direct her in the choice of her acquaintance, without however, meaning, to insinuate any thing to your prejudice." While he spoke, Horatio's face glowed with indignation, nor was it calculated to subside,

on Mr. Surface's adding, while he adjusted his shirt collar—" Besides, my good sir, allow me to say, *I* am concerned, and must observe, that I shall not suffer any man to be particular to the lady who I have the honor to pay my addresses to, not that I have the least apprehension about her own sentiments, only, it is not exactly the thing."

As he finished, Horatio stopped short, while they turned round, close at the base of the Pharo, and placing himself close in front of them, thus replied, first to the brother, " I find, sir, that whatever forbearance I may have, you are determined to put it to the most ungentle proof—this is not the first moment you have behaved, not only with unkindness, but with inhospitality and rudeness; I have the highest respect and esteem for your sister, and your conduct to me shall not make me forget you are her brother—but really you cancel all other obligations — I scarcely owe you any civility, and I shall be cautious in future, how I throw myself open to a rude repulse—as to the lady, I must tell you, I shall be guided by her wishes, not yours—and as for you, Mr. —a—a— ' imitating, in an affected way, Mr. Surface's drawl, as

he eyed him from head to foot—"You will find something more, than either *words* or *pretensions* necessary to prevent my addressing that, or any other lady, who may honor me with her friendship; and now, gentlemen, I hope we understand each other, your most obedient;" so saying, he turned to leave them, but Highrouge and his *fidus achates* following some steps, called out, "By G—d, sir, but you shall not, at your peril—d—n me, we shall see that, d—n—tion!" this bravado was interrupted by the other vociferating at the same moment—"Highrouge leave him to me, its my affair d—n me! we shall see—that's enough sir—sir, here sir is my card," running and presenting it—"you shall hear from me sir!"—Hawser had half turned round, but wishing to avoid an altercation, and a crowd, which now began to gather, without, however, their comprehending more than *high words*—took his card, simply saying as he walked on, "The sooner the better."

Going up the *Strada Toledo* ruminating on this adventure, and scarcely sorry at the opportunity of punishing the insolence of such a coxcomb, he met Captain Gay, and taking him into one of the Cafés (that frequented

mostly by the German officers, and the best) at the lower end of the street, he repeated to him what had just happened; Gay joined him heart and hand, offered himself as his second, and advised him by all means, should he be challenged, to take his choice of weapons, not, he added, for any advantage you will have, for you are but an indifferent fencer, though I have sweated at you many a-day—and I am told that, that very fellow (who by the bye I met the other night, and he won some Naps of me at *ecarté*, and be d—ned to him,) prides himself on being a good shot, and ten to one, he will name his weapon, though he will have no right, but baulk him, choose it by all means; first of all, it brings men fairly at each other, if they are really bent on mischief, there is more satisfaction in it—and your strength is a good match for his greater science (even if he has it) which I doubt, my fine fellow!—and secondly, as this is no very life and death affair, you may just scratch each other, and that will do for the honor of the thing—you shall go on making love to your bouncing widow—shiver my top lights but she's a tempting piece, and he may go hang himself, if he will.

Hawser, in spite of this consoling speech, looked grave enough, when Gay thus continued—"Bah! all humbug! what the devil need you care for a brace of such lubbers!—haven't you got the '*length of her foot?*' what the devil do you look glum at—how can her brother, or twenty brothers, make her miss stays, while you have the helm! d—n—these women though—there's nothing but affectation in 'em—now why couldn't she just as well marry you at once, and have done with it?—why, I'll get you a parson—here's half a dozen of these land privateers here—regular reverend dandies; there were two at the Princess di S——'s last night, d—d good fellows, with no nonsense in 'em, I'll engage either of them for ye—what d'ye say?"

"Ah! my dear fellow," returned Hawser, taking him by the hand; "*festina lente!* women like her, have such delicacy, such sensitiveness, that however she may love me, I am sure she would never think of deciding so suddenly—and that too, as it must be if she would, spite of her brother, and without the consent of her father and mother—she never will; they may not prevent her in the end, even if she does not get the consent of

her parents; but however independent she is of them, still such is her affection, such her respect for the opinion of the world, and the society in which she moves, that I should not dare propose it to her; though in truth, it seems to me the most natural and the best thing she could do—you know right well, I'd go to the devil to bring it about—but no—they are off in a day or two, and in less than a month, all may be accomplished, and I made the happiest man in the world, without breaking through those forms, the world seem to require of women, more than of us."

Gay seemed little concerned by this reasoning, and cried "Pshaw!" once or twice while the lieutenant spoke—but there were other obstacles, and, at last, he rather acquiesced.—After sitting some time, and criticising the *rig* of the German officers, belted in like frogs about the waist, no epaulettes, and their tight pantaloons, setting off more drumsticks, than good legs, while the insipidity of the colour, (white, and a sort of dirty whity-brown) added to their wasp like make, girt in, in so *outré* a manner, made them the object of laughter and surprise to strangers—however, Gay observed, that, notwithstanding these peculi-

arities, there were some fine fellows among them—two or three of this stamp just then came in, and they remarked their all wearing quite new white kid gloves, and were altogether a sort of dandies in their way, while a small gold frog, or rosette, on the cuff, denoted their rank.

From the officers, they fell, insensibly, to the appearance of the men ; and both agreed that their *tenue*, drawn up—marching, and in their evolutions, was, on the whole, admirable, and, spite of the colour of their uniform, threw the more gaudy Neapolitan soldiers entirely in the shade.

Of all the nations near us, the Germans are the least known," continued Gay.—" If we do not happen to have travelled among them, we content ourselves with a general, vague idea of them ; as, that they are a musical, modest, patient, people ; very fond of the marvellous and slip slop in their literature; very indefatigable and industrious in what they undertake; and that they have many learned men and philosophers among them, who nevertheless are totally lost in the beaten track of the more daring genius of England and France; or, if they write to amuse, con-

fine themselves to inflated sentiment, and thoughts and things, wholly at variance with common sense and common observation; their plays are all whining and nonsense, or unnaturally atrocious; and their novels are all clouds and smoke—not a being resembles any thing on earth, that we poor mortals know any thing about, or are likely to sympathize with—and yet, on these doubtful qualities, it is true enough, some of their greatest geniuses have acquired a sort of celebrity, and have been introduced to us in translations, such as Kotzebue, Goëthe, Schiller, &c. Their musical composers are unquestionably the first in the world; and even at this moment, Weber and Meyerbeer, and Beethoven, make head against Rossini and all others; but the Italians themselves, as you see, at last have acquired a true taste, and confess the excellence of what, till Mozart's glorious triumphs, they had no conception!

"The opera you have heard so often is Meyerbeer's, and they are very properly in raptures with it—you would hardly believe the trouble a few men of taste had to get them to listen to Mozart's beautiful melodies!—at the present day, Italy is behind Germany in

music, whether vocal or instrumental—indeed not to be compared in the latter—ranking even after the French!—but they have no public spirit, and their orchestras, like every thing else, languish. They do not want for numbers, but you may see some of the fellows half asleep; and that is, in fact, the fault of the audience, who do nothing but make a noise, chattering the whole time so loud, that they drown the music most effectually; but while they make their boxes their drawing-rooms, there is no help for it; to us, who are not used to it, it is very provoking."

Hawser observed, "that the Germans in the pit seemed, in spite of their *modesty*, to make more noise than any body else." To this Gay assented, "attributing it to the *military*, always more or less obtrusive, and, at that moment, masters of Italy, not much to be wondered at; we cannot," he continued, "very well judge of the Germans from these military specimens, nor perhaps from the sketch I have given you of them; but though I am inclined to think their general character and merits may be pretty well gathered from it, yet without knowing their language well, and being among them, it is impossible to speak

correctly—*we* must go *among them!*—for my own part, I long to take a trip down the Rhine, and visit some of their cities—it becomes more and more in vogue every day: as soon as my time expires (we are now superseded every three years), I shall cross to Paris, and start straight off to Vienna, ramble through the Tyrol, and so down the Rhine—perhaps you'll come with me; it would be an excellent trip, and we may then know more of a people who, doubtless, deserve to be better known to us Englishmen than they are; we see nothing but their *tailors* and *music masters!* and they indeed swarm all over France and England."

From this topic the two seamen insensibly got to one which had just before made some noise in the town—a German officer had brutally drawn his sabre, it was said, on an unarmed Englishman, in one of the Sicilian steam boats, and seriously wounded him. This affair had been got over, but had left a feeling of irritation in the minds of the John Bulls, ready to break out on the least misunderstanding; and while Gay spoke of it, he every now and then eyed the Germans, sitting at the other small tables in the *bottega*, with a

scowl of defiance; nor could Hawser help knitting his brow, and putting on a haughtiness of manner and attitude, he seldom indulged in; but they were not observed, or perhaps not understood; nor was it necessary at that moment to draw themselves into any more scrapes—one antagonist was already provided; and shortly after, leaving the place, they parted for the night; Hawser promising to send to Gay on the first notice he received from the belligerents, while the latter assured him again of his readiness to come out with him, and lend him as good a *blade* or barrel as Naples contained; and one that he had used many years, and had more than once had occasion to try the goodness of—not to mention the foolish affair of Tugjunk at Plymouth, which they had almost forgotten.

Thinking about the chances of the issue of the meeting on the morrow—of where it should be—of what arms—on how he should act—then again the fear of losing her he loved more than life, threw a shade over his reflections—just, too, after passing a probation of so many years of misery, and at the moment when a prospect of happiness was opening to him!—that he might never see his

home or family more; cut off, now that he had at length got so near them, by the insolence of an unworthy man.—At this last thought, his indignation chased all gloomy images away, and he at last dropped asleep, determined not to fall, without ample revenge, should Surface carry his enmity to extremities. The next morning, while at breakfast, he received the following and expected note:

Palazzo di ——, Chaia.

"Sir,

"After what passed yesterday afternoon, of course you expect to hear from me; if it will suit your convenience to-day at noon, behind the Campo Santo, in the vineyard to the right, I shall expect you; if you have no objection, the pistol shall be our weapon—but of course you will have your choice. I am, Sir,

"Your very humble servant,

"BRAZENNOSE SURFACE."

To this Horatio instantly sent an appropriate answer in the affirmative.

Leaving him in the contemplation of this morsel, and the enjoyment of his breakfast, let us look elsewhere.

On that same morning, when the cockswain of his *gig*, as was customary, came up to Captain Gay, with a note from the first lieutenant, to ask if he had any thing to say, and to await the captain's orders, should he want to send any directions, or go on board himself—about nine o'clock; therefore, the boat having threaded its way through the closely packed craft within the Mole, the cockswain in a neat white dress of a banian and trousers, black kerchief, and glazed hat, and a long tail, which nothing could make him cut off, (and Gay was not the man to resort to unfair methods to get rid of the man's fancy, a trusty brave fellow, and the captain of his main top) this young tar of the old school, we say, rolled up the Largo de Castello, tucking in lots of oranges as he went, while the crew betook themselves to *sucking*, in the same fashion, qualified with sundry drams, from the nearest spirit shop on the quay.

On this occasion, having reached the first floor, and been admitted to the *presence* by Gay's steward, who always served on shore, as his chief valet, the cockswain doffed his castor, and having smoothed his flowing locks with the left hand, scraped the floor with his right

leg, with an inclination of the head, as if the hand applied had dragged it down, he presented the captain, who sat at breakfast, with a note—and having answered the usual interrogatory of—"Well Sam, all right aboard? any thing in sight? any thing come in?" answered by certain mutterings, not very readily made out, retired with a sort of *double quick* shuffle to the steward's room, where he was generally regaled—there was nothing new, but Gay, instead of sending him back with "Very well, go on board," ordered him down before him with his boat cloak, which signal the cockswain was well enough *up to*—and hardly had he bundled his fellows into the boat before his commander was at his heels, and they shipped him on board the "*barkey*" in a "*shindy.*" After a turn or two on deck, and a little confabulation with the *first*, and an inspection of the doctor's list, and a quiet word or two with all the officers that came over to *that side of the deck;* he ordered the boat to be kept manned, and a mid sent in her—then sending for the cockswain down in the cabin, he gave him his case of Mantons, and that said *rapier*, of which there has been mention made, and which he seldom wore, except

on *particular* occasions: this done, they all once more regained the boat with the usual forms—the cockswain looking knowing and solemn, with a sly wink of the *larboard* eye, as he turned the quid in his cheek; while the first lieutenant, having twigged the pistols, discanted on the *probability* of what was *going on!*—for just one hour afterwards, by the glass, with the master and the surgeon!

But for the souls of these three politicians they could not hit on it!—meantime, leaving the boat, the captain directed the mid not to stir, and to keep the men in their places, and taking the cockswain up with him, loaded with the pistols and sword, wrapped up in the boat cloak, he went direct to Horatio's lodging, where he found him over the remnants of his breakfast, with Mr. Surface's note in hand.

After Gay had looked it over, "Ay, just as you expected," he said, "but to meet behind the Campo Santo will never do, though, indeed, it will be extremely handy to chuck either of you in, should it come to that!—no, I trust we shall want no such convenience; rather let it be elsewhere, round at Baia, a thousand to one better! where we are sure

not to be interrupted, and I can send the gig round, in case of accidents—so that I may be of some use, ' Come what, come will.' " " But how can we change the place of meeting now?" returned Hawser, "it is already near eleven, and in an hour more '—" O, leave that to me," cried the former; "stop a moment"—so saying, he ran down; taking Mr. H.'s address, and walking straight to his hotel, was shewn up stairs, when, introduced to that gentlemen, he soon convinced him how much better the latter situation was; adding, that he should order his gig round to wait hard by, and which he assured him should be, in case of any thing awkward resulting, as much at his, and his friend's service, as his own. It was therefore agreed to meet at the *Temple of Diana*, just without the village; and as they might proceed nearly to the spot in a carriage, the time of meeting at noon remained unchanged—in a quarter of an hour afterwards, the captain having sent orders to the gig to come round, both carriages drove through the *tunnel* of Possilipo, within sight of each other, that of Mr. Highrouge and his friend having taken the lead, filled up the little *white speck* of day light at the further

end!—while Gay and Hawser were, as yet, rolling along under these dark vaults, with but the light of the tiny lamps that line the sides at such respectful distances.

Gay was for "*shooting ahead*," and so being first at the spot; equally familiar to both parties; but our hero begged not to pass them—or, rather, not try, what might be considered a foolish bravado, on such an occasion—nor was there any occasion for striking out of the carriage road. After passing the Lucrine lake, both parties alighted, nearly at the same moment, and taking their way through the ruins and vaults, once the palaces of the Cæsars, where those noble ruins still exist, in vast blocks round the coast, half submerged.

Along this path they all four walked in silence, Horatio with his sword under his arm, while his friend carried the pistols—they now perceived, for the first time, their opponents had brought pistols only with them.

From the unevenness of the ground, and the narrowness of the path, in some places, they now and then almost touched each other; and Highrouge and Gay happening to come in contact, the former observed to the latter,

that as he had come unprovided with more than one weapon, he hoped the difference, which was, in fact, slight, might be made up; or, at any rate, not driven to desperate extremities—that nothing was required of Mr. Hawser, but to give up certain attentions to his sister, which he was surprised he should persist in, knowing they were not agreeable.

Gay replied, "that he understood they were not disagreeable to the lady herself, and that it seemed to him unfair to exact, particularly in a peremptory manner, so great a sacrifice; as he was assured that his friend loved her more than his life—that whatever opposition might be borne from one of the family, it was hardly to be endured from a rival—and, so far, he certainly should not desire his friend to recede the least iota in his pretensions; even if he stopped there—for he may have yet to learn, if it is with her approbation, that that gentleman pretends to a greater right, however his addresses may be sanctioned elsewhere—But of this I cannot judge, nor need I enquire," he continued; "while the two principals, having gone on some yards in front, walked close to each other without uttering

one word—"nor do I ask any questions on so delicate a point—it appears you sought this meeting—and here we are, to settle it; however, for my own part, I think, if without bloodshed, so much the better; provided both sides are content."

As he finished speaking, they arrived within the area of the temple, the least picturesque it is possible to conceive, either in its shape, or situation—being something like the half of a large oven—the dome and walls on one side only remaining—and situated amidst low loose walls, dividing small ill cultivated gardens, belonging to the fishermen of the neighbourhood—but the open front was secured in by one of these very walls, and, once, within, they were quite free from observation:—both the principals, and Highrouge, looked pale, and for an instant, as they came to a stand still, they all four exchanged looks—not of defiance—but, rather, as if to know, what was next to be done!

Hawser was the first to break in on this awkwardness, by throwing off his coat, and hat, and cravat—then drawing his sword, said, "Come gentlemen, the sooner this is over the better"—imagining he had the choice of wea-

pons—but Mr. Surface objected to this, saying, he knew nothing whatever of swords—this brought on a discussion as to the right of chusing weapons, which was clearly the sailor's; who observed, that he himself knew little or nothing of fencing scientifically; and of pistols still less—while it was understood to be his opponents boast that he could snuff a candle, &c., being, when in London, continually at one or the other of the shooting galleries.

Taking advantage of this, Surface obstinately insisted on its being the usual weapon, and in short he would fight with no other; Gay stared, observing drily, that strictly speaking he had no *choice*—however, Hawser put an end to this discussion by putting on his *coat*, and begging Gay to load the pistols—only wished by way of bringing them more on a par, that the usual distance might be shortened to *five paces*—but this too was overruled, and they were placed at fifteen; the seconds agreed on their firing together at the word, *now!* which being given, our hero's ball discomposed the cravat, and slightly wounded Surface in the neck, while the latter, who had taken a rather longer aim, struck

the lieutenant's pistol as he raised his arm, knocked off the guard and wounded his finger, this small accident alone saved his life. Irritated at what he thought unfair in the aim of Master Surface — he was for some time deaf to the reasoning of both the seconds, that things had gone far enough—and taking the spare pistol out of Gay's hand almost by force, called out to the Oxonian to take another pistol, at the same time advancing closer, insisted on the distance being decreased; Gay, however, would by no means allow of their firing at each other closer, nor did Surface second the effort to a greater proximity, but waited very quiescently for the ultimate decision of his friend, the scratch in the neck, taking away from some of his previous confidence in the result.

Luckily Highrouge was more in earnest to avoid extremities than Gay, and alarmed at the guard of the trigger being knocked off, he stepped between the parties and addressing them, said, "For God's sake let it end here! Mr. Hawser, one moment!—hold an instant! enough is done in honor—blood has been shed—why pursue this further, Mr. Surface, let me entreat of you to be satisfied!" while

he uttered all this, he got partly between them, at the same time Gay closed too, begging him not to interfere unless the parties themselves wished it, that it was not fair, or did he imagine they came there to make child's play of it. However, Surface seemed more willing to come to a parley, perhaps finding he had no chicken to deal with, and throwing his pistol on his arm, said, "If Mr. Hawser is satisfied, I am, I only wished him to cease his addresses to a lady who has sanctioned mine, as well as her family, and"—here Horatio interrupted him by saying, "Pardon me sir, those are exactly the conditions I shall not submit to—on the contrary, if one word more is said on that subject, *I*, in my turn, shall not feel myself satisfied without first exacting those conditions from you—but I am sure they are unnecessary—I am very willing to leave both my pretensions, such as they are and yours, to the lady's decision." "Well, settle it now, at any rate," cried Gay, "or else we have come here for nothing!" Mr. Highrouge at this declared they were both perfectly satisfied; "Very well then," returned Hawser, "so am I, here is my hand Mr. Surface," so saying, he shook the passive

fingers of Brazennose Surface, Esq., which were extended to him with an air in which there was much more of mortification than delight; as for the brother, he indeed shook hands with the captain, and took him apart a few moments, while the belligerents put up their pistols, doubtless explaining to him how unreasonable it was of Mr. Hawser to like his sister, or claim any kind of acquaintance with people he had not seen for some fourteen or fifteen years! and when too, he thus, most inconveniently deranged certain family arrangements, which he himself had very much at heart, independent of the ardour and devotedness, and worth of his very worthy and excellent friend, and would be, brother-in-law!

The wounds, if they could be so called, were both so slight, that little time was lost in binding a piece of old Irish linen round them, which Mr. H. had brought with him, and which he (Surface) very politely divided with the sailor; just as they all got out they met some of the villagers, apprised of the arrival of the *forestieri*, and who not suspecting what had been going on, were very anxious to shew them the antiquities, and make them

pay for having passed certain barriers erected about, to exact toll as regularly as at one of our turnpike gates.

Being satisfied by Gay in this important matter, they never once enquired why these kind gentlemen went away, shewing so little curiosity—but retired very quietly to their different occupations; the party regaining their carriages by the same path, along the shore, drove back without any further communication with each other; though not before Gay had had a pressing invitation to the *Palazzo Inganno* from Mr. H., and a very affectionate squeeze of the hand, though he had not deigned to notice Hawser, except by a look full of haughty vexation.

As they drove off, Gay called out suddenly to stop, saying, "Egad! but the gig though," *pretty kettle of fish* if we leave her here!" for in truth, the said trusty ally had not been once thought of, and had been within a few moments past only (having pulled round) laying close in to one of those masses of solid brick work, which might have once served as the gorgeous and gilded saloons of a Tiberius, but now afforded only a hold for the bowman's boat hook; they were soon found out

by the footman, sent back, and ordered to return on board.

Could we have stopped in the heat of action, between the combatants, of the morning, we should have flown off into a small digression, on the use of the sword in duel; and especially on the use of the small sword, not unworthy of being *better* known to the military sons of England.—But, firstly, we would not give it an inflated and unnecessary consequence: and, secondly, it would never have done to have stopped just where Mr. Surface begged to decline any intimacy with the said weapon—though he, in fact, knew more of it than our hero; and according to both the Schools of London and Paris, (Angelo and Coulon) he might have been reckoned far the best fencer of the two—but, with all due deference to those two gentlemen, there is a great deal of sheer *humbug* in their art! We recollect a baker in a French country town, who set up this noble profession, without knowing much of it himself—but he was a devilish strong fellow: and when amateurs set at him, in good earnest, with their visors on; raising the point of his sword and gathering himself up, he parried their

thrusts with little more manœuvring than we do at *single-stick*, keeping off the point by sheer *quickness* and force—so that he was seldom hit—and his attack was equally rapid and effective—there was no keeping him off—he *would not be denied !* His scholars were punched till they were sore in the breast for a week after. Now this fellow absolutely knew nothing at all about the matter. We question, however, whether, in a *real affair*, either Angelo, or Coulon, or Bertrand would have had the advantage, from their *science*, supposing the courage and coolness of all parties to be on a par.

This man had been in a dragoon regiment and, of course, had had a few lessons—but he recollected little more about the matter—except those preliminary forms and flourishes, about which there is so much time lost, and solemn parade with fencers!—of course, in this—the ha, ha! the beating of the foot, &c., he was extremely punctilious—or he could have gulled nobody.—As for the *right line*, the *small and large circle—point of gravity*, balance of the body, &c. they were out of his alphabet—pondering on this fact—and adding it to what invariably appears, both at the

Wauxhall d'Eté on the Boulvard de Bondi, and our own public days, at home, when Frenchmen now and then come over—that is, when both sides are *really bent on mischief*—the parrying and thrusting becomes a mere harum scarum effort of strength and quickness on both sides, and little more deliberate science is shewn, than in the case of the baker. This fact may encourage those *not initiated* in the art.

A man who can handle a stick well, need not fear taking up a sword—we do not mean to say this art, in itself, is good for nothing—only there is too much fuss made about it—and people are too apt to imagine, that to learn to fence is to acquire every requisite—when, in fact, after all, it is the *least essential* part—a bad swordsman being, we think, more than a match for a *good one*—with more strength of arm—if both parties are really determined on killing each other, and all *forms* are thrown aside.——Begging pardon for this digression, we regain the shores of Baia.

The captain and our hero presently found themselves, once more at the hotel of the former, where he made him stay dinner with him—and, in the evening, took him to the *conversazione* of a certain princess—where

Gay was, at the moment, in high favour. Here they met all the people of note in Naples, not excepting that identical little snuffy bishop, who tried to cheat poor *Mathews!* Monsignore looked as young as ever—and was very far from suspecting he cut so poor a figure, among the Islanders of the North—not that he would have cared a fig about the matter, if he *had* ever heard of the *Diary!* conceiving the whole set of them a pack of *semi-barbarians* and heretics, whose souls, at any rate, would pay for their pride and presumption in this world, by a good roasting by and bye!

Horatio knew few of those present; once or twice he looked anxiously round for his Sophia, as the same faces are present at all great parties in the towns of Italy—but she was not there. His finger had become painful, and he retired early to his hotel, where he found the following note for him. The hand seemed a woman's! and his heart beat quick as he broke the seal.—It was as follows—

"Let me beg of you not to write to me; but I will not deny, that what you have said has given me a sensible pleasure.—My brother

came home to-day, after a ride, extremely out of humour, and has, rather unaccountably, decided on quitting Naples the day after to-morrow—I cannot say I am sorry for it, and I did not oppose it—it will put an end to a restraint that becomes, every day, more irksome. We shall soon meet again! till when, believe me with the sincerest esteem,

S. M."

Hawser read these few words over and over, at one moment they appeared all he could have wished, or expected from her at such a moment; at another, cold and formal; no way meeting the tenderness and emotion he had betrayed to her—but there was no help for it—he would have written, however, what Gay had insinuated, as the best way of putting an end to all anxiety; that is, by getting married at once, by running off with her, now acquired fresh force—but the note before him checked his violent inclination to put all to such a hazard—it might too meet with a decided opposition on her part, even were it possible to smooth all other difficulties. Having long dwelt on the pros and cons of the question, he, at length, found

himself forced to turn philosopher—and their sudden departure would leave him no time to relapse—with this resolution, the next morning he threw himself into one of the many one horsed chaises, (*Sedillas*) and drove about to the different interesting sights, with which the neighbourhood of this city is so thickly interspersed, which he had not yet seen—rambling through the city of the *dead*, he tried to forget the living, and, at Portici, reoccupied his mind in examining its rich and highly curious relicks, reverting to the hundreds of conflicting opinions on things, that seemed, at least, from what was left (to judge by analogy) scarcely to warrant a second conjecture—the paintings here seen, and elsewhere, wanted not those of Zeuxis or Apelles added, to assure us of the excellence of this art, as well as the many others, cultivated by a people, compared with whom, all things considered, we are, at this day, with all our boasted knowledge, but pigmies—so thought Horatio—and if he erred, 'twas on the side of generous enthusiasm.

Two thousand years so hallows these mighty *dead*—such are the gigantic remains—the exquisite proportions and finish of what yet

meets the eye; and which still must last to future generations, when the modern world will have left not a trace behind—that, at least, the youthful mind may be well excused, losing sight of, perhaps, the more valuable discoveries of modern times, drawn from the secrets of nature and the sciences, which form the great glory of the past and present century—but which may be again lost in more series of "*dark ages!*"

Feeding on these speculations, and hurrying from one object to another, a couple of days soon passed away—"To-morrow, and to-morrow!"—and now it was that he said to himself, "To-morrow will I set out!"—nothing remained to detain him—he was told, indeed, that *she*, who had the greater part of his thoughts, whether over marbles, metals, or intaglios—she still had not yet set out—but their carriages were getting ready, and the next day, was that fixed on for their departure.—He had not met any one of them—he almost feared to meet even her, and had avoided going to two parties, or to the opera, on that account; he knew he could not have seen her alone, and he wished to spare himself the pain and vexation of acting a part

foreign to his nature—by common-place salutations, to which he must necessarily be confined, if he spoke at all.

He had not seen Gay for the last two days, and finding he was not at his hotel, he took a sculler and went on board, where he found him in the midst of his men, *at divisions*—perhaps at no moment can a ship's company be seen to greater advantage—all dressed in blue jackets and white trousers, with straw hats—the decks vying in whiteness almost—and every thing displaying the neatness and regularity of what?—we know of nothing to compare it with but itself—it is unique—they had been examining their clothes; each man's *bag*, containing all his *kit*, or stock, stood beside him; the officers, having gone through the strictest inquiry, ranged at the head of their respective divisions; all was complete; not a defaulter was found; the band played merrily on the after part of the quarter deck; and as the captain gave Horatio his hand, as he smilingly welcomed him, he might have been considered the most enviable of mortals; so indeed he was; "What the deuce (said he) have you been at, eh, old boy? I called on you twice, but no finding you—rummaging

among ruins, they told me!—I am off to-morrow; I still wish I was going up by Genoa, or the coast of France, I'd give you a lift—but we are ordered up the Adriatic, I suspect; I go to Malta."

Horatio, making due acknowledgements to his friend, told him of his intention likewise to set out north the next day, and that he intended to go on foot, at least part of the way, taking advantage of any stray return *veterino* he might pick up on the road. Gay tried to dissuade him from this mode of travelling; pointing out its danger, and at any rate its tediousness; and concluding by an offer of his purse, should that be his motive; but though, in fact, it partly was so, Horatio would not be prevailed on to acknowledge it. After a slight refreshment, at which he was introduced to the first lieutenant, who took him for a *shore goer*, perhaps a virtuoso, or member of parliament, (so little did our hero *smell of the shop*); he bid his old friend good bye, not without a feeling of concern and regret at leaving him, not very often felt by friends now-a-days—but old messmates quit each other as unwillingly as old schoolfellows—it is the same thing—perhaps the

more lasting, as such ties, when between congenial minds, are the more firmly cemented from the more advanced age and maturer reflection of the parties. Long did they linger when on deck, taking a last shake of the hand and a last *turn;* at length, Hawser stepped over the side, and rowed off, while Gay stood in the gangway, and waved his hand to him every now and then, till he saw him nearly round the Mole head.

The captain, who had some trouble to get rid of his *amorosissima principessa*, went no more on shore that cruize at Naples; and the next morning, with a kind of knapsack slung over his shoulders, and a good sized oaken stick in his hand, Horatio took his way up the Strada Toledo, at so early an hour that he knew there was no danger of meeting a single *excellenza*, English or Italian, of his acquaintance, to stare at his travelling equipage, so much at variance with their ideas of the requisite appearance of a *gentleman!* it being well known, that in Italy, more than any where, *walking*, at all, if but to the next street, is more a sign of constraint and poverty (very carefully avoided) than of *independence* either of mind, body, or *purse!* Know-

ing this, our hero very prudently answered those who were bidding him good bye, and asked *how* he went, that he had not yet decided whether he should go post, with an escort, or with the courier—there was indeed such a thing as a vile diligence, but how mention it to ears polite!—or the humdrum snail's pace of a veterino!—and thus he very quietly, having got his passport and paid his bill, walked off, taking the road to Capua, where he slept that night, without any incident worth naming on the road, unless we mention that he bought some oranges and cakes of one of those poor creatures who stand here and there, along the road, with a small basket or table, like our hucksters; and that, being overtaken by a fellow with a one-horsed *sedilla*, who drove like a madman, he jumped up, and flew along the road the last six miles in half an hour, for a carlino. Those who read of ancient Capua, and figure to themselves a vast city, whose luxury enervated the mighty army of a Hannibal, must bring down their conceptions to the level of a very moderate sized market town, in a level and fertile plain, whose pastures make it the greatest mart at this day for milk and butter;

the only luxuries Horatio was enabled to discover; but its environs are pretty; the general green, even from its long neglected fortifications, whose glacis are no more than present pastures, mingle charmingly with the blue of the Apennines to the right in the distance—and to the north-east, as Hawser pursued his way, Soracte rose majestically conspicuous in the horizon.

The weather, which had been, with the usual fickleness of an Italian spring, desperately cold (even snowing) and boisterous during the night, now cleared up fine, with just the temperature of a warm May day with us.

Our traveller had few cares or concerns on his mind connected with the road; the very small supply of *Napoleons* he possessed was not calculated to disturb him for their safety, and they were sewn within the lining of his waistcoat; keeping only a few dollars in his *visible* purse, in case he might meet with any of those gentry on the road, who are ever for making more free than welcome with the goods and chattels of a set of curious mortals from the north, who are supposed by these sons of the mountain to have more gold than

is positively necessary for their comfort and keeping, while they are ransacking every hole and corner of this classic country; and being in strict league and alliance with another set, somewhat less virtuous but more impudent, who are allowed to take up their stands at certain distances, and, under the guise of accommodating the fatigued traveller, rob him with just as little compunction!—there is, indeed, one wide difference between these worthy rogues, which is, that from the more peaceful there is no possibility of escape, whereas the former leave you many chances of getting off, and become more forbearing, in the exact ratio, to the number of soldiers sprinkled along the route; while, on the contrary, the latter only grow the more unconscionable.

Horatio got through their hands as well as he could, and he was even flattered, by their treating him on a perfect equality, in this respect, with the greatest potentates—his dinner, supper, and bed were just the same; and very frequently he had the preference—the courier of the next "my lord" being able to get nothing better for his master, than the leavings of our humble pedestrian—comforted

by this consolation, he trudged on, and reached *St. Agatha* the next night, after a hard day's walk, in which he had not been able to get a single *lift*—all the rascals that overtook him, asking such enormously disproportionate payments for a few miles, that he let them pass on. Several times English carriages rattled by him, and he looked anxiously at them, in the hopes of recognizing the Highrouge arms—but he was disappointed, and wondered how it was they had not yet gone by him—one of those, however, which had passed, contained some fine girls, who he recollected having danced with at the ambassador's—and not wishing to be recognized in his present trim, he turned aside for a moment, while they drove on, and possibly wondered who the decently dressed man on foot could be!—but he was not kept many hours longer in suspense.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In which Lieut. Hawser, having quitted Naples on foot, makes his way alone to the North—An awkward occurrence takes place; Mr. Surface is wounded—Our Hero meets his Sophia on a trying occasion, gets more in love than ever, from being near her.

It was on one of those beautiful days that make the heart glad, we do not well know why, and disposes us to dwell with complacency even on our mere existence—those moments of tedium, in which life looked back on, or forward to, seems nothing but one barren waste, over which (without, however, one obstacle to impede us) we are tired of travelling, from its insipid monotony—such moments (and they are not a few) are forgotten: life, and all our best youthful recollections, spring fresh within us—and wherever we are, whatever we are doing, receives a reviving impulse, that makes us enjoy the *present moment*, without dwelling, as we are too

wont to do, on what is to come, or may—or is longed for.

Italian springs, like those all over the world, are delightful. It was then, on one of its earliest days, beyond the chilling influence of the often protracted frosts and rains of March, that a man, dressed in a blue surtout, with a knapsack on his back, was seen descending through a small wood, which crosses the eminence above the defile and fort of —and within a few miles of Fondi; he held a short bludgeon in his hand, the only weapon he appeared to possess, offensive or defensive—his step was light and firm, and he looked about, as if enjoying the freshness and beauty of the morning—treading with such a springy gait, as denoted that he could not have come further than from the Mola di Gaeta that morning; and, very possibly, had slept at Cicero's villa, and rising with the lark, had got so far on his road towards the Pontine marshes.

All around him was still, save the twitter and hum of birds and insects, awakened into life and activity by the first rays of Aurora—even inanimate nature seemed alive, and distant groves and orchards of the orange appeared gilded into countless gardens of the Hesperi-

dies; in this defile, where the Apennines come close down, nothing could be seen, right or left, but the barren ranges of these lesser mountains; but the vista opening towards Fondi, rich in its glowing foliage, with its lake stretching towards Terracina to the left, round which the road meandered at the base of the same ridge, which here closes into a more narrow defile, compensated, by its attractive features, for the severer character of that which immediately environed our pedestrian, who was no other than Lieut. Hawser, in high vigour and spirits, ruminating, as he stepped forward, on many pleasing prospects connected with his native land and beloved family—one cherished idea, too, sat next his heart, of her who he knew was but a short distance before him on the same road—as the carriage of Mr. Highrouge, in which were, also, his beloved and Mr. Surface, had passed him the preceding day, while taking some refreshment at St. Agatha; but the fear of some fresh mortification, either from her brother's folly or insolence, or her uneasiness, prevented his shewing himself, though he sat at a café (rather, the inn) where they breakfasted and changed horses.

At this time, the fear of banditti was so much lessened, that few people thought it worth while to have an escort—indeed the whole road was lined at every two miles distance, and within sight of each other, by the sentinels of the German or Neapolitan troops, easily distinguished from each other by their neatness and discipline, or dirty slovenly disorder—in this line of the road there was still less to fear, as it was occupied by the German portion of the guards; and though it has been known that carriages have been stopped and plundered, and travellers taken off, even between the stations of the sentinels, yet of late years, these rash attempts were unknown; and, within a twelve month, nothing had occurred, either on the Pope's, or Neapolitan side, except the unhappy affair of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, at Pæstum. Those wretches were already hung—and robbery had grown out of date, except the proper and lawful part of it, left in the hands of the Italian post masters and tavern keepers—while those who travelled in their own equipages had thus little to fear, and even Terracina was left famous for nothing, but its excellent dinners and accommodations, above all places of repose on

the road—and people were anxious only about how they should make the most of their time to view the romantic site of old Anxur, and her sea washed rock, to the best advantage, for the few hours they remained.

While this order of things prevailed, for those who travelled, as if they carried something about them worth taking—it may be well supposed that an ordinary and solitary man might thread his way without a shadow of suspicion, of any sort, for his personal safety, having indeed, nothing to do but mollify the rapacity of the Padrones of the Albergos—always disposed to treat humble *walkers* on a perfect footing, in this essential respect, with my lord duke and string of six carriages—except these calls on his patience, and another almost as great, at the insolence and wanton jack in office manner of the police stations, where the most ridiculous minutiæ of form often kept him three or four hours, without the least necessity, and in the face of some hundreds of ambassadorial signatures, bedaubed over three yards of paper, called a passport, still swelled, as he moved on, by the scrawls of these myrmi-

dons—except these, we say, such draughts on his fortitude and forbearance, there reigned a total want of excitement—and the idea of robber, or bandit, only came into his head as connected with some novel—nor was the vicinity of the very scenes where several tragedies have been acted, at all pressing on the imagination.

As we have said, all nature around was placidly beautiful—a goatherd had just crossed the road below, and suggested nothing but peace and the picturesque! and was the only animal, (excepting his flock, which skipped and browsed amidst the laurel and myrtle bushes on the hill side,) to be seen; in truth, had the road swarmed with these mountaineers, half robbers half peasants as they are, such as our pedestrian, were not likely to attract their attention; and with this comfortable reflection, though alone, he had left Naples without the least uneasiness; sewing some gold in the lining of his waistcoat, for present expences; and having nothing about him but a good heavy stick, before mentioned, and a Roman clasp knife—a murderous weapon indeed, but which had hitherto cut nothing but

oranges and bread—where nothing that he could *cut* with, was to be had for love or money.

Horatio had already got down the hill clear of the Ilex and olive trees that skirt the road, when he thought he heard the sound of wheels; he listened for an instant, but the sound, if there had been any behind him on the other side of the road, had ceased; and he again went on, when, an instant after, rather a sharp whistle struck his ear, and he concluded it came from the man with a sheep-skin jacket, who had, by this time, perched himself on a stone about gun-shot off the road, while his goats popped their heads up about him here and there, as if listening to the sound. There was nothing in this very singular; but an instant after, a shot was fired! and, for the first time, the idea of the presence of these unwelcome gentry flashed full on his mind; for an instant, he stood listening, in doubt what to do, either to advance or run towards where the sound had seemed to come from—but it might have been a sportsman!—he saw nobody, nor, for another moment, heard any thing more; but the sound of carriage wheels were now quite plain ap-

proaching—some one hallooed, and several shots confirmed, beyond doubt, that something uncommon was taking place—some violence! and his first impulse was to run up towards the scene of action, without, however, well knowing what he should do.

He had hardly regained the hill he had just descended, before he saw a carriage in the road, stopped; more shots were fired at the same instant, and men were running to and fro; the more numerous were evidently Italians and *robbers;* one of the horses was down, shot, and the postillion sat on a log, with his head on his hands, in despair—perhaps in concert with the fellows who were round the carriage—but the two men who had just got out were more determined to resist, than could have been anticipated; one, as Horatio approached, was calling out, in English, for his servant, who was defending himself with a sword, to stand more aside, while he was levelling a pistol at the fellow who had hold of him by the collar, afraid of hitting his own man. In the carriage a lady lie, having fainted away; and in the person of the man who leaned against the door, and who had discharged a pistol just as he got

among them, he recognized Mr. Surface! but with his face so blackened and bloody, that it was difficult to recollect him. This sight at once informed him of the nature of the misfortune; they were no other than his beloved Sophia, her brother, and friend. Mr. Surface was evidently hurt, perhaps badly; he leaned against the door; the horse already shot lie under the wheels, and the carriage had been dragged partly round by the others, till so locked and entangled that all their struggling made but a greater impossibility to advance; under the feet of those that still dragged different ways, lie the body of one of these wretches, killed at the first onset.

They had fired in the first instance, and sent forward five of their party only, finding the postillion's horse shot and the carriage stopped; but on one of them falling, in the determined resistance they met with, others had come down through the wood, and had fired several times, but not so often as they wished, fearing to hit their own men, now engaged hand to hand with the two gentlemen and their servants, who had so far behaved themselves courageously, following the example of their masters.

On coming up, Horatio felled the man who had hold of the servant's collar, who was only kept from plunging his knife into him by the latter having seized his wrist; and well it was for him, for, in another moment, he would have had his arm free; nor could Mr. Highrouge fire, as his own servant was between them. The horses, and carriage, and luggage, fortunately formed a sort of barrier against the shots levelled at them every instant, though no more of those in the wood advanced; several balls though, had struck the coach, and the window glass on that side had been broken to pieces, and wounded the fair face of the beautiful Sophia, who lie in the arms of her maid, unconscious of what was going on—but the danger she was in of being killed increased every moment, for, on seeing their comrade struck down by the new comer, eight or ten shots were fired at them at once.

Horatio, on the man's falling, ran to the carriage door, and, quick as thought, threw one of the carriage cushions between the lady's head and the side exposed—it was impossible to do any thing better for the instant; indeed, had the band behaved with common

determination, they must have all fallen a sacrifice in the end, against such odds. By the greatest good luck, not one of the party were seriously hurt, except Mr. Surface, who had been struck in the cheek by the same ball that, passing through the door glass, had slightly wounded Mrs. M. Though the brigands did not advance after this repulse, yet was their situation still most critical; and in such a moment of excitation, agony, and confusion, none could think of what was best to be done. While they crouched behind their horses and the body of the coach, they reloaded their pistols, however, and Horatio took one, which now dropped from the hand of Surface; he too had now fainted, and fallen to the ground, where he lie in most safety, while he remained incapable of defending himself.

During these few brief moments, Horatio had not uttered a word, and the first to speak was Mr. Highrouge, who said to him, "Good God! Mr. Hawser, is my sister hurt?—this meeting is most fortunate—we shall now be able to make a better stand!"—"But your sister," returned Horatio, "what can be done, is there no way of reviving her?" He now

took her hand, and raising her gently, put a small flask of water he carried by his side to her lips, and at the same time sprinkled her face, till a long drawn sigh assured him of her returning life; while the servants discharged their arms, as did Horatio and her brother, towards the wood from whence shots were fired at them, without further mischief however on either side; for whether it was, that they imagined a detachment at hand from the fort, which was possible enough, from the noise and gesticulating of the postillion, who now got up and ran about like a mad man, calling out, "*Soldadi, Teduschi, maladetto sberi, sfortunto ió,*" mixed with a long string of incoherent ejaculations; or whether the robbers were not so very numerous as to risk the chances again, against men now six in number, and so determined; or whether they feared the arrival of assistance from the station below; they now slowly retreated among the trees, firing as they went at longer intervals, till at last the travellers found themselves left alone.

Taking up Mr. Surface, and putting him into the coach, Highrouge aided Horatio and the servants in getting the dead horse clear,

and disentangling the others, and in this at last the postillion made himself of some use, calling on all the saints he could think of, to preserve them; her brother got in, and as his friend lie along still insensible, Horatio mounted one of the horses, and with the servants as a rear guard on the dickey, their pistols cocked, and watching the wood right and left, they urged the horses forward and down the hill at a gallop, without once stopping till they got to the fort, and there but for an instant to spread the alarm, but the detachment that turned out, did no more good than to bring in one of the trunks left behind, that had been cut loose, and the dead body of one of the robbers shot in the onset.

The one Horatio had felled had risen as they drove off, and crawled, though desperately wounded, out of sight, and was possibly carried up afterwards by the rest. On their arrival at Fondi, the carriage was quickly surrounded by all the rabble of that ragged place; some affected to wonder, who perhaps knew and anticipated the plunder, and the whole crowd rent the air with the exclamations of "*Jesu Maria, corpo de Christo, e bene que siete scappato,*" &c.; by this time

Sophia had recovered, and the blood from the scratch on her cheek washed off, it was found but trifling; poor Surface, however, had not escaped so well, the ball had gone through his cheek and out of his mouth, carrying away several of his teeth, and once assured of there being no danger of his life, no wound could have been more annoying for a man, who prided himself particularly on his delicate and good looks:—far from feeling glad at this untoward accident, Horatio forgot his cause of anger against him, and not only helped to dress his wound, long bungled at by a Fondi surgeon, but spoke to him with much friendly sympathy; but Surface was not the man to be softened by such conduct, and his formal thanks, perhaps smarting under the pain of his wound, were sufficiently sullen — however, it was impossible not to thank in some way, the tar for the part he had acted; which, if he had not preserved the whole of them, materially helped them, and certainly saved the servant's life, beneath the knife of his antagonist—happy for them that their own men were *Englishmen;* one, Mr. H's. valet, and the other he hired as footman for his journey home, the man hav-

ing been left at Naples by a young gentleman, who found he could do without him on his arrival so far south. Had they been Italians, ten to one but they would have left their master and mistress to their fate, and, in imitation of the postillion, have kneeled or sat down, and prayed alternately to the gang, and some protecting saint.

At Fondi, for the first time Sophia ventured to address Horatio, though when she opened her eyes, even in the hurry and alarm of the moment, they spoke a language at a single glance, sufficiently expressive of her joy and gratitude at thus providentially meeting him, and repaid her lover a thousand fold for the risk he had ran. She now expressed her thanks with a sweetness and earnestness, that made him think himself the happiest creature alive, nor could her brother be silent on a piece of service which had so materially contributed to their escape; it is but justice to say that Highrouge, like many other men of his stamp, had moments, when his selfish haughtiness was forgotten, and when a generous action made some impression upon him; Surface had shewn no want of courage, but could have done him no good, wounded as he was, at the first volley—and altogether,

for the first time in his life, he really felt glad at the sailor's presence, and shaking him by the hand, which Horatio gave him without reserve, he thanked him with great apparent sincerity.

Surface was put to bed—though, at first, he made some opposition, but his head grew so inflamed, and a fever coming on, his objections were over-ruled, and they all remained till the following morning, when they advanced to Terracina, where they could meet with better accommodation of all sorts—for a more wretched hole than Fondi, and the inn they stopped at, can scarce be imagined—yet did it not appear so to Horatio nor Sophia—for here it was that his whole soul became intoxicated with large draughts of pure love; freed from the presence of Surface, who lie tossing about in his bed, as much from vexation as pain; they were together nearly all day, often alone—and Sophia's mind, softened by the danger and joy at their escape, and happy surprise of thus meeting so providentially—she no longer waved an ingenuous confession of her feelings towards him—and Horatio, clasped her in his arms almost without resistance; while her sweet face, lately so pale was quickly suffused with blushes—

blushes, that told him, but the more plainly, how little she resented a freedom, it would have been affectation to have forbid, under such trying circumstances; nor was she without hope that her brother's behaviour would be entirely changed towards one who had acted so generously—at least, while the assistance he had rendered him, remained fresh on his mind.

The next morning, Surface declared he was quite able to go on—annoyed in every way, knowing the opportunities his confinement gave his rival of being near the lady, and, perhaps, of overcoming some of the remaining prejudice, her brother could scarcely shake off at once; whatever merit he might have acquired in his eyes at the moment.

They were soon safely housed, at the Post-house Hotel, at Terracina, and where we will leave them enjoying occasional delicious *téte-à-têtes* in the *bottega*, or *café*, which looks over the bay, and commands a delightful view of the shores on both hands; and here, inhaling the balmy fragrance from the sea breeze, wafted partly across the orange groves in the vicinity, and contemplating the vast expanse of old Ocean, stretched before

them, on whose bosom many a silvery sail glided imperceptibly and gaily along, while the ripple of a gentle undulation, just enough to denote the majesty of the great waters, (so distinct from that of rivers,) rolled gently on the beech, at their feet, imparting a hallowed music, peculiar to the place, and in harmony with their feelings for each other.

Here Horatio, whenever he had an opportunity, in the absence of the brother, and occasional visitor to this little *Camera*, swore to her, eternal love and constancy, with such fervor, such irresistible earnestness, as could only come from a heart as yet unsophisticated—whose whole energy was, for the first time, directed to an object every way worthy of what, in its best sense, may be called *love*—where the mind and person of the object form that happy combination, at once to satisfy the most fastidious taste, and the best directed philosophy.

To the full enjoyment of these pleasing moments we will leave them, while we account for their being behind our hero, on the road, instead of before him, as he imagined.—In fact they had slept at the same inn, where he had put up at Cicero's Villa—but having ar-

rived early and seen the groves and gardens, and fragments along the shores, of what is supposed, once to have been the villa of the noble and unfortunate Roman, they had retired early—and Horatio, who came in late, after a hard walk, in which he had much ado to reach the Mola at all, went to bed fagged, without asking a single question, or even stirring out till the morning, when, at dawn, he started off, as we have seen, totally unconscious of having been so near them all night—so that of these interesting remains, he only saw the monument to the left of the road, half a mile out of the town; where, it is supposed, Cicero was overtaken and slain—but this, like hundreds of suppositions, on fragments of antiquity, rested on mere conjecture, and borne out, possibly alone, by the favourite readings of various *cognoscenti.*

Terracina is a very charming spot—we hear of it only as the haunt of banditti, and as a post house—but its situation is beautifully romantic—long before the traveller gets to it, along the last eight or nine miles of flat of the Pontine marshes, he hears the roar of old Ocean breaking on the promontory of Circe, to the right, and on the shores of the Mediterranean;

which, sweeping round, comes close in, to the bold rocks at Terracina; while, shut up between thickets and woods, on both sides, along this part of the road, the traveller bursts suddenly on the orange groves and gardens of the town, scattered at the foot of this ridge of the Apennines—the bluff rock here comes down perpendicular close to the beach; only allowing space for the road to sweep round its base—nothing can be more strikingly rugged and beautiful.

A few steps from this spot, on the skirts of the town, which lies on the side of the hill to the left, stands the largest and best appointed *albergo* on the road! the house is enormous, but large as it is, with its stables over the way, and other attached buildings, it sinks to nothing, beneath the gigantic rock that seems to hang over it.

People coming here, however, are content to get their dinner or supper; take a flying view—ejaculate something or other—and go to bed—or push on with fresh horses—more occupied by the *eternal banditti*—which they cannot get out of their heads, at this spot above all others—than about its natural beauties—and more intent on studying the counte-

nances of the squalid wretches that now and then infest the doors to beg—and the other inhabitants of the place who come to stare; than in admiring either the rock over head, or the clear blue ocean, that beats at their feet, perhaps, for the second time in their lives—(they must have crossed the Straits—or might it be the *first.*) This same preoccupation of the mind is, in short, every thing—and with it, it matters very little what beauties, or what deformities surround us—we know nothing about the matter. The four individuals, who had arrived here, were just in this predicament, two of them were vexed and anxious, two delighted and anxious—but anxiety of any sort is not pleasant—theirs was of all sorts—and it allowed but of few moments' freedom to enjoy the scene without.

To remain thus on the edge of the marshes was impossible—and yet Highrouge hesitated to leave his wounded friend at the house—still more did he dislike the idea of offering the spare seat to Hawser, his sister's maid occupying the fourth—determined to avoid both if possible. Surface himself put an end to his perplexities, and Horatio's present pleasure on the second day, by declaring he felt himself

quite able to go on with them, at any rate, to Rome—and on the other side of the question, Sophia had assured her lover that no further should he go, in the same carriage, with her, well or ill—as she must forego the happiness of his company, she determined no longer to be constrained by the presence of the other—though she could not help pitying him at this moment—which sentiment made her but the more uneasy near him—resolved as she was to get rid of his pretensions, at all hazards, the moment she got home—where she would not be under the controul of her brother, whose overbearing and unkind conduct had made her trip to Italy the very reverse of agreeable; so much so, that she could have been said to have enjoyed nothing in its full force.

On the third day, therefore, to the great regret of Horatio, they once more drove off; Surface only then quitting his chamber—a tender interview preceded the separation of the lovers, in one parlour, while her brother went up, for a moment, for his wounded friend.

Horatio assured her, he would strain every nerve, to be in England as soon as herself; and, if possible, so contrive it, as not to be far

from her on the road. With this assurance they parted the more cheerfully. Highrouge, though at heart very little inclined towards his new ally, yet found it absolutely necessary to keep up the appearances of cordiality, and shook him heartily by the hand, as he parted; nor did Surface avoid the same friendly farewell, as Horatio hoped he felt himself better, and bid them all a pleasant journey.

In a few moments after, the rattling of the wheels of their carriage ceased to be heard; and our tar, strapping on his knapsack, followed stoutly after—turning over, in his mind, a thousand pleasing images and anticipations of happiness—commonly called, building castles in the air! With these delightful reveries, he passed the *wig-wams* of the Roman soldiers, with little notice—he observed, indeed, that they were a dirty set of fellows, and looked vastly capable (to judge by their *looks*) of *assisting*, rather then preventing any mischief from robbers—emerging from the *jungle*, or low thick woods, that cover the lower part of the Pontine marshes (stretching from the base of the mountains to Cape Circe) his attention was more struck by the vast herds of cattle

grazing on each side of the road in those interminable pastures—on one side the Indian buffaloes, by hundreds, browsed quietly, scattered over the green, or lay ruminating by the canal, that skirted the road—on the other were seen innumerable wild horses, scampering in herds over the plain—resembling, in the distance, the flying shadows of dense clouds, that, of a sunny day, drive across the landscape—while others again, came close up, and playfully snorted at the passing stranger; no other living thing was to be seen—the few poor beings kept to tend these flocks and herds, being hid, possibly, beneath some hillock, or telling a long story in the smoking cabin of the nearest station of soldiery.

As the day was well advanced when he set out, he only got to the barrack and albergo of *Messa* by night-fall; about twelve miles, and half way (across the marshes) to Velletri.—Here he found the only room, a sort of dirty dark kitchen, where a masculine woman fried the entrails of a newly killed lamb, which hung up against the wall.—At two long tables sat some dozen soldiers, and ruffian looking fellows, over a miserable stuff of wine; some singing, others swearing.

The good man of the house, or padrone, had just arrived, with a donkey cart full of small loaves and fish from Terracina. Not the least notice was taken of our traveller, as he took his seat among the rest—and, by way of remaining unobserved, he called for a "*mezzo bocale di vino.*" With this before him, he sat some, time listening to all sorts of nonsense and abomination: Surely the lower order of Italians, are the grossest and most ignorant of all the nations of the continent!

After waiting an hour he got, (with great difficulty) part of the general mess, served in plates all round—namely, the aforesaid lamb's intestines, and fried fish—no very great hardship, considering the fare that had been his portion for the greater part of fourteen years previous! A lamb's fry, fresh fish and soft bread; and execrable wine—faith, a great delicacy, compared with *salt beef,* so hard as more to resemble a log of wood than *flesh*—biscuit, honeycombed by worms, and the whole seasoned by vinegar! and washed down with rum and water!—thus then, luxury, like every thing else, is a matter of comparison.—He thought himself very well off—shook hands with his neighbour, who swore he was, *un'*

gallant 'uomo! and betook himself to bed in a loft, compared with which, a barn would have been *comfortable!*

Six *beds* occupied this dreary place, each calculated to hold six souls (as the Italians pig together)—the mattresses hard and damp; the sheets course as the mainsail of his frigate!—this was nothing—most happily nobody required a share of his couch—and half undressed, he slept sound as a rock, and never once dreamt of either *malaria* or knaves.

The next day (settling with his host, as usual, over night) he started off at break of day, and after a brisk walk of twelve miles more, breakfasted at Cisterna (Velletri), having, at length, cleared the marshes and gained the undulated country:—leaving Cisterna, several spots, through which the road ran, attracted his attention as extremely pretty, and bringing to mind his own dear native woods and lawns; those eternal earthly looking fields and grape vines, festooned from the stumps of *mutilated* trees that occupy the face of the country in Italy, do very well to point a sentence with, but fatigue the eye most consumedly in the end, whatever our *raptures*

may be in the beginning—thence, no doubt, it was, that the most barren spot on the road, in an agricultural sense, to him seemed the most delightful, and formed a most agreeable relief to the general monotony of the rest—we allude to where small tracts of woods of the Ilex skirt the way, and where unenclosed, it serves as a kind of *common*, putting on a *green* though scanty livery of verdure;—here and there he sat down to rest himself, and gather nosegays of violets, which every where perfumed the air.

A forced march brought him to Albano, nor did he stop one moment to ask if the monument, with its four obelisks, near Arrizzi, was that of Pompey, or the Horatii!—but though he might have shewn a sad indifference in this superficial glance, it must be pleaded, in extenuation, that the thing itself is in very bad taste—and no great matter to whom it belongs; and that, as he had one great, and more enticing object in view, than all the sights of Italy put together, he wisely resolved to come back again some future day, when he had more leisure; and when the fatigue of forced marches would no longer give him infinitely more concern as to *where*

he was to find a *bed!*—than a column, or a statue! not that he was not very much alive to those noble and generous feelings, which render sacred the land of these once mighty people!—he saw and admired much—with more leisure, it might be that he would grow more fastidious—and be less moved:—the Italians care nothing about either their forefathers, or what they have left—and that, not for want of recollections and associations—but what is every day before their eyes, claims no more attention than *Gog and Magog*, or the Mansion-house, to an Englishman!

Crossing the desert Campagnia, while the early sun's rays gilded Frascati, Tivoli, and the mountains and vales of Horace, to the right, he reached Rome early the next day; there was no time to look into Vassi, nor Mrs. Stark; nor, could we record it, would he have been thanked if he had—who can say any thing with effect, after *Mathews*? at least, we shall not attempt it—Rome is now as well known as London, almost, to Englishmen; there is nothing more to be said about the matter.

He slept at a bad inn, in the Via Condotti. and crossed the Tyber next morning; con-

sidering, as he looked over at the muddy stream, and up along the banks above the bridge, how unfortunate that the death of an amiable and beautiful young lady (Miss Bathurst) could not have been averted—this unhappy affair was the theme of universal regret to every body, and he felt sad as he dwelt on the singular fatality that led to this extraordinary and lamented accident! We will no longer bear him company across the dreary waste to Baccano; than which, a more barren or a worse, need not be desired; till passing this tract of volcanic remains, he pursued his way by the upper road, to Florence; whence, taking the most direct road by Bolognia, Modena, Parma, Lodi, &c., he reached Milan; and—was disappointed in the Duomo! till he looked down on it from the spire.

By violent exertion, and getting lifts in different passing vehicles of six, twelve, or even twenty miles at a time, he got along with a rapidity, which gave him reason to think the carriage of his beloved Sophia could not be very much in advance.

Skirting the shores of the Lago Maggiore, a single day brought him to the mountain

gorge, above Duomo Dóssola—here he found descriptions had not exaggerated, or even done justice to these stupendous mountains, nor the daring enterprise, alive in this admirable road, hewn on their sides over the raging torrent below—and descending beyond Simplon and the Swiss frontiers, the change of no less daring features of the view, as he descended through the forests, on the Swiss side, were scarcely less interesting. At Brigg he had good reason to be content with his *entertainment*, after the wretched accommodations on the Italian side.

In Italy it may be said, that it is the distant landscape alone that smiles upon you, and delights—the moment you come to *particulars*—to analyse—you are disgusted—the white cottages, or villages, that form so fine and picturesque a feature, miles off—contain not a place to put your head in; nor a necessary of life, always excepting *bread* and *wine*.

The *vallée* he now descended was the reverse of this; comfortable taverns and a villainous country—nothing can be more tiresome and monotonous than this same *vallée*, till, passing the fall of the *Pisse Vache*, you

approach the lake of Geneva; a glorious prospect now opens to the sight, the more welcome from the contrast!

Geneva seemed to him a dirty French town, and the hotels so many colonies of English —gaining the heights of the *Jura*, he looked down once more on the lake: this view is, in truth, transcendantly beautiful!—How many associations now crowded on his mind—there lay Coppet, Ferney, Meillerie, Lausaune, Vevey! and de Staal, Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, and Byron started to view! now airy nothings, without a shape but in the brain:—while the fields, the woods, the water—your gardens, your habitations, apartments, nay, the chairs ye sat in, but as yesterday—remain the same, unconscious of the change—still fill the scene—still *live* on, and greet us with a still mockery of our frail existence!

CHAPTER XXIV.

Hawser reaches Paris—Gets acquainted with a Mr. Bland, who points out a few things to him—A conversation on the State of England and France—He visits *Père la Chaise* and quits the Capital, after a very short stay—Arrives in England and London, and sets out on his return Home—An agreeable surprise on the Road.

NOTHING now remained but a journey by Dôle across France, more and more uninteresting; at length he entered the barriers of Paris, filled with joy, not, however, unmixed with anxiety—he knew not if they meant to make some short stay—but how to find them out was the difficulty, should it be but a day, or a week!—he was directed to a few of the leading streets, where the English are most seen—and to the Tuileries gardens; but he was by no means sure, after all, of meeting her—however, he determined to attend at the ambassador's chapel, at any rate, the first Sunday, as the place most likely—mean time he went to a hotel in the Rue Castiglione, as the most central spot. Gay had given him

a letter to a Mr. Bland, an old humourist, who had lived in Paris for more than forty years, and seen all the changes of men and things going on about him, during all that time, without once stirring (except now and then to London) further than Versailles! (even through the second revolution of 1830)—once, indeed, he went as far as Fontainbleau—he occupied, too, the same apartment till, within a few years, since the peace, his landlord had driven him out by the exorbitance of his increasing demands; and the old gentleman, who, though independent, had not a large fortune—moved to less expensive quarters.

Horatio, after hunting about some time in a certain passage not a hundred miles from the ambassador's, in the rue Fg. St. Honoré, found out his man—up four pair of stairs, dark, dirty and narrow—and without even the usual appendage of a *portier;* who he first discovered in a kind of large *box*, glazed on one side, stuck against a recess on a neighbouring staircase. In this crib, the good man exercised the trade of tailor, and, with his wife, fed no less than six mouths, that is, four additional children! There was just room for

them to wedge in round their small table. Such is the life of half the porters in Paris! From this poor creature he found out where to ring; and, mounting the narrow dark staircase above mentioned, rang at the old gentleman's door, who, in his morning gown and slippers, opened it himself; and, on reading the letter from the captain, welcomed him most heartily.

On Horatio's telling him how very short his stay would be in Paris, he invited him that day to dine with him, and gave him a rendezvous in the Tuileries, at five o'clock, where he told him he would "see some of the butterflies of the place; and there," he continued, "I will tell you all I can of the French capital, and will make you as *au fait* as possible; if you are disengaged for the evening, we will take a round together—you cannot see much, but—*something* you shall, and perhaps that not the least essential." The sailor was much pleased with the frankness and cordiality of his new friend, and thanked him very sincerely for the pains and civility he so kindly took on himself—particularly acceptable to one who had no idea of Paris, and knew its language, after all, but imperfectly—should

he stay any longer, his Mentor assured him he would introduce him at one or two houses, where he would meet good company, and some *amusement*—but, wholly French—he himself being the only English face seen at them.

They then talked of things in general; and Horatio felt more and more inclined to cultivate the acquaintance of a man, who, with a good stock of worldly knowledge, seemed so amiable and obliging; he saw, too, on looking round his small *salon*, that he was a musician; in one corner stood a bass, in another a music stand—here a fiddle, there a viola. The conversation now turning on music, he told him he had a quartett every Thursday, never having missed this his greatest pleasure for a long course of years; "Indeed," said he, "as a bachelor, I spend my time rationally enough; I try to grow old with a good grace; I have long left off dancing, as you may suppose—but I have only become the more necessary to all my female acquaintance, and they give me enough to do. I keep a nag, which serves a double turn; I ride occasionally, when the weather is fine, up the *Champs Elysées* and in *Bois de Boulogne*, and I have a cabriolet for him when the streets are

so muddy one cannot stir. I generally dine at a *restaurant* close by, and come home to tea, which I have indulged in all my life; after that, I go to the opera, either the Italian or French, or some one of the other houses, but more rarely, and to see some new piece—from whence I look in at the "*salon;*" and as I do not take more with me than four or five *naps.*, I do not mind taking my chance for them now and then, by way of *paying* for my dinner or supper there, when I do go—indeed, no gentleman can well avoid doing so, without appearing shabby—and as for the gambling part of the question, I am too old to be *bit* with that species of madness—indeed there are a sort of club of us that go there with no more harm to ourselves, than to any other club—we have got used to seeing the gold and silver *played* with, and its effect strikes no more than any other childish toy! while it remains equally innocent—at least, to us—if some young fools will play high, and blindly, that's their affair; I will shew you the place to-night; but, first, you shall go with me to the opera."

Horatio took his leave, with many professions of the obligations he felt himself under; and, by his direction, went to the ambassa-

dor's, to see if the names of those he sought had been left there. Disappointed in this, he however left his card, and one for the lady of the ambassador; for, among other things, his new friend had told him it was as well to do so, in case he remained longer in Paris—not that it would assure him of an invitation, though he did happen to be a king's officer—for one rule guided, he told him, his own king's levées, and another his ambassador's—here, it was requisite to be *introduced*, by hook or by crook—and the best way was perhaps to get acquainted with somebody who knew a certain lady, who was the "*arbiter elegantiarum*" of the embassy, and who kindly undertook to invite *proper* people there! Of this dowager, there were many odd reports—but of course, as she was the bosom friend of his excellency, and his lady, they must have been mere scandal—but on that head it was not essential either to wonder or comment—such were the facts; his Majesty's officers, merely as such, sea or land, were not known or acknowledged, as with other nations at their ambassadors'—he had had no orders, it was supposed, to receive them—those English who could appear there, did so as a matter *of favour;* and many were

the heart burnings, and struggles, and manœuvrings, among high and low, about it; titled people found no difficulty—and indeed, during the time of Sir Charles S., his good sense had made the order for the reception of *gentlemen and ladies* as *just* and agreeable as possible—but times were changed, and to be admitted *then*,* required some fortune and some management; what people *were*, was supposed to be not so much inquired into, as what appearances they kept up, and *who* introduced them!"

All this concerned Horatio very little, as it was ten to one he did not stay two days in the city—but he left his card, as he was told from the same source it was the invariable rule in France, as a compliment at the same time to *Madame*.

The old gentleman joined him in the Tuileries at five, where he had been admiring the *parterres* of flowers, and the refreshing coolness of the impervious wood that filled the lower part of these delightful gardens "that window (observed his friend) of the palace, next to the one with the thermometer in it, is the king's sitting room; and those

* Happily Lord Stuart de R. has returned.

four adjoining, his own private apartments; you may know them, by seeing the powdered heads and blue embroidered suits of his lords in waiting,* who now and then come to the window; that wing is the Pavillion de Flore, and the extreme right of it is occupied, at an immense height, on the third floor by the Dauphin and Dauphine, while the left, or Pavillion Marsan contains the chapel, and on the ground floor, the Duchess de Berri, and above her, her son, the Duke de Bordeaux; along that glazed, gilded gallery they walk to mass, exactly at twelve o'clock every Sunday; it lasts half an hour, during which, the most exquisite strains of music are heard, but, I believe, not a word the priest says, who officiates below, while the Royal Family sit opposite in the gallery above; and in the side ones, those ladies (many English) who obtain white tickets (for the *travees*) those sages, heroes, and philosophers in marble, that fill up the spaces beneath the wing galleries each side the grand entrance, have been but

* A short time after and all was solitary!—where now the *garde du corps*—and all pomp and circumstance! the *now* king, may be seen in the Palais Royal—the *late* one, at Holyrood!—and the Duchess de Berri in *Montagu Square!*

scurvily used, as you see—and grow old, but they have an air of dignity, which is every where imposing, throughout this vast edifice; those fellows you see lounging over the balustrades of the centre window, and sitting along on the right hand platform of the gallery, leading to the king's apartment, are the "*garde du corps*," a fine set of soldiers *in a body* certainly; there are a thousand of them, divided into companies, each company commanded by a duke and marshal, who are the *captains*—the king is the only colonel, and always wears their uniform on great occasions; which is, you see, extremely handsome, we have certainly nothing in England to compare with it."

"What, not our *guards?*" said Horatio, "No, indeed," continued his *cicerone*, "besides, these men are all *gentlemen*, (in rank at least) many of them of title, though they carry a musket as you see, and do the duty of sentinels."

Horatio began to think the old gentleman had staid rather too long in France, but he did not interrupt him; after making him remark the Vista through the *Champs Elysées* from this point, as far as the arch of the barrier de Neuilly, the terraces of the garden,

and that along the Rue de Rivoli, full of his countrymen and women; they walked through the centre gate, or arch, of the chateau, into the court, and on to the Place Carousal; but on this side all symmetry is lost, and the long gallery of the Louvre, the unfinished wing to the left, uneven blocks of houses partly pulled down in front &c., left little to admire but the gigantic scale of the whole; while the triumphal arch before them, dwindled to nothing, amidst such gigantic masses.

The rattling of a drum in one corner of the palace court, announced the departure of the Duchess of Berri; they were just in time to catch a glimpse of that lively agreeable princess as she drove off, possibly to dine and spend the evening with the Duke and Duchess of Orleans at Neuilly; being in a plain dinner dress and in her private carriage, with only her lady in waiting and two footmen—so far *en passant*.

They now went to dinner, and after coming to a halt, while he enumerated several of the leading places, such as Vefour's, Verry's, Grignon's, *Les trois frères provenceaux*, &c., all in and about the Palais Royal, the elder gentleman suddenly wheeled round, as if with

a sudden thought, and took the sailor back along the Rue de Rivoli, to that restaurant at the corner of the Rue Castiglione; the latter had observed a great display of good things at the window, as is the fashion at Paris, and was not sorry to be more intimate with them, though his friend assured him such displays were extremely fallacious; however, here, surrounded by many other English and genteel looking Frenchmen and foreigners, they dined on whatever was considered as the greatest delicacy.

Horatio could not help remarking that the soup was poor stuff—that the truffles were tasteless things, not half so good as a potatoe, that a "*foie gras*" was detestable—that the *roast beef* had no taste, the poultry hard, white, and insipid, and that all the vegetables were cut up in such snippits and shapes, and so cooked, as to resemble nothing in the world—that the wine was much more sour than anything else; some of the dishes brought in too, were very *far gone*—and a *bif stick* (as they called beef steak) about the size and shape of a penny cake, was nearly raw, and the potatoes swimming in butter as hard as if of wax; their dinner ended by

what the old gentleman called a capital thing, namely, an *omlette souflée*, or hot mess of froth and sugar, and which the other could not touch, to his great surprise; this and other indications, gave him but a mean idea of our hero's taste in these matters—and they fell to the discussion of the French and English mode of cooking.

Horatio, from politeness, confined himself to "*damning with faint praise*," as he found his *cicerone* wrapped up in the excellence of French dishes; but the best proof to himself was, that though he had eaten of twenty things, he had swallowed them without any of that *satisfaction* that any one single dish *at home* used to give him; he had indeed *stuffed* himself, but not *dined;* however, the dessert was better, in as much as *Nature* was not so horribly disguised, things were left to taste something of *themselves*, with some natural flavour and savour; then again it must be confessed, their linen was very white; they were served in silver, the water was iced (though bad)—the bread excellent—and a very pretty genteel woman presided close to them, at the *comptoir*. Horatio could not help admiring the propriety and grace with

which she did every thing—called the attention of the "*garçons*" here and there, made out bills, served the desserts, and chatted occasionally with another handsome female who sat near her, apparently on a visit; all was well done, all attended to, and yet without the least apparent effort—it was but an epitome of every establishment in Paris—the French excel in the *savoir faire!*

Sitting after dinner is unknown in France—Englishmen *will* still sit over their wine and dessert for a short time, and whether from habit, or considered as a custom simply, we cannot help enjoying this kind of feast of reason and flow of soul! having indulged themselves therefore for half an hour, they repaired to the *Salle Favart*, where Horatio was delighted beyond expression by the music, vocal and instrumental—Pasta and Sontag both sang, the band led by old *Grasi* is unrivalled; he was particularly pleased with the decorum and silence observed; no indecent and impudent people were seen to annoy, as they do with us, the modest and better part of the audience—all was propriety and attention; this is, thought he to himself, as it should be; remarking it to his friend, he replied, that the

same order of things reigned in all the other houses — with perhaps a little noise, and "cracking nuts," eating apples, &c., at the minor ones, but never to any very offensive degree—in short, he told him the French were an eminently *decorous* people, and all their public meetings held with a method and *bienséance* much to be wished for in England; the poorer and lower orders here, leave you nothing to fear by mixing with them—you need not avoid a crowd, as in London—here there is little of that brutal violence and malicious *fun*, without which it is impossible for our people to come together.

From the little Horatio had seen, he had drawn the same conclusion, as far as France went; in his own country he was, as yet, still more inexperienced, he hoped it was not as his friend described, and felt a sort of humiliation as he reflected on it; he had indeed seen the rabble, (*genteel*, and low) at our out ports, and witnessed the scenes of abominable indecency, noise, violence, and confusion of all sorts at their theatres—but it was at a time when it made little impression on him, and indeed he himself had on more than one occasion taken a part in them, voting it, like all the rest, *excellent fun*.

After the opera, they went to the *salon*, in the *Rue Grange Batelière*, (now removed to the *Rue de Richelieu*.) After passing through several rooms, appropriated to different purposes—among others, one where several gentlemen sat very quietly reading the newspapers—they came to that, where, at a circular table, sat some dozen individuals playing at *crépes*, or hazard, while as many more were chatting on the divans round. Horatio was now introduced in form to M. le Marquis de Livry, who presided over this temple's munificence, (now Count Dillon,) that is, he *directs* the invitations to the dinner, where he is always present, as well as at the other parties, whether concerts, balls, suppers, &c.; he has, however, no solid power; and with the *play*, or bank, he has nothing to do, more than any other individual. He sat among the rest, and, as usual, was taking his chance with the fickle goddess, along with the other victims. Several Englishmen, who have long been known in Paris, were conspicuous, from their higher stakes, but none were playing for more than a thousand francs.

Horatio sported a couple of Napoleons, and his friend sat down for the same purpose—fortune was unpropitious—they both

lost—and shortly after retired—in the antechamber, just as they were taking their hats from the servants, who should come in but Mr. Surface! Horatio recollected him instantly, though his face was partly muffled up in a handkerchief, and he passed to the opposite side to avoid them. The former felt no great inclination to intrude himself on his notice—perhaps he himself was unobserved; hoping it might be so, he slipped out, concealing his face with his hat, as if by accident.

He was now pretty well assured that his Sophia had arrived at, and most probably already quitted Paris, on their way home, for they purposed making no stay whatever; and yet he reflected they could not have come together!—it was of little moment—but he felt more anxious than ever to set forward. Being now past one in the morning, the friends parted, but not before the old gentleman made him promise to breakfast with him, observing that it would be as well to make some inquiry before he left the place, as there was no certainty of their having gone on; besides, their names were not found at the ambassador's, where it was most likely they would have left them, with their passports.

The next morning, at breakfast, Horatio learnt a good deal from his intelligent entertainer; and could not but admire his good sense and philanthropy, when speaking of the people he had lived so long among. Perhaps he acquired a more real knowledge of the French in half an hour, than some of his countrymen do in half a century. "You must dismiss from your mind," said his friend, "all your *English* notions of this people; in many things, they are more *consistent* and *solid* than we are ourselves, I am sorry to say; if they are perhaps not quite so deeply philosophical as we are, or shew fewer instances of intense feeling—on the other hand, they are less *frivolous* and *presumptuous!* in short, with *us*, we have great inequalities; *they* are more even—a shopkeeper, or one of the *mob*, is not so far removed in self respect, and in the range of his ideas, from the educated man as with us, by very many degrees. There is a dignity running through all classes in France unknown to us, (except in our gentry,) and almost, I think, an independence of spirit in the mass, a good deal undermined in England—in truth, France is the most *republican* country in the world, in *feeling;* if

we except *Turkey*, where the slightest vacillation places the meanest subject on a level with the sultan. Forms of government, when in extremes of despotism, produce this tone of mind equally with republics; nay, the latter, when ill administered, produce that very abject carriage towards the rich and powerful, who are in juxta position, so debasing where there is any pretension to freedom. But not to wander out of our way in abstruse speculation on this head—it is a notorious fact, that the French, no matter in what situation, care very little for the high-sounding names of their neighbours, — among themselves they seem to acknowledge no *superiors:* a duke cannot (nor do they even seem to wish it) assume airs in speaking to a tradesman, and, on entering his shop, he takes off his hat; while, on the other hand, he is received with politeness, but without the least bit of that confusion and deference observed towards titled people with us! This seems a paradox, when said of a people who have always lived under kings and nobility, and who are, as it were, but of yesterday freed from complete despotism; but the deference of the French to their kings and nobles has always been a

sort of *love* and spontaneous devotion, when it did display itself—not exacted, but poured forth with enthusiasm—liable to cool suddenly, and as quickly (from acts of kindness) to rekindle; but the least assumption is to them the most shocking thing, no matter from whom.

"Thence a man of rank and fortune, coming to France from England, feels disgusted at the little deference shewn him; he finds even his servants have too easy and independent an air—even while they pay him a proper respect, but not of the humble kind he has possibly been accustomed to, not only from his servants, but a host of *puny* genteel people at home, who think the mere circumstance of a title demanded a lower bow than usual, and the being admitted (though with a marked reserve) to such society, an honour, to be repaid by a contiuual and constrained deference, in thought and manner! In France, this is unheard of; there is no "fooling it" here "to the top o' the bent,"—no individual dares be *eccentric*, or fly out into oddities, as if in defiance of general opinion—it would be felt indeed as a sort of affront to others—and thence nobody pre-

sumes, male or female, to be *odd*, original, boorish, &c.

"Pride and conceit are, to be sure, every where the same—we cannot get rid of it—the veriest wretch has still some poor devil inferior; but at any rate the French insist on its being concealed, in their relations with each other; while, in England, there is an eternal struggle going on between pretension, riches, titles, and modest worth; no class can be blamed, for it runs through all the circles of society, and perhaps the second and third rate sort of people are the most odiously disgusting in their pretensions; in exact ratio, however, with their greater stock of vulgarity.

"Within these few years, since the peace, our upper classes in England affect to copy the French in a good many things; were it confined to their easy mode of intercourse with each other, to their furniture, and to some of their lighter pastimes, which are an improvement on our heavier manner, it would be well; but they do not stop there; what in France is natural, in England becomes absurd. No man of fashion with us, now-a-days, must confess he has not a French cook! and must, at any rate, learn to talk of *dishes*,

which, at last, are only to be had in perfection in Paris. From my long stay here, I have myself, it is true, become French in this particular; but the affectation of it in England is extremely contemptible, and so it is thought by the French—just as is the fashion of wearing mustachios among our youth, and smoking cigars; in France, no man presumes to wear the former unless an officer, and if he did, he would, ten to one, be insulted for his pains; but with us, every boy gets his upper lip covered as quick as he can, to *affect* some thing—for we are ever preeminent for *affectation*—to be *remarked*, to be *conspicuous;* and to assume airs of consequence for the annoyance of others, or to mark their inferiority, (which is the same thing,) is, and ever has been, as long as I can recollect, truly English!—no wonder these people, who see us driving through their countries, affecting not only to despise them, but each other, through an infinity of shades and nice and silly distinctions, only tolerated in England, feel disgusted more or less; true, wealth will force a certain extra respect and attention—but it is an up-hill labour; and thence the great body of English in France and Italy,

are as much out of their element as a fish out of water—some few exceptions, within my own knowledge, are scarcely worth naming to the contrary.

"If we look to some more vital points of distinction as a nation, I am afraid that a candid examination will scarcely leave us the superiority—the modesty of our women, like their superior beauty, was once the theme of universal admiration—but those that come abroad, whether as they think *to do as Rome does*, or what, I know not; but they do not give a very high idea of that *reserve* and retiring sensitiveness we would fain believe—we unfortunately make no allowance for the customs and opinions of others—and the multitude, it would seem, will not observe and be guided by proper rules. What have we to say, when the French remark the extreme freedom of our unmarried women! compared with the scrupulous reserve of their own? it is our custom—very well—but it is not understood in France, and should not have crossed the channel! for here it is *misconstrued*, and there is no help for it—in France the most exact punctilio and propriety is never departed from *in public*—even between

lovers, the least departure from the most respectful manner is thought shocking before a third person—and whatever may be *presumed*—they are, at least, excessively particular that nothing may *appear*, from which the slightest improper inference can be drawn. Now, in this we sin every where, and on all occasions—while, possibly, it may be at bottom with the most perfect innocence—but who is to know that?—nothing, in short, is *seen* in France repulsive to good morals—at their theatres, for instance, none of those shameless creatures are allowed, that are the nuisance and disgrace of ours—indeed, even in the streets, they are less conspicuous than in London; and while our papers teem with the most minute expositions of frailty among our higher people—I do not, for my part, wonder at the French not giving us credit for a greater morality as a nation—and very properly, at any rate, prefer their own greater *decency*, in a public point of view. As to the government and institutions of the two countries—it seems to me, that what was once good with us gets worse; while what was so bad with them grows better every day, and keeps pace with the greater enlightenment of the age;

while we are comparatively afraid to move forward—that most mischievous war, so long the bane of all the northern countries, has forced us into a position more unnatural and distressing than any of the rest—in proportion to the greater debt we contracted, and the more circumscribed limits of our territory: the consequence is, that ours is now a struggle to bear up a *load* with honour, which none, indeed, but England could do—but the sight is painful in the extreme to an Englishman! while it gives a kind of secret pleasure to the surrounding nations! we do little or nothing, however, to lighten the load—and with so many conflicting interests—and the more rich and luxurious, unwilling to let go the least part of what they enjoy, for the good of the whole—I confess, that I cannot see any prospect of an amelioration to the *million!*

"However the rich may deny it—this unhappy state of things is but too plain—whether we walk the streets of London, or go into the country—wherever we thrust our heads, it is felt—and its consequences appear in a thousand shapes—I, for instance, am an example: I have a small income, I should have preferred

my own country, and yet I find I can live better here—and here I stay—this it is, that brings thousands of our middling classes to France, to spend what they have, and it thus increases the evil at home—perhaps in a trifling degree—but it helps to make matters worse. I think I see, at a glance, the many well stocked purses annually that come over the channel to be emptied on the French shores! a matter of exultation to our neighbours in more than one sense! we may disguise it to ourselves, as we will, but depend upon it, my dear sir, that the state of our poor country cries loudly for some effectual measures to *relieve* her from this unnatural order of things—and that she may take her station on a level with other nations—she wants but this, and her energies would assume their wonted superiority over all others—for what other nation, weighed down and crushed as she is, could exist a year in such a state?—none! it is indeed a matter of wonder to me, and fills me with the greatest respect for, and pride in my country; to contemplate how *well* she bears it!—and that, by more than human exertions, the necessaries of life are kept at their comparative moderate rates! Whatever

our *leading* people may do—it is not by either a catholic emancipation, or a miserable economy in miserable expenditures, that can in any way do good—the watchwords of religion, glorious constitution, and the ascendency of this or that, are now wholly insigficant—the question may indeed be blinked, and statesmen may go on patching and following one another, with as little merit as the clerks in their offices—(who indeed keep the wheels going) but unless some master mind brush aside the cobwebs that hang about, and *make* the *rich* relieve the poor; either by direct taxes on them, or in disgorging some of the unnecessary wealth they possess (if that wealth is wrung from the industry of the poor)—I say, unless this can be effected, things may indeed go on, and quarterly accounts may be made up—but no good will be effected—for our giant strength, as a nation, is in this way, as much as by our *debt*, chained down—whatever we do, must be feebly done and embarrassed; our energies be confined and wasted—and, at any rate, limited to the bare task of gathering food for a mere and miserable existence. In such a state of things, some few thousands may

revel in luxury, and despise the rest of their poor countrymen, as they do now, I fear; but I envy them not their taste, or their enjoyments; and, for my part, I consider myself an exile for life—I have not the power to do good—and I will not witness what gives me great pain and mortification."

While the cosmopolite spoke, his calm manner, by degrees, gave way to greater emotion—he was evidently much agitated, and rising from his seat, paced backwards and forwards, wholly engrossed by the picture he had drawn—Horatio listened to him with attention, if not with conviction; indeed, all his life he had had little knowledge of the real state of his country, and felt greatly interested in what he heard—at length Mr. Bland sat down, apparently overpowered by the exertion he had made, and Horatio ventured to hope things were not quite so bad in England—"We must be careful," he said, "my dear sir, of believing the exaggerated representations of the radical press, or such men as Cobbett, with all his strong sense—it must be confessed, we came gloriously out of a war that, at one time, threatened our very

existence—our navy and army crowned themselves with immortal glory, and raised our fame to such a pitch as almost to surpass the renown of those great people of other days, the Greeks and Romans."

"Ah! my dear sir," cried the elder, "you speak with the ardour and with the inexperience of youth—at your time of life; brought up in a noble profession—whose sole business it is to gather laurels, and to fight her country's battles, without asking questions; you little weigh the consequences that tread on the heels of war! from the earliest days of history, and far beyond, in the fields of fiction, *war* has been the madness and folly of mankind—perhaps a necessary evil—nor is it worth while to enquire how provoked—sometimes entered into from their folly and presumption—sometimes to preserve existence as a state—sometimes for insignificant trifles, or the stupidity of an ambassador!—this is an old and hackneyed truism—we have but to contemplate the *consequences!*—as for ourselves in England—luxury has taken such unequal and gigantic strides, that her wealthy sons have become enervated, selfish, and unjust! our island, I fear, scarcely contains a *patriot*

that *keeps his carriage!*—and whether whig, or tory, all seem intent alone on their own selfish ends—unblushing expenditures in *sinecures* are still continued, and the country, already distressed to the last stretch of forbearance, is further saddled with the weight of the already rich—of the upper orders—even your own service is a glaring instance of partiality and injustice—the highest ranks and stipends are sure to be thrown into the hands of the sons of those in *power*, and thus are their relations pensioned off on the country; not from length of service, or with some decent colouring, but in early youth, without claim, and with a rapidity (urged on by rapacity and extravagance) truly astonishing—you will possibly find the truth of this out hereafter—for unless some member takes you by the hand, or some man who has several of them at his beck, and can thus *command* attention at the Admiralty; you are likely to grow gray as a lieutenant; while the very children, *yet unborn*, of the wealthy and influential, shall be made post captains over your head; though we already have more officers than can be by any possibility employed in these calm times of peace — the

promotions of our army are less glaringly unjust, but they are not regulated to accord with the pressure of the times—nor, indeed, any departments of the state.

"Amidst this general recklessness for the future, no voice is heard but *Mr. Hume's*, to *any purpose!!!* he, indeed, deserves to live in the hearts of his countrymen—nor can the witticism or abuse of a notoriously venal press lessen one jot of our gratitude for the pains he takes; amidst about *one thousand* men who rule, and whose only effort seems to be, to take care of *themselves*. As for the rest of the liberal party in that quarter, under the name of whigs, they are wholly useless—indeed, for some time past, have been nearly silent; whether in despair of doing good, or in despair of gaining places, is very doubtful, and equally unimportant. Ever glad to draw the country's attention from real to imaginary evils, a great deal of nonsense is talked about catholic emancipation, as if that would give the poorer, and really distressed Irish, a single additional potatoe!—demagogues may, indeed, get into power—but it has been pretty well proved their country's good is not their aim—mean

time, whole sessions are wasted by silly and unprofitable debates, about any thing and every thing, rather than what demands so instant an attention—namely, the *abuses* that have crept into our constitution!—let *England* be put to rights, and Ireland will cease to be ill governed, as a natural consequence; indeed, I question whether the sister kingdom is the worse off of the two, and whether there is so much *real want;* so much *real distress!*"

"But, my dear sir," said Hawser, "what can be done, after all? It seems to me that our *national debt* is the great cause of the dearness of the necessaries of life, and the difficulties of the poorer orders—for, I suppose, those are the chief evils, at home, that you allude to—but what can his Majesty's government do?—Surely, we cannot suppose, that enlightened men, such as those who are in power—men of education—and, above all, *Englishmen*, who have most at stake, can be indifferent about the matter, and continue a misrule out of mere perversity! obstinacy—selfishness, pride, or what you will!"

"It is impossible to accuse them all of such feelings!" returned Mr. Bland—"some of

them, perhaps, see the necessity for a change of things—but are timid—and their prejudices prevent their taking an extended and proper view of the question!—and thus, instead of guiding, they are guided.—Statesmen, are mere men after all, and many of them more anxious about family affairs, and insignificant pursuits and amusements—than for the good of their country—the thing is natural enough; but these are not times for *trifling*—flowery speeches, without meaning, in this house or that, will no longer pass current, or deceive the body of the nation—words and forms are not wanted—but *action;—good* must be *done*—not speculated on—and it unquestionably might be done, if they really wished it!—when, in short, their ambition soars above being the first of some insignificant circle—of a particular set—and aims at being beloved and respected by *all*—then shall we see some good done—not till then—but *fashionable* selfishness is the order of the day in England, and it is in vain to look for wise enactments from men who despise, not only all opinion out of their own narrow circles, but the whole nation put together. If you ask me what can be done? I answer; abolish all sinecures,

plurality of livings, and lessen the disproportioned wealth of the clergy, who, however truly respectable and revered, still drain too much from the resources of their flocks—and surely, they themselves, as the meek (if they are so) followers and ministers of Christ, should not *desire immoderate* wealth, drawn from the misery of their countrymen! cease to promote the military except by *seniority*, and check their disproportionate numbers, that now swell the expenditures, chiefly from that very order who are already the better off!—reform and remould, *in toto*, the manner of collecting the revenue; which, as it is, is a fourth wasted in the collection—put on a graduated *income-tax*, so that people should pay in proportion to their means—from ten per cent down to one per cent. This tax alone (the most just and sensible ever devised) was only cried out against by the aristocracy, titled and untitled, and they, of course will oppose it—without once reflecting that, by the general relief it would give the lower orders, they themselves would, in the end, be scarcely the poorer for it, if at all! without meddling with the *constitution* let *these* things be done, and an instant relief would be felt—quite enough to

encrease the life and activity of the whole—but there are a hundred sources of *good* that might be opened and acted on to-morrow, if we could begin at the fountain head!—in short, until the *country at large* is *represented* in parliament, and not a few thousands only of the rich—no minister, nor the king himself, would venture on the few things alone that I have pointed out—however earnest or desirous to lift his people, once more, into a widely diffused and smiling plenty—which I am sure he is. To those who would tell me, that these innovations would be dangerous—that no minister would keep his post a day, who dreamt of them; that the sense of some thousands of the most wealthy people of the land is decidedly against them—I reply, what then! are millions to suffer, cruelly suffer, for the opinions and selfish feelings of a few thousands, pampered by wealth into selfish callousness—who are, indeed, unworthy the name of Englishmen!—let them blush for their unworthy meanness, nay, wickedness—and next, let them be *corrected!* and that day will come, sooner or later, they may be assured; *corrected* possibly, by no gentle means, such as I would wish—but by the fierce

passions of hatred and revenge!—when all ties and pity will be forgotten, and our island become the scene of cruelty, ruin, and devastation, from a civil war.—Such a state, it is true, we do not contemplate in our days—perhaps, nay, let me hope, you will never live to see it—as for myself, for the few years I have to live, I need display no anxiety one way or the other.—I have witnessed one revolution—quite enough for me (little suspecting the *second* so near, of 1830), urged on by the same haughty and callous inattention to the voice of the nation at large!—till, at last, those very men, who might have prevented the scenes of horror that followed, were forced abroad to us—without the means of subsistance—and compelled to earn their bread by the very arts they once despised."

"You forget," said Hawser, "that France was ruled in a despotic manner, and that her people were considered almost as so many slaves beneath her nobles—while we possess a constitution that secures the meanest subject his liberty—and oppression is unheard of in England, whatever may be the general want that presses on the people at large!—thence I should think it impossible we should ever have

recourse to force, seeing there is no such monstrous provocation—individuals may well consider our distresses the result of an overwhelming debt, the particular fault of nobody—and, indeed, many of our writers, on political economy, have scarcely considered that an evil, where, it may be said, that England is at last only in debt *to herself*—just as if a man were to take the money out of one pocket to put it in another!"

"This is a very ingenious, but a very fallacious view of the question," said the elder—"In truth, the debt of England may be said to have converted the millions, into the slaves of the thousands who are the *creditors!*—there is no help for it—but a wise legislation should make their task as light as possible, and take off, at least, all unnecessary loads, seeing that their serfs are already over worked and ill-fed—lest, in the end, their patience forsake them, and spite of fine spun theories and the *honour* and *justice* of the case, they turn the tables on them, and, at one blow, *cancel* the *obligation!*"

Horatio smiled, at this figure, and shook his head, as much as to say he could hardly acquiesce in his friend's view of their country;

assuring him, however, that what he had just heard had very much interested him, convinced as he was of the better opportunities he had had of observation, and his greater experience and knowledge in matters, which, to say truth, he confessed had never been his study; he hoped he should not find things at home quite so bad, either on the side of the rich or the poor, promising, that if he could send him good news as to the condition of the latter, he would let him know the result of his enquiries; Mr. Bland now in his turn looked incredulously, as he took his visitor by the hand, and wished him a pleasant journey, for Horatio had determined, should he hear nothing of Mr. H—— at the embassy, to push on to England at once; for it was probable enough they might pass through Paris without stopping.

That afternoon, therefore he, set off in the diligence for Boulogne, from the Rue de la Jussienne not to lose time, finding, on enquiry at the ambassador's, that their names were not there.

Hawser had, however, scarcely left the ambassador's, when something rushed on his memory, which the hurry and excitement of

the last few days had made him lose sight of, though for a long course of years, it had ever been coupled with the wish to see the French capital, and cherished by him with a kind of religious feeling—like that in which the dervise contemplates, possibly, a visit to the Caiba of the prophet—but his was with a mixture of tenderness and regret, the lapse of many years had scarcely weakened in his mind; our readers will readily anticipate, that it could be no other than a visit to the tomb of the unhappy Euphemia! there was yet time! he jumped into the first cabriolet on the Boulvard, and urged the driver on to *Père la Chaise*, with the increased rapidity of a liberal "*pour boire;*" as he drove along, the recollection of his early, his kindest friend, nearly brought tears in his eyes, and threw him into such a mood, as well befitted his pilgrimage to this smiling garden of death! The sun shone bright, the funeral of some poor creature was passing the gate of the cemetery, as he alighted, and walked up the great avenue towards the conspicuous temple, built on the spot, once inhabited by the reverend and ambitious father, whose name it still bears; three shrill whistles struck his ear, from the workmen or guardians of the

place, as a signal for the arrival of a fresh deposit, in its final resting place; there was something peculiarly sad in this shrill sound, the outward beauty of the scene before him, and the inward gloominess of purpose expressed in such *deceitful* tones! he passed on up the hill, towards the clump of trees that form a picturesque and majestic group on its brow, and taking the path that passes before the monument of the Marquis de la Place, he, at the same moment, found himself before the simple and modest stone * erected by the unfortunate Rodman; he had furnished himself with a little white wreath at the gate, from one of the many women who earn their living by this species of sympathy; this he gently placed on the urn that crowned the stone, as he leaned respectfully over the remains of the once beautiful Euphemia; long grass grew within the little wicker paling that inclosed it, and which seemed, in its luxuriance, to mock the decay of what it covered! He read the short and affecting epitaph over and over, while he dropped a tear to the memory of his beloved friend, whose image

* There indeed, lie the remains of that unfortunate young woman.

seemed now connected with that of his Euphemia, and this spot so intimately, that his reason could not separate them.

And here he breathed a silent orison for his departed shipmate, with all the fervour of a grateful and generous mind! here, indeed, with his beloved Euphemia was his only sepulture! *here* he knew 'twas his wish to have lain by her side, and if the souls of the departed could wing their flight to hover over what is left most loved in life, hither flew the noble sailor's, while his poor mangled body sunk beneath the wave, to be torn by the rapacious monsters of the deep! Absorbed in these melancholy imaginings, Hawser slowly left the spot, and walking round to the eastward, along the same path, some hundred paces, his attention was attracted to a man who kneeled by a small column of white marble, surmounted by a draped urn, to the left of the path, and close opposite the *Hon^ble. Basil Cochrane's* sepulture; he seemed wholly unconscious of the approach of a stranger, and lost, in an agony of grief—such sights are not uncommon in *Pere la Chaise*, where relatives and friends come to mourn over the remains of those they loved—with the intui-

tive respect and delicacy, which forbade to intrude at such a moment, he turned back, without seeing who it was whose loss was so feelingly, though unavailingly deplored, but not before these few words caught his ear in the accents of his native tongue—"Oh my poor, my only friend, most charitable, best of women! you never spoke ill of others! O no! O no, poor sufferer! life has been to you indeed but a misery—and death a happy relief from thy torments—but you have left me an isolated wretch on earth—O God!—where now look for such a friend!" Such were the words of despair, interrupted by violent sobs, that reached him, as he turned from the mourner—Alas! thought he, this is the way—in life—in death! we weep, and in turn "feed ourselves for maggots!" a tale of yesterday—and tomorrow it may come home to me! What are all the affections, the ties, the sweets of this world, held on such a tenure?—something and nothing—all imaginary, the dream passes in an hour, and we wake in misery, or sleep our last, to leave it in legacy to others!—Such were his rambling and melancholy thoughts as he regained his vehicle, and drove back to the coach office—

in five minutes he was on his way out of Paris, recovering his cheerfulness by degrees.

As he went out under the triumphal arch, and at the barrier St. Denis, he could not help regretting, not being able to see more of a city, that appeared so lively, so gay; of which he had heard so much, and seen so little; but resolving to return, on some future day; he soon launched into contemplations of home and his family, of his approaching happiness, and from thence rose into a thousand delightful anticipations, wondering, occasionally, at the gloomy view his friend Mr. Bland had taken, of a country which he had ever considered as the most glorious and happy on earth; in truth, as he pondered on it, he was very much inclined to think his view of the case as extremely warped and erroneous, from his long residence abroad, and by his never reading any English papers, as he confessed, but the *liberal ones;* still Mr. Bland went to England occasionally, since the peace, and was evidently a man of observation, if not of sound judgment—it was of no consequence, he should soon be better able to judge of both the one, and the other.

His fellow-travellers never once broke in

on his meditations, and, for the first time, he could not help thinking the French a very *grave taciturn* people; however, after getting near Beauvais, by little and little, the conversation grew general, not however till he himself had addressed the person next him—but the silence and reserve of the French, is not of sullenness or pride, and once broken in on, they talk of any thing and every thing, and when that fails, of *nothing*, never being at a loss for words.

On the evening of the second day, as usual, they drove into Boulogne-sur-Mer, conspicuous for its air of wealth and neatness, its many gardens in the environs, and new houses, built on the still increasing demand for *lodgings* by the accumulating numbers of English residents in it, or spending some months of the summer season at it—during which period, three or four steam boats constantly ply to Dover, and it was not long before the lieutenant trod his native shores. He had not seen Dover for some fourteen years, and its improvements were conspicuous, particularly the marine parade, baths, &c. and the numbers of new buildings leading out of the town, on the London road.

What Mr. Bland had said of England, induced him to look with more than ordinary attention on what met his eye; but there was nothing to bear out the assertions of that gentleman; all seemed life and bustle; several gay equipages drove through the streets, and many were the cheerful well-dressed people about. Some of the shops struck him as luxurious, and the general neatness and finish of every thing, decidedly superior, to that on the French side; he could not help, however, observing more of the working class idle and lounging about, as if not knowing what to do with themselves; the necessaries of life seemed, too, in less profusion than at Boulogne, and other French towns on the road; here was none of that abundant supply of fruit and vegetables conspicuous in France; nor that profusion of *flowers*. The prices, too, he found vastly different; there were few or no beggars, however—such nuisances in France—which fact, seemed to him to counterbalance other apparent advantages—but he had neither time nor inclination to investigate—and he disliked the idea of disturbing the favorable impression of this hasty glance. His bill, too, at the tavern did not exceed the rate in

France, which he thought a very tolerable touchstone of the *times*, nor was it, without a feeling of exultation, when he reflected that, according to the proportions of taxation in the two countries, it should have been double! it argued, at any rate, a very superior degree of industry, address, and enterprise in England, where every necessary of life was dearer in a so much greater proportion, that they should still contrive to yield them to the consumer at so moderate a rate—not to mention a thousand luxuries in dress and ornament, &c. every way superior, better managed, and less expensive! And now it was, that he observed how much handsomer his own countrywomen were, than those of the continent; indeed, at Boulogne, the *Grande Rue* was thickly studded with groups of such fine girls, that it required very little observation, to assure him of their being his own dear country women, who, adopting the grace and *tourneur* of the French, shone with a brilliancy that paled the lustres of, even, *les belles Françaises* on their own ground!

The weather was heavenly; the landscape before him, as they rose out of the valley, a thousand times more beautiful than any thing

to be seen on the other side of the water:—here, smiling neat cottages; there, the more elegant mansions of the gentry, peeping from among the noble clumps of oak and elm; while their green lawns, and serpentine walks, and approaches, bespoke the good taste of their resident owners, so unlike the neglected, dreary looking, *chateaux* scattered over the face of France. Good heavens! thought he, if, with our embarrassments and the load we have to support, these things exist, what could we not command, what not do, had we but fair play!—and the world against us!—surely we are the most astonishing people that ever lived—the very *sapling* (America) that has shot up across the Atlantic from the *oak*, already overtops all the neighbouring forests, and its strength and daring alone bespeak its lineage! and yet, like many another child, it would foolishly underrate its parent's excellence! but it would not, cannot, alter its *identity*—and is, only what it is—as being essentially *English!*"

With such like patriotic reflections, he found himself at Canterbury, famous for its cathedral, its hops, its quaint gothic streets, which to this day recal Chaucer's pilgrimage

to mind, and its delightfully rich surrounding country. These are, still, the merry men of Kent.

Their dinner was nearly as *moderate* as a French one, and fifty times as good. Coming in over Chatham and Rochester, those noble bulwarks of our country (our wooden walls) were seen lying in all their majesty, in the Medway, filling up the most glorious combination, it was possible to embrace, in one *coup d'œil*. Hawser's heart swelled with exultation, as he contemplated the scene before him—but, enough of this—the road to town through Kent, is pretty well known, and a description of it may be very well spared. They were soon whirled into that scene of opulence and confusion quite unique in this world, at the *Elephant and Castle!*—it would seem as if the whole country consisted of nothing but horses and carriages—and people driving like mad to and fro; next, the bridge, the venerable Abbey, and Charing Cross! with the dense crowds, and smoke and bustle!

There is something depressing to the spirits on finding yourself thrust, as it were, from the clouds among a set of busy faces, whose eager pursuits you feel no interest in; whose plea-

sures, affairs, and importance, are wholly strange to you, though of the same country, customs, religion, and even feeling!—we are, as if in a wilderness—and retire to some inn, with as much discomfort as we should, to the shelter of the next rock or tree! Such are the sensations inseparable on the arrival in a great metropolis, without knowing a soul, and left to find one's way in the midst of crowds of beings, each occupied intently only on his own concerns. This was exactly Horatio's case, and he went to bed, in a little dirty dark room, over a stable full of horses, very little elated with his present condition, or enjoyments—but he looked forward, as usual, to *the morrow!*

Before he went to bed, however, he looked in, at *half-price*, at Drury Lane. The house itself struck him as beautiful, and the only real nuisance the *gas;* which he wished, with all his heart, banished from all theatres. Liston, as Tristram Sappy, kept the house in a roar. Between the acts, he got into conversation with a gentleman who sat next him, on the merits of the actors, theatres, &c., when the stranger thus spoke of the drama at the present moment—"It has been my chief amuse-

ment for these last twenty years, and I have traced, with a good deal of anxiety, the various improvements of our stage, if improvements they may be called—wherein we have worse actors and better scenery! The houses grow more splendid in appearance, but there is a miserable falling off behind the curtain! where nothing is as it should be—the *drop* or *back scenes* excepted, which are splendid, it must be confessed; but the *wings* are neglected—and there wants that attention and *completeness* which is observable on the French stage. To be sure, we exceed our neighbours, in our circus and *pantomimes*, which, such as it is, is unique in England, for rapid and astonishing changes of scenery, and the activity of its personages—if Columbine would only dress and dance better, and the clown simply *flour* his face—it would be perhaps faultless—but what shall I say of our regular drama! there is not a man among the whole of them with the smallest conception of *humour*, except *Liston;* when he leaves us, what we shall do, Heaven only knows; the rest, to be sure, *make faces*, and say "*more than is set down for them*," which is in itself poor trash enough! and yet there

are some half dozen, who are the favourites of the *town*—that is, of the pit and galleries; such excellent judges they are of good acting, that those many-headed monsters have spoiled what *might* have been, with *pains* and modesty, decent.

"As to tragedy, it is made a miserable affair of; our immortal bard is sadly hacked on the stage; but how can it be otherwise, when *nature* seems totally lost sight of? Thence the false readings, whispering, rapidity, and drawling, and anon, ranting of *Kean* and *Macready*, and the rest. If a gleam of nature now and then breaks out, why the pit know nothing of it! but they will applaud a good *rant*, or *confusedly rapid utterance*, or a *whisper out of place*, to the very echo!—so they will, long *drawls*, and unnatural and tiresome pauses! O Shakspeare! immortal bard! thou art much abused!—I swear to you, sir, it sets my teeth on edge—then again, where not one character should be weakly cast, what a filling up is there!—in short, it is most contemptible. Our women are still worse; not one is there, that knows either how to dress or carry herself—who ever saw such frights, (tragedy or comedy,) as they make of them-

selves, bent forwards—their arms swinging about, or tossed up and down, like an automaton's—then those monstrous snake's curls, like poodle dogs!

"Shakspeare—let us say *nature*, is out of the question—not one of them have the most distant idea of what becomes either a *princess* or a woman of *fashion*—so that genteel comedy is at a very low ebb. We have, however, some pretty voices; and if they would not spoil it with ill-judged *ornament*, Mesdames Paton, Byfield, Vestris, and two or three others, are pleasing. There are no men equal: *Braham* has gone by, and *Wood* is but so so. A little girl is just brought out at the other house, who may do tolerably in time, Miss F. Kemble—but she is very mediocre, spite of the nonsense of their *hired papers*, though they have puffed her into *notice*, and made more fuss, than if she had really some genius! Her father is even now, though growing old, the best actor we have, take him altogether; he was always *respectable*—nor more nor less. Added to this, we have a host of minors—none beyond the *middling*. Mathews and Yates do very well in their way, if they would not meddle with melo-drama."

Here Liston, and the next best, *Dowton*, came on, and his critique ended, as he was saying, "All the orchestras wanted reform, and more performers, — though they were indeed something better than in old *Shaw's* time—but such the ignorance, stupidity, and dullness of the mobility or mass, that nightly fill the benches—that any thing is swallowed on or off the stage."

The next day saw him on the road home, perfectly recovered from the depression of spirits of the night before, and that lonely feeling, difficult to define, but than which, nothing is more distressing and gloomy.

Towards the close of the day, he was set down at the market town of T * * *, some ten miles across the country from his father's cottage; and, as he had not written of late, hoping to anticipate any letter or notice he could give them, his impatience increased to embrace his beloved family, besides his anxiety to know whether Mr. Highrouge and his sister had already arrived. Going to a small inn, which he recollected, was once the favourite resort of his father, when business or pleasure drew him to that town, he ordered tea, as the

readiest way, if possible, while he refreshed himself, to learn something of home; and the good woman of the house, with the most good-natured volubility, soon let him into the following particulars, of some of which, he was by no means ignorant.

That Sir Careless had been there in his chaise three days before, looking remarkably well; at this part, the landlady launched into an infinity of praises of the knight, declaring he was the best gentleman of all those parts: "What signifies," said she, "the baron-knight as lives close by him, though he is rich enough to buy and sell him—I tell you he's a real gentleman—what good as ever t'other done us poor folk, with all his long winded talk in the parliament: there's Jacob Littlegains, our son in law, as rents a farm of him, says he's the hardest to deal with, of any gentleman in the county—and not a week goes by as we don't hear of some hardship to the poor folks about, as is taken afore him for justice—but they say his clerk knows it all—but if he does'nt know the law, he fines them, and sends 'em to prison, for a matter o' nothing at all, when he's in a passion—the old gentleman has an only daughter, who is a great

catch; she married a rich nabob, they called him, from India; he died not long since, and 'twas only yesterday, she comed home from foreign parts, with her brother—a bouncing widow, I tell you, and she'll chuse for herself this time, let her alone—they stopped at the Star and Garter over the way, and I seed her get down whilst they changed horses; and she's a looking, it seems to me, as well as ever, bating she's a bit stouter nor she was when a girl—I mind her many years since, when she were a little thing—and then my good man was butler to Lord Greatpark at the castle—and there was a great to do at the hall, as her brother come of age; I forget now how many barrels of ale was broached; but, bless ye, 't a'nt that as does much good in the long run."

Having run on so far, Hawser stopped her, to ask if they were all well at Sir Careless's, and if things went on much, as in the old times, in the village—this, she answered in the affirmative, adding many more particulars, which she had from her cousin, she said, who kept the Bull—and this may account, in part, for the praises she bestowed on the knight; who, since his accession to comfort, was as

much respected for the money he laid out at the said Bull, and in the village, as he had been beloved, when his means were very limited, and when, to say truth, there was a pretty considerable score at that bar, as well as in divers shops, all which, had been punctually cleared off.

Next to the welfare of his family, our sailor's best news, was the certain arrival of his Sophia—and for many years he had not known so happy a moment, as that in which he sipped his tea, and listened to the landlady, while she debated on the affairs of his village, without, however, suspecting who he was—or that he was so particularly interested. The moon had risen, as he quitted the neat parlour of the *Greatpark Arms*—and begging the landlady to take care of his portmanteau and cloak, he set out, with a light heart and a light step, for "*sweet home.*" People may say what they will of Italian skies, of Italian moons, but never was any thing more lovely than she appeared to him, thus seen from his native isle—nor any thing more delicious than the balmy and genial night, over which she shed her chaste lustre—as a boy he had been often over the country by the cross roads to

this town, but though he still had a general recollection of it, yet, on coming to the end of the main street, he addressed a lad to direct him the nearest way to the village of Drawling: this young ploughman, after scratching his head, and considering a moment, thought as how he'd better take the left hand, over the next field, and across by the parsonage, which he pointed to, about half a mile off—"If you tell 'em," said he, "to let you through by the garden wall, close to the house as ye sees there, you'll save a matter of a mile." On the lieutenant's asking if there would be no difficulty going through the grounds—"Not in the least, the parson's the best gentleman about, and always obliges all his neighbours every way—its there we goes, when daddy or mammy wants to know any thing—he ha'nt proud like some—you may see him about often, in the town, and a talking first, to one then another, of a Sunday, after church is over"—at this, Hawser asked what this gentleman's name might be—and was a good deal struck on hearing it was Classic. However, there might be a similiarity of names, without any great wonder, as there might be an exception here, and there, to the haughti-

ness of manners so general—bidding the lad good night, he stepped forward in the direction of the house, across a meadow.

Hardly had he shut the gate after him, leading through, when he heard a horseman pass behind him, who, as he came up, wished him good night, and asked him if he was going to the parsonage. It must here be observed, that from long habit, sailors acquire a peculiar facility of distinguishing voices—knowing each individual in the darkest night, by his voice, amidst hundreds—the moment, therefore, that he heard the stranger speak, he recognized the voice of no other, indeed, than the once Lieutenant Classic metamorphosed, to his infinite surprise, into the minister of I———; nor did his present sober dress, much disguise a person so well known to him—"My dear sir," said he, stepping up to him, and taking him by the hand, "is it possible!—this is indeed extraordinary!—you hardly recollect me perhaps—but you behold, nevertheless, an old shipmate of yours!"—The moment he told him his name, Classic gave him a hearty shake of the hand, crying out "My dear fellow, this is indeed miraculous! I am indeed that very person—changed some-

what, as you see!—and unexpectedly enough to myself, as well as others. I need not ask you which way you are going, for I know your excellent family—*know* them, do I say! but come this moment with me, and you shall see *how well I know them!*"

So saying, he alighted, and they walked to the house together, arm in arm—but what was our hero's astonishment when, in the person of the lady of the house, and the militant parson's wife, he beheld no other than his own sister Maria!—"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, after considering her an instant, and folding her in his arms, "my dear, dear Maria, is it you! this is indeed astonishing! I thought certainly to have embraced you this evening; but here! and the wife of my old shipmate, Mr. Classic, is more than I could have imagined!"

While his sister returned his tender greeting, she asked him a thousand questions, and in turn, told him much, that he, as yet knew nothing of, having taken place, during his long absence, for it will be recollected that her letter to him, had never reached him—all she said gave him unalloyed pleasure—and in the greater degree, since every thing around be-

spoke the present happiness of his beloved sister—who had only been married six months before; when Mr. Classic was presented with that living.

They both insisted on his going no further that night—"My dearest Horatio," said Mrs. Classic, whom he had taken by both hands, and was considering her features with intense delight and interest—"my dearest brother, do not think of going on to night, we have a comfortable bed to offer you, and in the morning, Charles shall take you over in our carriage,—indeed we'll all go together—it will renew this pleasure, to see the happiness your return will create at the cottage—which, I must tell you, you will not know again—so much is it improved—papa and mamma are very happy and comfortable—my gracious! how long! how anxiously have we been anticipating and expecting your return—and now, dear brother, I hope it will be to remain with us—I think you may find some additional inducement hereabouts—and where you were once very well inclined to set up your 'everlasting rest'—Can't you guess?"

Her brother, from the archness with which she spoke this, pretty well guessed what she

meant—and told her all that had happened to him since his arrival at Naples. "Nothing," she said in turn, "had transpired since her return, except that she had been to call on them, in a fine new carriage of her own, together with Lady H., who, delighted at her daughter's safe return, seemed to acquiesce in every thing she said and did, and was not a little cordial, in consequence of the increased kindness, if possible, of Sophia; who, you recollect, dear Horatio, of old, was a great croney of mine"—she added, "and I assure you, she mentioned you in such terms! but I won't tell you what she said—no—it will make you vain—not as if she had seen you herself—for the sly creature told me of your noble behaviour somewhere in Italy, when attacked by robbers, as if it had happened to a lady of her acquaintance! but, I recollect now, there was a mystery in her manner, as she said, I knew the lady very well, and that I should see her before long, a sort of distant relation of mine—Yes! yes! my dear brother, the riddle is now pretty clear! I know what it all means, and I most sincerely congratulate you!"

Hawser, as she spoke, tried to look serious, but it would not do—and he at last confessed that it was not unlikely that, if Mrs. Mangrove's mind did not change, she would make him shortly the happiest of men.

In this sort of conversation, and telling him of the different changes in the county, they passed the evening. On Mrs. C. going to bed, Classic, ordering a glass of grog a piece for them, which he observed, he indulged in now and then, as it put him in mind of old times—thus addressed his brother in law—"Who would have said when we parted, now more than fifteen years ago, that we should become brothers! I'm sure I no more dreamt of your sister, than of the most unheard of name—I forget, indeed, whether I knew, Hawser, that you had a sister!—besides our counties are so far removed—and I thought so little of marrying, (you know I was supposed the last man in the mess that ever would) that the idea never once entered my head—but other strange things have happened—not that my turning parson appears half so odd to me, as it does to all who knew me—for I was, I

may say, cut out for one—you know my education was such as fitted me for it—and, indeed, there was a moment when my mother (for I lost my father very early in life) contemplated sending me into the church—a mere accident directed it otherwise; but I never liked the sea—you were too little with us, and too young when you joined the ship, to know much about the matter; but, I confess, I made but an indifferent seaman—and yet, afterwards, I became first lieutenant of a flag ship, and acting captain of a frigate for six months—not confirming me, after being a lieutenant for ten years, when mere brats of boys were made post over my head, so disgusted me, that at the peace, without much hesitation, (as I knew I had little or no *interest*) I resolved never to go afloat again, and resign my commission, should they appoint me without consulting me."

I represented my feelings so strongly, and, I think, the case, so reasonably to my brother, that he agreed with me, as I could not afford to be idle, that I could not do better than renew my studies, and be ordained.

It was an extraordinary sight to see a lieutenant of the navy studying divinity at thirty-

six at Oxford! nevertheless, I did, and with some reputation—they knew nothing of my early career, and least of all, ever took me for a sailor! I still drew my quarter's half pay quietly; and, with a clear conscience, I do to this day; for *that* my country gives me *for services past*, and the pittance of five shillings a day, after having served for seventeen years afloat, need give me no anxiety on the score of honesty!—particularly when I see comparatively boys on the half-pay of *post-captains*, who have never seen a shot fired in their lives!—that they *may*, is another matter—I was in due course ordained; nay, I passed all my examinations with *eclat*, and wrote the prize poem of 182—. I will shew it you one of these days, if you have not forgotten your Latin.

Though we had no interest in the navy, you must know that we were not without some hopes in the church, which circumstance, indeed, directed my views that way; in short, I have an uncle, a rich old fellow enough, who had this living, and several others, in his gift; I was, however, obliged to wait for the incumbent's death, and at last, he was kind enough to take himself out of the way.

and I removed here, nothing loth, as you may suppose, as it was the very best of the whole, being very near a six hundred a year—besides I am promised another, to which I shall appoint a curate, when I think I shall be *tolerably comfortable.*

"Why yes! I think so too," said Hawser, "and I am very happy they have fallen into such hands, for I must tell you, even as I passed through the town, I was told you are a very general favorite among your flock; surely the most flattering tribute to your worth, it is possible for you to receive, and it makes me proportionately proud, by as much, as I find I am so closely interested in all that concerns you and them."

"Well," continued Classic, "the poor things are easily pleased, for you cannot imagine how light the task of obliging them sits upon me—faith, I know not what I do, that others do not—I preach to them of a Sunday, and encourage them on all occasions to come up to me and speak to me—indeed, to this end I make the first advances, and I go about among them, doing what good turns I can; much as we do with our ship's companies afloat—and when they want advice, to avoid

disputes, or the law, or in any way, I give it; and it is rare that they do not follow it, seeing I believe that it is purely for their good—besides, I have taken off some over strained assessments of *tithes*, and lessened others—for the last man they had among them, rather, I fear, consulted what he thought his own interest, than theirs—but he had a large family; however, after all, with not a quarter the trouble, and not a single ill will—I find myself, I do think, not a whit the poorer for it—for they are even with me, in one way or another, for what they are pleased to consider my generosity, but I never, in my life, could bear that system of schism, one sometimes sees—and such unseemly misunderstandings (not that I ever took the trouble to enquire where the fault lie, assured before hand, it was solely the minister's, from the bare fact of its existence at all) as leave the grain, hay, &c. to rot in the fields! there is something so shocking when it does meet the eye, that I would rather do the duties for nothing, and put up with my parishioners' humours, than suffer it—and this is, after all, the only praise I deserve—you see how very easy it is to gather in "golden opinions."

"And now I come to that part of my life which I consider its brightest, I mean when I knew your sister! I had not been long acquainted at the cottage before I became entirely and devotedly attached to her—I found her very accomplished, very handsome; but it was her good sense and sweetness of disposition that most charmed me, and induced me, at length, to solicit her hand in marriage.

"She consented, as you see; and I would flatter myself, that her happiness is not decreased, by her union with me—in truth, we have no less pleasure in each other's society, than on the first day of our marriage, for she never leaves the time unoccupied—all the order and neatness you see about me, in doors and out, you may attribute to her. I am rather a lazy fellow, and seldom direct or meddle with any thing—so that I find her quite a treasure! then she contrives to fill up our time so agreeably—that, independent of my own, out of door, recreations, I know nothing of that *tedium vitæ*, that once in my life, sat so heavy on me at sea, and in harbour. Altogether, I think I am the happiest man within twenty miles round; and let me hope, my dear fellow, you may settle near me—

that we may pass much of our time together, and that you may witness an enjoyment, we often picture to ourselves, but which, rarely falls to the lot of man."

Hawser shook him by the hand as he concluded, and assured him of his entire satisfaction, at his present enviable situation, and the pleasure it would give him to live near him, with his Sophia, on such friendly terms, as he felt their mutual kindness and interest could not fail to cement.

This part of the conversation over, on Hawser's enquiring about those he formerly knew, this brother-in-law told him that the rector, Mr. Littlegood, had been very unfortunate with his girls, owing to the everlasting intriguing of his wife, whose extravagance and folly every season in London, had mainly led to their making (two of them) most miserable matches—one running off with a mere black leg, who the mother took for a gentleman of fashion and fortune—and the other, being wedded to an old miser, who had taken her off to the wolds of Yorkshire, and shut her up in an old house, where she never saw a soul but himself—who she, by this time, detested more than she could well describe in

her letters to her sisters—the only consolation, in truth left her, was, the liberty she still enjoyed of abusing him in this way on paper, when she wrote home—so much for Mr. Littlegood's management.

As for the baronet, he had grown more rich, but more unpopular, and his name had more than once, figured on the side, the country people considered most inimical to their interests; altogether he had raised such a ferment, that, on the approaching election, it was thought he would lose his seat—nor was the haughty carriage of his son, at all likely to conciliate those who disliked the father's politics—being of the two, the most hated, as he not only treated every body beneath him, with a sort of open contempt, but ventured to give himself certain *airs exclusive* at the county meetings, parties, balls, &c., with the less influential gentry, as greatly disgusted them with him, and produced occasional disputes and misunderstandings, which, to give the devil his due, the father took some pains to set to rights, by various good dinners, and conciliating explanations—for the baronet was a good natured man in the main, who knew nothing of *fashion*, or the neces-

sary *exclusiveness* abont *Park Lane*—never being in town much more than a week at a time, in the spring, nor entering into those nice distinctions so well known to a *certain set*, into which Lady Highrouge had been admitted, through the kindness and influence of her darling son. Indeed, the baronet's sins arose from *stupidity*, and the narrowness of his views, more than any ill will to his neighbours or the poor at large—and thence he partook of a double character, *tolerable* as a *man*, and only *detestable* as a *magistrate* and *politician!*—thus, it too often happens, unfortunately, that men, whose fortunes, real power, and influence in their counties, should be felt around them as a general blessing, by a sort of perverse stupidity, not only neutralize, or rather nullify, the good expected of them—and with many good qualities as *fathers* and *friends*, contrive, nevertheless, in their public capacity, to be the source of continual and almost incurable discontent—not by glaring instances of oppression, for that could not last, but by seeing all things, whether of law, or simple justice between man and man—or beneficence—through their own perverted ideas

on the subject—too foolishly self-sufficient to be taught by experience, or retrace their steps when wrong—too narrow minded to trace the ill effects that stare them in the face, to the real causes, they themselves too often create; be this as it may, such men sit, like incubuses, on their poorer neighbours—they seem to have no rule but their own selfish short-sighted interest—Who can say this picture is over-charged—that no such men are to be found—or that this is an unmeaning tirade, as vague as it is unfounded? Would it could be so proved!—not that we would insinuate that there are no "*Alworthys*" scattered over the face of our dear native land—it would be strange if none were blessed with *common sense*, all that, it is apprehended, is wanted to make the richer, the better men—but as we have before hinted, this plain quality is more rare than is generally imagined—each fancies he possesses it as a matter of course—and it is only in judging of people's *actions*, we come at the conviction of the lamentable deficiency.

But one instance, is worth an hundred suppositions.—Why are our game laws still allowed to disgrace and oppress our yeomanry? Common sense and justice would say, it was

enough that each should shoot over his own ground—and that game might be disposed of, as any other necessary, or luxury, for the common benefit of *all* — instead of which, the whole is *forced* to assume the form of *fraud* and oppression the farmer dares not kill a hare in his own barn yard—while his neighbour, very possibly an upright magistrate, possesses the country, as far as he can see round him, to glut his sporting appetite—yet, not content, watches, with jealous eye, the few acres of his tenant—eager to enforce this detestable law on the slightest infraction—oppression is, in this instance, so galling, and the temptation so great, that who wonders at their turning *poachers!*

Nor can that be called *dishonest* which is in truth, after all, only *taking* what should be yielded as theirs, by common right—the positive evil creates thus a still greater moral one! The poor, as well in this, as other minor things, are made to feel their own vast inferiority to such a degree—that they lose all *self-respect*—the pride they should feel in themselves, as *free born Englishmen*, is wrested from them wantonly—and that great barrier to crime (self-esteem) thus broken

down—what is there left, but brutal force to keep them in awe!—To this it comes—crime stalks abroad in our cities; and in the country, with gigantic and encreasing strides—till, at last, it becomes a struggle, simply between the rich and poor—the former never content, and the latter not likely to be so. Indeed, so much are people, at home, convinced of the absurdity and odious character of this evil, that a strong party of more enlightened, (or, at any rate, more generous) men, in both houses, tried to get rid of it—clearly shewing, that it was in no way their own interest to continue it—that they have not succeeded, shews, but too clearly, the truth of our observations.

But we should apologise for this long dull digression, wholly foreign as it is, to matters in hand. It may be well supposed, Mr. Hawser was anxious to learn something of his former shipmates, who have been so long lost sight of, in this our history:—of some of that jovial set, Classic knew nothing—but he was enabled to speak of a few of the more prominent characters.

Captain Oakheart had been long since an admiral and created Grand Cross of the Bath,

for his brilliant services afloat, and happily for his country at that moment, aided his sovereign's councils at the Admiralty—where they both wished, with all their hearts, he might, one day, become first Lord; as better calculated, by his great capacities, as a statesman and seaman, than any other individual they could think of, to direct the fleets of England—for, it must be observed, they did not, at the moment, anticipate the happy change, that was about to take place, at that board: a change, that we will venture to say, was hailed with enthusiasm by every *true blue* in the service.

Sailors will have their prejudices, together with their real knowledge and experience—surely, they may be supposed to know best about their own immediate profession! and think, with some little reason, that the man who presides over their particular department, should be *himself a sailor*—the current twaddle to the contrary, being, we presume, sheer nonsense. With what unfeigned regret, have they not witnessed the resignation of a prince (now King of England) who during his short direction of their affairs, had given them such proofs, not only of his wish to do

good, but of his unaffected kindness and condescension!—the more acceptable, as the great body of the navy were hitherto strangers to those little attentions, which win as much on the heart, as real benefits.

But Jack's motto has ever been "*Patience*," and he has nothing to do, but wait quietly till a *fair wind* once more springs up in that quarter—and should higher destinies await their late chief—may the wishes of our sailor, and sailor-parson be fulfilled! May the ablest admiral (though not the oldest) in the navy, have the direction of her fleets; and in whatever sense this may be taken, surely it should be the wish of every Englishman, who has the least idea of naval affairs, or the least interest in the welfare of his country!

No sooner was Hawser aware of the situation of his old captain, than certain longings to get forward, and ambitious yearnings shot across him—not of late indulged in; but they were but momentary—a greater, a more solid happiness awaited him. He could not help laughing, when Classic put him in mind that his *quondam* clerk, Toby, had been converted into a purser, and was at that very time (at least if he had not killed himself by tip-

pling) the chief of the victualling department of a certain griper or bruizer brig on the Deal station, where Toby continued as facetious as ever, with a monstrous accession in size and rubicundity of nose, which was the only red spot in his face—vying with that prototype of his, "Bardolph," of happy memory—that the rest of the *mess* were dispersed, literally by the winds of heaven.

The marine officer having made an excellent *Spanish colonel*, as one of the minor effects of the Peninsular war—that most of the others, were created *lieutenants*, only two, having got as far as the *cabin:* namely, *Gay* and Mr. Lackwit, whose father's wealth had paved the road to that abode of *consequence* and *bliss!*—the rest were, some still afloat—being, indeed, unfit for social life ashore, and perfect *nobody's* off the quarter deck—so much so, that the Admiralty was eternally beseiged by these *fish out of water*, whenever, by any accident, they were *cast ashore.*

Some few, (for it was impossible to pop 'em all into salt water,) eked out a kind of miserable existence in the different sea-ports, where they refreshed themselves with looking at the waves, and enjoying, as much as they

could of, the company of their old cronies and messmates—of peace established theatres—and those amiable creatures now brought to the modesty of a peace establishment, at the different ports; not forgetting old Soundings, who had gotten himself a ship of his own, and a wife, in the person of the tavern keeper's daughter, of some public-house in Cornwall, near the Land's End—and his ship, the old *Roebuck* of Bristol, where he was, according to the trade phrase, in a thriving way—his wife having long since established the most improved system of discipline, though somewhat tyrannical, over this happy water weazel! These particulars, Classic told him he got from the identical black man Daniel, spoken of in the early part of his noviciate, who he met one day in the streets of Liverpool—it appears, that being discharged at the peace, (not having run off, as was supposed,) he had found a snug birth as chief cook and bottle washer to old *Soundings*—but that (as doctors differ) those two sages having disagreed about the boiling of a cabbage, Weazel, being slow of speech, had taken a piece of rope's end to assist him in his ratiocination; and that Daniel had first brought him to the grindstone by

getting damages, forty shillings, in court, and then packed up his traps, and gone on board the *Cincinatus, of New York*, to which ship he still belonged, for any thing he knew to the contrary.

The little Welshman, he told him, was at Milford Haven, and was said to have married an heiress—given up all thoughts of the navy, and turned fox-hunter in the country, and dandy in town, where he had met him on more than one occasion, a regular hanger-out at *Long's*, and appendage to "Fop's Alley," at the opera.

Shroud, who we have seen promoted so long ago, had married an antiquated spinster, a *lady* in her own right, and turned *man of fashion;* but though he lounged in and out of the *United Service*—had *Nugee* for his tailor—the *entrée* at Almack's, and his box at the opera—and had, besides, acquired certain "*small talk*," as he called it, of *who's who*, about town—yet did the whole of his shore accomplishments, sit upon him, with much about the grace and ease of a hog in armour; he rolled in his gait, as if the Apollo still laboured in a head sea, and was shockingly choleric and abrupt—his phrases were "hor-

ribly stuffed with *queer* epithets"—and though by virtue of the high blood and bearing of his *rib*, he was admitted among the gently fastidious, yet he was voted a *bore*, as the most mild sentence it was possible to pass; his own spouse perfectly agreeing in the *term!*—being the first to apply it to her good man, when absent!

It was past midnight before these particulars, which Hawser listened to with great interest, were brought to an end, when they betook themselves to bed.

CHAPTER XXV.

He reaches Home—A few Sketches of Character, and a Dinner Party—He is at last married, and becomes "*Somebody.*"

We know of nothing in this world half so attractive, amidst the many imaginings and anticipations of *enjoyment* that come over us, in fits through life, as a real English breakfast! It is indeed the "feast of reason and the flow of soul"—that soul, fresh from her sweet slumbers—light and elastic as the rosy morn that now witnessed the union of the happy couple, seated at the table with their brother; the windows were thrown up, looking over a beautiful lawn; where, only divided from them, by a *ha, ha*, were seen groups of fat, lazy, and beautiful deer, *cows*, and horses, quietly grazing, and their horses frolicking, beneath the fine clumps of oak and beech that ornamented the scene, and threw their dark shades far over the green; further on, opened

a lovely country of hill and dale; and the spire of the village church to the left, "*pointing* to *Heaven*," completed the picture.

Maria presided—the table-cloth, white as the driven snow, the plate, china, and all the eatables, toast, eggs, tea, coffee, &c., bearing the stamp of freshness and excellence in their appearance, enough to create an appetite in the most languid débauchée. Such, indeed, was the order of things that, at one glance, the merits of the presiding genius stood confessed.

Nor was that pleasant appendage wanting, a *newspaper*, could they have found time for more than incessant chat, as they partook of this most refreshing and pleasing of repasts. There is so much in association! What are French breakfasts to ours?—if any one fixed idea can be conveyed by our word *comfort*, it may be most forcibly given by our one word *breakfast*—it is so *social*—so eminently comfortable!—wit sparkles of a fine morning, on these occasions, like the dew drops on the yet dewy grass—a thousand pleasing images are admitted through the windows from beauteous nature without—the birds yet carol on the trees, and the sun's rays strike mildly

across the carpet, where they escape through the surrounding foliage—in short, there is a springiness of thought in a morning, of a well constituted mind—a sweet harmony in every thing about, that if we are ever to feel at any one moment "*happiness,*" while near those we love and esteem, it is *then!*—and such were the buoyant feelings of the present party. To complete the pleasure, just as they had done, the carriage rolled up, drawn by a couple of sportive *blood four year olds*, to the door; in an hour after, they arrived at the cottage of Sir Careless, where those anxious parents almost killed their long absent son with kindness. Lady H. wept with joy, and his father pressed him to his bosom again and again, as he kissed his cheeks—a fashion once our's, and still very tender and becoming in a parent to his child, even if he has grown up a man.

Sir Careless was the most benevolent creature alive, and loved his children with his whole soul, however they might have suffered by his want of thought and extravagances. The return of his son, after so many years absence, quite overcame him with joy—for some minutes, he could not help examining

him, as if hardly assured of the reality—and no great wonder, for he was wholly changed: he saw now before him a handsome man of near thirty—but little trace of the *boy* that left him to go to sea, only fourteen!—he thought it impossible!—so many years had glided by!—so even, so monotonous, had been his life!—but he now embraced his children under happier stars. It would scarcely be possible to paint a scene of human felicity, greater than that, of this meeting!

Leaving them at the cottage *orné* of Sir Careless, in possession of perfect happiness, for the moment, let us, gentle reader, take a look, over at his neighbour's, the baronet's, by way of explaining, as well as may be, in our scrambling, irregular manner, what is about to conclude this very faithful, and, we hope, pleasant history. Alas! this is not a "Tom Jones!"—O! but for a spark of that genius, that blaze, that lit thee, Fielding, through thy precious pages!—but this is a degenerate age!—too happy, if we can now and then strike out a few lines, not absolutely *dull* and *trite*—or approach within the farthest verge of that *rich humour*, that spark-

ling wit, that facility and happiness of expression -- that exuberant invention, that throws such a dazzling lustre over thy inimitable pages!

Yet must we not be unjust, nor imagine ourselves, by any means, a match for a host of minor satellites, who have appeared in this our nineteenth century—over whom shines conspicuous, a northern star of the first magnitude, whose works bear the stamp of a rare genius—and have deserved not only the admiration, but the gratitude of every Briton, possessed of any heart, or any head.

But, instead of proceeding quietly to the hall, as was intended, we find ourselves likely to run into a dissertation on *writers*, extremely foreign to the purpose—not to mention a kind of challenge to a criticism of these pages, we would avert—in as much as, we are but too sensible of manifold defects; defects much less pardonable, than the want of that *regularity*, and previous digestion, which should have been the basis. But we have professed to relate *facts*, scattered here and there, over the face of half the globe, and of twenty years—a great break, or hiatus, has taken place—the epic rules and unity de-

stroyed, that those years might not appear quite so tedious to the reader, as they proved to the hero of this sketch; for, after all, we fear it can scarcely be called more than a *sketch* of the life of a poor half-pay naval officer!—but that word *sketch* already belongs to a clever writer, and has been borrowed by a blue jacket, with whom, we by no means, wish to interfere; or had we begged the use of that very word, and under cover of which, we might have written with increased confidence. Having, however, ventured on a more high sounding and responsible title, we must get on, and do as well as we can—taking especial care, not to exhaust the very kind and gentle reader's patience, with this fiddle faddle—be he a noble captain, reclined on *locker*, in a *head sea* and foul wind, or a fastidious mid, fresh from Portsmouth College, not quite got over villanous qualms of sea sickness, and already revolting against certain *low* passages in the *steerage* part of our work! so much more *refined* and *orderly* in the year 1830!—or, possibly, a purser, seated in gun-room arm chair, and legs across, whose dignity (since the accession of rank, ah me!) may be already offended, past forgiveness, at

the picture of Purser Sly! and call it a libel on their calling—which we, by no means, intend: forasmuch as, that, we have known some devilish good fellows, pursers; and only regret, we have not space or time, to give them a place in these pages. Nor would it propitiate the patience of, perchance, a gentle lady at Cheltenham, Brighton, Scarborough, Bath, or in *town*, who, in languid mood, might, in the course of three weeks, have got through as many of our bearish chapters, by the aid of some kind half-pay nautical friend to explain the sea phrases—we, therefore, without more ado, mount our Pegasus, who, having borne us thus far, we confess, with no better step than the "forced gait of a shuffling nag," we, nevertheless, very earnestly beg, may not be taken for an ass!—a beast, we have all our lives had a very particular antipathy to, *metaphorically*—not but that we are in fear and trembling, lest, being blind, in the way of all authors, we should unwittingly have bestridden a very donkey—and, to say truth, have had some uncomfortable suspicions at certain parts of the road! but then again, at others, his bounding and flights led us to imagine "*all*

was right"—and so we will even jog on to the baronet's, where we are determined to get down, and have the properties of the beast *reviewed* by some very sharp jockeys in London, who are ever extremely clear sighted, and not likely to be mistaken, as to the breed of *their neighbour's cattle!*

As has been said and sung, Mr. Highrouge arrived safe and sound at the hall, with his sister and her maid, in the identical carriage that was shot, at near Fondi—the bullet holes still remaining, as an honorable mark, for the amusement of all their curious neighbours and friends. They had made no stay any where on the road, and Mrs. Mangrove being now determined to get rid of the proximity of Mr. Surface, at any rate, while on the road, had had a good stout contest with her brother, in the Piazza d'Espagnia, on that very subject—determined, as she was, not to allow of his going a step further in the same carriage: she had almost gone on her knees to her brother, to induce him to soften this resolve to his friend, and frame some excuse, or let her do so—but he was too surly to comply; and, Surface received this piece of

news without any sort of palliative—the consequence was, that he, in turn, grew sulky, and scarcely bid the lady good bye when they drove off; leaving him to come after, at his leisure.

His wound was, however, getting better, fast—and though he was not such a fool as to give himself any great hopes, after this fresh symptom of indifference, not to say dislike, yet he resolved not to be far behind them, home—trusting to the chapter of accidents, and the unabated good-will of the brother, who, before he set off, put a hundred napoleons in his hand—drained from the same source, as we have before explained—the sister's pocket. Part of this very money he lost, on the night your lieutenant met him going into the "*salon*," where he had already left a little fortune! but, like many others, he was not to be *convinced*—and ever fancying that the *luck* was *just* about to *turn*—only wanting *perseverance!!*—the very thing, of all others, most acceptable to M. Benezet et C^ie^., and to that *Thing* ——— in St. James's-street, where he took every pound he could scrape together, from time to time.

With just enough to bring him to London, he followed close after his friend, and fugitive widow—and Hawser, in the diligence, rumbled after both parties, as we have just seen. In Jaquier's coffee-room (the Clarendon) the following note was put into his hand by one of the waiters, to whom he was well known, as was the writer of it.

"My dear Surface,

"We have got home at last—I'm fagged to death; my sister's as obstinate as a mule—never mind, come down the first moment you can; we shall stay a week or two, before we take up our stand in Berkeley-square, and as that d—ned fellow is likely to be here, you have no time to lose. Mother, is at this moment in town—I wish to God! I'd known it; but, at any rate, Sophia (for some reason I can't yet dive into) would push on, across by Winchester; I said all I could, and, in fact, we were near quarrelling! women are the most provoking devils in the world, by heavens! bring Tom Gadabout down with you, if you can get hold of him, and Charley Offleader, and the guardsman; you know him, don't ye? there's nobody here, but

a parcel of humdrums—I'm tired to death of; my mother comes down, however, on Saturday, with a few creatures one can talk to. Thine,

ARTHUR HIGHROUGE.

"P. S. My father sends regards—he has been ill, but is better—you shall have your own room, though Lady H. has sent word to keep it for Lady Slipslop—I'll manage that though—the east wing is just as good. I open this again—he has got to the cottage! with a reverend brother-in-law—and sister—they must needs set the bells ringing, just as if *somebody* had arrived—mere impertinence—I had no time to go to ——for you—now mark one thing, *I* have said all I can for you—but I very much fear she will have her own way, though I have written a long and pressing letter to my mother, who can sway her, if any thing on earth can; she'll be here to-morrow; you still have a chance—but I can't keep those people out—his father is more frequently here, than of old—indeed they're all invited for a pretty large dinner for to-morrow!—try and be here—we shan't sit down till near eight."

Having read this, Surface, whose face was now as well as ever, bating the loss of two

front teeth, which he got supplied by *Koëcker*, in Conduit street, set off, the next morning, post for the hall, much about the time that Lady H., with three other ladies of *haut ton*, left their town doors, on the same destination, in her travelling carriage.

That evening, rattling down ten miles an hour on the western road, they all arrived safe and sound—and she clasped her daughter to her bosom with real affection—for Lady H., however warped by certain notions, as to the "*fitness of things*," was still a tender and anxious mother. As soon as the first congratulations were over, she presented her to two of the ladies with her, Lady Hermione Slipslop and the Countess of Perplex—the former, taking Sophia by the fore finger of her right hand, as she bowed to her, said, "How do, dear—do you know, I've so longed to see you!—horridly fatigued, I suppose—I know what it is—when Lord Slipslop and I came over, I was a month before I could stir hand or foot!—oh, it's quite shocking!—but you are looking charmingly!—I've heard a great deal about you, I'm sure we shall like each other—where's my room, my dear Lady H.—I'm choked with dust." While this Lady ran

on, the countess made a sort of curtesy, and said, nearly at the same time, "Dear me! Lady H., Sophia is your very image!—you can't think, my dear Mrs. M., how near I was to having you with me one Saturday, last spring—but your poor mamma has such a head!—I told her to bring you to our "*petit souper*"—well, now I have you safe—you shan't 'scape us, that you shan't—and so you have just come from that horrid Naples—and near killed!—yes, yes, I recollect.

Sophia, as soon as she could open her lips to these two ladies, told them how happy she was in the honour of their acquaintance, &c.—and as they passed on to the baronet and his son, who received them, she embraced a younger lady very affectionately, who came last—this was the *Honourable Miss Evergreen*, a young lady of about forty, (she *owned* to thirty,) an extremely accomplished, clever, unaffected creature, of the very first *ton*, and consequence, in the *ne plus ultra* circle of London—no party was complete without her—she was reputed the greatest, and at the same time the most bearable *blue stocking* of the day; she was still a very fine woman—was single, because she had aimed at

higher game, than her fortune warranted, and in truth took a greater pleasure in her books and the *Albemarle street* lectures, (explaining them to her intimates,) than in encouraging the lead-to-nothing attentions, of the innumerable young fellows about town, who bowed in turn, at the shrine of this fashionable divinity—besides, she had *written a book*, that had been very much read by her own sex—it indeed wanted strength and keeping, like her landscapes, but it had a great deal of sentiment and delicacy to recommend it, and was, on the whole, very *clever*, though some of the abstracted ideas and speculations were a little overstrained!—she had caught the subject from the *Ourika* of the Duchess de Duras—but instead of making her heroine a perfect black, she had softened the shade into a mulatto, and called it the "ILL-STARR'D QUAMINA, or *West Indian Atrocity*." A very particular friend of her's, of the lower house, had given her the leading features of this tender tale, having had it from another intimate friend, who had heard it currently reported, as having appeared, in the year 1756, in the Jamaica Gazette!

This lady was not extremely rich; the wealth of her noble house having concentrated in the person of her brother, the Earl of Sinkall, who found occasion for some twenty thousand pounds a year, and could just manage, with great effort, to let his sister have three hundred and fifty pounds, with which, she did pretty well—at Sinkall house, during the spring in town—and on visits to an infinity of dear friends and admirers all the rest of the year, from one end of the kingdom, to the other—thus passing the most agreeable life possible.

She was truly welcome wherever she went, and they parted with her with a proportionable regret—indeed she had some difficulty to arrange these visits, so that none might be offended—thus, she had a regular list of the claims; in this way, on her, with their priority exactly marked. Her coming down, for three days, with Lady H., was, in this instance, stolen from her *hundred spring days* in town, and considered as a matter of the most *excessive kindness* on her part—but she could not resist the pleasure of seeing her dear Sophia, who she had known so long, that

in truth neither of these ladies ever particularized the number of years—though Sophia was the younger by some ten or twelve years. To conclude this imperfect sketch of Miss Evergreen, we will add, that she was the most good-natured, tender-hearted creature, in the world—only carrying these inestimable qualities to an excess—and if she had any little failing, it might be, that her extreme care to avoid affectation, made her now and then rather affected!— her love of *naiveté* and simplicity, too, would now and then lead her on the brink of *niaiserie*—but, in truth, such tiny defects, were scarcely defects in her—and made up for, by an archness and vivacity, when in spirits, quite delightful; it was only in her languid moments that what we have hinted at, could have been detected—not but, that she had her detracters—alas! what merit has not! what human being, however perfect, however inoffensive! Lady Slip-slop whispered to Lady H. that she was a horrid flirt! and quite sickening with her lisping pastorals! and affectation of universal philanthropy and benevolence—while her other dear friend, Lady Perplex, found out that her whole composition was mere milk and water, and ac-

cused her of being the author of a very namby pamby pamphlet on slavery—but in these hard thoughts, Lady Slip-slop had some excuse—she had robbed her of a beau, two springs before—and of the other lady, had won fifty guineas at ecarté—both unpardonable offences!

Miss Evergreen, after embracing Sophia most affectionately, declared she had no spirits to dress much for dinner—that she would sit down nearly as she was—glancing in the glass, as these two ladies joined the rest of the company, already assembled in the drawing-room—consisting of some of the leading people of the county, with their wives—Sir Careless, Lady and Mr. Hawser, Mr. and Mrs. Classic, Dr. and Mrs. Littlegood, and their two remaining daughters, still remarkably beautiful girls.

Taking the round of all these friends, Sophia presented this interesting lady more particularly to her near neighbours, who all received her with a sort of awful distinction, all having heard more or less of her celebrity; this over, she sunk on the sofa beside Sophia, and was quickly surrounded by the rest, forming the centre of attraction to the whole room; as for the Misses Littlegood, they were

ready to fall down and worship her—having read her "dear sweet work," they told her over and over again, with encreased delight! they were soon joined by the other ladies, the baronet, and Mr. Highrouge, who even relaxed into a *smile*, when he beheld the charming Evergreen, at whose altar it was supposed, some seasons before, he had knelt very particularly. Dinner being announced, the whole party sat down, at that moment joined by Mr. Surface, and two of those very friends mentioned in the note from Highrouge, who happened not to know what to do with themselves for that week, and popped themselves into the post chaise with him, *sans ceremonie.*

Dinners, of all things in the world, are the most uninteresting in the description—those present, paired off pretty nearly as they could have wished—the gentlemen leading in those ladies, nearest to them by *contrivance* (with one exception)—thus Mr. Highrouge contrived to give his hand to Miss Evergreen, Lord Offleader to the prettiest girl in the room, and Gadabout, to her sister, Miss Littlegood, to whom they had been introduced in the very nick of time. The baronet led down the Countess of Perplex, and the

Lord Lieutenant, Lady H., and our officer, his Sophia, who kept Master Surface at a distance, by a studied reserve. Such was the order in which, they sat down to the sual delicacies of a modern fine dinner, the usual number of powdered footmen stood in mute attention behind, and the usual conversation took place, with divers felicitations on the safe return of their son and daughter to the host and lady—the news of the day in town—the three days July revolution in Paris—and the last race—and last opera—Capo d'Istria and the Greeks—Lord Cochrane, Omer Verione, and Ibrahim Pacha; Gadabout told them he was but a month from Algiers, in his yacht, determined to satisfy himself, he said, as to the manner they *kill sheep* there; and if the French army could eat it! and the reported predilection of the *kiah* of the port to *tom cats!*—that the quarantine was a cursed nuisance—and that he was near upset in a squall, running a race with his friend H———h, who he had beat by the length of his cutter's bowsprit." Miss Evergreen said, "bless me!" as she was helped to some *dinde au truffes;* and this put Hawser in mind of what poor old

Bland had remarked to him! of course the baronet had a cook of Gaul, who took care to make half the dinner French.

Across the leading sporting and politica topics, ran a gentle *buz particular*—small *nothings* infinitively interesting to the parties engaged at it — Sophia was engrossed in this way by the lieutenant, whose eyes were rather directed to hers, than to his plate—while the other bachelors and maidens, were more or less assiduous, in this kind of attention. The Earl of * * *, who was universally esteemed and respected for his great acquirements, his goodness of heart, which made itself *felt,* both in town and country, in a more extended circle than his own private friends—his sound judgment in the House of Lords, and his taste and munificence, that more than any other man's discovered, and rewarded genius and the arts; now took care of the Countess, and Ladies H. and Slipslop, who put his patience to a severe trial, so incessant did they worry him with *questions* and *compliment;* but still he smiled and smiled! and blessed his stars when, at the usual *pause,* (at a *certain time*) Lady H—— gave the signal, by rising,

for the retirement of all the petticoats—and relieved him of a load, under which he had almost groaned in spirit!

It must not be imagined that we would insinuate that those ladies could not be perfectly well bred, and sensible women, *now and then*—it was only on extraordinary occasions—such as meeting one of his l—m——ty's late ministers (for that nobleman had had that honor) that by attempting to do better than usual in the *agreeable*, they did worse.

Those who have dispassionately witnessed this species of *acting*, into which very distinguished and respectable people fall occasionally, are at a loss how to reconcile it with the general tenor of their lives! for instance, Lady Slipslop was noted for being the most sleepy careless creature in the world; seldom spoke to her friends at her own house; lolling on a sofa, she hardly knew who came in, or went out of the room; left every thing to the management of her servants, and *homme d'affaire;* and, in short, could be made sensible of nothing, (such was her general apathy) but the pleasure of *handling the ribbons* attached to a couple

of fine horses, as she drove her curricle of an evening in the park: there alone she seemed *alive*—she never condescended to know what people said or thought—that is, common kinds of people; she never read any thing but the Red Book, or thought *for herself*, on any one topic; and she confessed such drudgery was only fit for every day sort of people—'tis hard to make out what nature would have done for her ladyship, had she been let alone: she was tolerably good natured, however, when doing exactly as she pleased: she had now been some time in a state of widowhood—that misfortune had taken place many years before his lordship's natural death; which, however paradoxical, we, nevertheless, beg may be considered as by no means impossible: she had never had but one flirtation worth mentioning, and that, Miss Evergreen innocently and unhappily put an end to, without, however, either enjoying her triumph, or securing the beau; but though this might have cast a slight shade of resentment into her feelings towards the amiable blue stocking, it was not likely to be lasting—she was too cold and indifferent to the whole sex for that; it being

thought, indeed, that she would not have sacrificed her *driving* propensities for all the men in existence—this was her ruling passion—to be sure, uncommon people, or lions, now and then roused her into action, when she was sure to do and say more than any of her eccentric acquaintance, of whom she had a tolerable sprinkling: at one time never being off the arm of a Persian or a Turk, if such a thing was to be had in the shape of an *ambassador*, for love or money; at another, she would take some dear friend by surprise with such a string of Germans, Italians, and Frenchmen at her heels, that it took a fortnight afterwards to digest their names and qualities: then again she patronised the arts; and almost bored the different singers with her absurd officiousness (if they were foreign; she hated English people of this sort) and would fly, while in the mood, half over the town to get up a concert—to which, after all, possibly she never went herself!—at another time she would have it at her own house, and turn her servants into door-keepers and check-takers—counting the money herself, and presenting it in a neat bag to the "*sweet soul* of a Cantatrice," whom heaven had sent

under the fostering wing of this her far fetched patronage!—next day she forgot their names—how could she recollect such odd ones? and then again, she had no more ear for music than an Indian bramin! such was the whimsical Lady Slipslop—she had tried to be attentive to Lord ——— and had only teazed him.

Lady Perplex was a very different kind of personage; she was very proud and very haughty in general; she knew every thing and every body—and the whole pleasure and occupation of her life indeed, was not to *forget*, but confound, every body's history, every body's business—not that she neglected her own in so doing—nor was there any thing disagreeable in it, except that it produced a never ending string of *questions;* besides she was a deep politician, she knew a few *odd things* connected with very grave matters—and she thought she might, by flattery and *asking*, get at a few more, as chance had thrown her near one, who was in possession of many state secrets! whether she succeeded in more than tormenting the peer, we can hardly say.

As for poor Lady H——, she was not only infinitely below the flight of these two illustrious friends, of whom, in truth, she stood in great awe—they were her protecting geniuses; dictated to her who they would, and would not, meet at her house in town—gave her an arm now and then at Almack's, and threw out, as they were in the humour, sundry other crumbs of comfort, all which were received with great internal gratitude, and *affected independence*, by that good and ambitious lady; to whom, not to be in the first *circle* of *fashion*, would have been not to exist; and to which she would have sacrificed every thing dear to her in this world, (including the baronet,) except her carriage, her pin money, her house in town, and her box at the King's Theatre; without which appendages, indeed, she could never have hoped for the arm of the one, or the smiles of the other, within the bills of mortality!

We must, however, leave the characters of the retiring dames to themselves, while we attend for a moment to the gentlemen left at table. The baronet came round to where the noble peer sat, gathering in close array, all

the others round them, for the convenience of social and less restricted chat, which generally takes place after the women have retired—and for the greater convenience of passing the bottle; while his noble friend formed the focus of attraction on all sides—he was what they all pronounced him, an excellent fellow—the most conceited dandy present, and there were some three or four, set aside their affectation, to be as natural and as agreeable as possible, in such company—aware that *that* was not the moment for playing off town airs, however one half of the country gentlemen present, might have been astounded by them.

We think it may be observed, that it is not till the cloth is removed, that people begin to feel themselves comfortable, and at ease, at any dinner, of more than four or five intimate friends—at large dinner parties, no matter how much each individual may be a man of the world, or how much on an equality, still there is a something that does not wear off till the dinner may be said to be over, and the wine having gone sundry rounds, has untied their tongues, and thrown all sides off their *guard!* people begin to *feel* what they say,

and is said—it is no longer mere verbiage: some tell good anecdotes of themselves, of others—they break up into knots, and change hands as one thing dies away and another begins—while real well bred men never engross the whole, too long on any one topic; for, then, *listening* becomes restrained and painful.

Long spun *arguments*, too, are the very bane of enjoyment, and only worthy of pretenders in knowledge and in taste—besides, what is there worth arguing about? what is gained? who is enlightened? who convinced?——It would be impossible to follow what was said on this occasion. Thanks to the turn given the leading discussion; by the noble minister, nothing could have been more agreeable: he had been to the Russian court, and told them two or three things that were *new* and amusing—the baronet descanted on new *bills* for new roads, and the promising state of the weather, and the game: Lord Offleader, who had been down with his four iron grays, two days before, in his *swell drag*, into Kent, told them all about a "*prime fight*"—which led to a dissertation on the merits of the leading men in the *fistic* art.

This broke up with a division of the whole table; half for, and half against the practice. Hawser touched on the use of the single stick and small sword, with one or two anecdotes, by way of illustration; in the course of which, it came out, that he was in the navy! Gadabout, upon the strength of it, shifted round to his side, and they shook hands on the strength of his yacht, and salt water propensities, and late cruise; which he gave an account of, for their edification—not forgetting the Dey of Algiers, just sent to Naples—and now they all spoke of the regattas—from thence to Virginia Water, and the mahogany boat, which was pronounced a beautiful craft; apropos, His Majesty's health was now drunk, with great good will—this toast led to others, the noble lord, and his majesty's ministers; the ladies, &c.—Song singing, except by *professional* gentlemen, is out; but Lord Offleader declared, 'pon honor, if he had had his guitar there, he'd have given them a sweet little Spanish air he had picked up in the Pyrenees: from this they shifted to, who in town had the handsomest cabriolet—who the finest four in hand—who the prettiest wife! "who the finest girl to *come out* that season!"—then it came to

who gave the best dinners; and who had the nicest house, and the most handsome establishment. In these discussions about town, Highrouge, Lord Offleader, and Gadabout had it all to themselves; for the peer (who knew, by the by, much more than either) amused himself most by listening, while every fresh affirmative brought him in an appeal of, "Don't you think so my lord?"—to all which he assented with a very good grace—next came *Nugee*, Cooper, and *Stultz* in competition; and here the bloods were at issue, siding off as their *bills* directed, in favour, or against, one or the other of these gentlemen tailors; intermixed with this trifling conversation, new discoveries and improvements were spoken of; such as Horner's Colosseum; and Dioramas, Cosmoramas, and Panoramas, both sides of the channel—actors were compared of the French and English capitals, and the Italian Opera—London seemed to kick the beam, spite of a firm stand, made by the baronet; but he had the knight against him, and was obliged to give way—Tom Gadabout pronouncing the King's Theatre not to be compared with the Salle Favart, for its orchestra; nor with the *Academie* for its

corps de ballet—this led to an investigation of the miserable manner all the London houses are conducted, and the decline of this art in England—or rather its want of more improvement after the manner of the French; the country gentlemen made a stand, but were overpowered by the more knowing travellers, on this head—turnpikes were next talked of, and the system *in toto* complained of; while the French one was held up as a pattern to us, at once to get rid of great *waste* and *vexation*—by taxing all vehicles on a certain scale—and make the rate payable, *once for all*, for the whole year—this was nearly unanimous, the baronet alone held out; but his reasons were very confused and antiquated, being himself, as we have said, a sad "*slow coach*"—and his son wished to heaven he were doomed to drive as much about town, as he and Offleader were—the nuisance of *turnpike-gates* about, though now something abated, would soon change his note—the baronet was "*of the same opinion still*"—because "convinced *against his will!*"

Horatio was asked what sort of people the Japanese were, and the Chinese, as it came

out he had been once there, and wrecked on the coast of China: "The former," he told them, "were, if possible, a more odd people than their neighbours, who they strongly resembled, except in dress, wearing flowing robes with immense sleeves, combs in their turned-up hair, hated the sight of strangers, and had no one idea in common with Europeans, any more than the Chinese—of whom, after all, we have but a very imperfect notion! except, indeed, that human nature is every where the same—that at the village where he was wrecked, the good woman of the house they were lodged at, kept her husband in great order—that the little children followed at their heels, hooting "*fanqui*," when they stirred out—that a fat handsome mandarin had charge of them as prisoners, and fed them on fat pork, rice, and sweet potatoes; all their amusement was in looking at some golden fish in a large vase, from which rose an artificial rock and orange tree, in a confined court; and that at night they were nearly devoured by musquitoes, or choked by the smoke made, to get rid of these plaguy insects."

The lieutenant was thus running on, when his father, who had been in close conversation

with Dr. Littlegood, on late improvements in the scientific world, now jogged him, saying, "He was afraid little could be added to the luminous accounts already known to every body, by Messrs. Barrow and Captain Hall, Sir George Staunton, &c." His son "was in truth aware, that at least all he could say would add very little to our stock of knowledge on the subject;" but Gadabout "declared he had never once heard of the latter authors! that they must be, he was sure, a devilish odd set of people, those Japanese, and that if it were not so confounded far off, he himself would take a trip in his yacht, and he was sure Lord H., his particular and aquatic friend, would bear him company on so laudable a trip—but—it was such a devilish distance!—however, he wished to know something of a certain famous harbour, where *mynheer* goes for his ingots of gold! to come at which, he must trample on the cross, and submit to all sorts of privations, indignities, and insults."

The harbour of the chief island, Jeddo, the sailor had never seen; but he told this member of the regatta club that *Nangasaki*, where the Dutch had a kind of factory, and where

their ships arrived once a year, was the most extraordinary harbour, and the most beautiful in the known world. "Figure to yourself," he said, "the approach from the ocean to a bold, rugged coast, whose rocks, as the ship stood in, seemed to hang frowning already over her mast heads, while the sea lashed around in terrific violence, as it beat on their bases, without the vestige of an opening!—while yet she darted forward, and all but the pilot thought every instant we must plunge on the rocks, the harbour's mouth detached itself, and suddenly opened, as if cleft down from the skies by some sudden convulsion of nature!—in an instant, the water, as we got in, became smooth as glass, and clear as chrystal, though of a great depth—a thousand boats, filled by ten thousand Japanese, covered its surface, and we found ourselves, as if by enchantment, in a beautiful bason, capable of containing the largest fleet, sheltered on all sides by mountains most beautifully cultivated, in pastures and gardens, to their very summits. Leading out of this extraordinary bason, ran a river, a few miles up which, is situated the town; but such is the jealousy of these people, that not one came near us.

"On the second day, we were surrounded by hundreds of war boats, each from sixty to a hundred feet in length, covered with black cloth, and bearing the crest or arms of the empire, an arrow, in white shields, on them. We were supplied, (as we feigned distress), with necessaries—but peremptorily ordered to depart, and not a soul suffered to land; not to throw off our friendly character, we were obliged to comply—indeed any other step would have only caused blood shed; the hills were covered with tents and troops in two short days; and we left this singular people, without the slightest communication beyond formal compliment, and yes and no! They refused remuneration — in no shape could they be prevailed on to accept the smallest trifle."

"What a set!" cried Gadabout, "perfect savages!" While thus the conversation ranged over the whole world, and embraced all sorts of dissimilar topics, the ladies in the drawing-room had been discussing the merits of each other's dress, and recent publications; led to it by reverting to the work of the fair authoress present, who, of course, was complimented more or less on her production, by all

those who had seen least of it, or not at all!—and never meant to ask for it in their lives, good, bad, or indifferent. However flattered herself, Miss Evergreen was by no means disposed to be too indulgent to her rivals in the field of fancy and imagination; she declared that "there was nothing *new* now-a-days fit to be read—and she made a point of never missing a new publication, which she scanned with a critic's eye—Tremain had grown old, and she had led the town to declare, the third volume a sermon, that might have been as well tacked to the Archbishop of Grenada's homilies—that "sayings and doings," through all their *series*, only grew the *weaker* and the more trite, pert, and dull."

Lady Perplex "begged to differ with her—her ladyship idolized *John Bull* and the *Age*, and indeed took all her opinions of her friends from those modest papers." Miss Evergreen went on without condescending to listen to her ladyship—"that 'Almacks' was pretty well, but might as well not have been '*revisited*,' as, to her certain knowledge, the author, who by the bye she knew very well, was wholly *out*, in several places, as to the *doings* for admittance to that assembly—

Matilda better; but the Roué smacked very much of its title, and was altogether overstrained, and gave false colourings and importance to very trifling every-day occurrences, and was, from beginning to end, out of nature and *art!* that Highways and Byways were *clever*, but the author out of his depth, by attempting a tragedy, which was like numberless *tales*, altogether a very lachrymose milk and water concern; the *Naval Officer*, the best of the salt water tribe—Lady Slipslop protested, as she yawned, against this decision. That Salathiel, or the Jew, was a most splendidly dull affair, she had gone to sleep after reading a page or two.—Brambletye House, and the rest, *middling*, but tiresome "The O'Flahertys and O'Brians," she said, "was really the best thing that Lady M. had written, (not to name such trash as the *book of the Boudoir*), but that her usual and besetting sin of eternal quotations and making all sorts of people chatter *French*, was quite sickening—besides, she had no *judgment*, though clever in many parts, and her *Irish dinner* good!"

After these sweeping criticisms, she took breath a moment, while all around her spoke

at once, each in favour of every one of the works mentioned—did she not think such and such parts delightful?—Surely, &c. She waved her hand—and proceeded to pass condemnation on twenty minor novels, and novel writers, at one fell swoop—as the most horrible trash—"but she knew," she said, "that any stuff, if in *three volumes*, could be *forced* on the market by *certain publishers*, (whose *judging* friends were duller than a certain "fat weed,") who could thus *ensure* the sale of one thousand seven hundred copies to *booksellers*, and circulating libraries, all over the kingdom! and thence it was, that such inane puerilities were stuck in the hands of poor girls, and grown up children, of all sorts and sexes; gluttons in novel reading." She next proceeded to almost the last book that had come out, *Pelham*, of the *School* of *Ton;* Devereux, the Disowned, &c. of that school which aims at inculcating a very agreeable aristocratic selfishness, wherein the whole world is nothing out of a certain street, and a certain *set!* She said, it was an exceeding clever work—and what was more, extremely interesting!—she confessed that even *she* herself had gathered a secret or two from it, and

had quarrelled with one of its *characters*, whose duplicities had been unmasked by it. Most of the ladies agreed with her on this work, Pelham. They had been all highly amused. Food for criticism was now exhausted—when Mrs. Classic, who had been hitherto silent, said—"But, my dear madam, you have forgotten the Tales of the Canongate!—is not the 'Fair Maid of Perth' quite charming!" "Oh yes," she replied, "but of course *Scott*, who has amused us for so many years, is good, *par excellence;* not that all his works have pleased me." She here proceeded to except one half of what that great writer has written—without, however, assigning any very cogent reasons; and Mrs. Classic, whose sense and good taste were certainly second to none present, observed, in reply, "that it was impossible for the greatest genius to be always *equally good!* it was a perfection neither in nature, nor *desirable*—but even where the great northern author stooped, his flight was infinitely above all the others that had been named—and that, for her part, she had read, with almost equal pleasure, *every thing* he had written, and with an avidity that scarcely allowed her to put down

one of his volumes till she had read it through." At this declaration, some of the company looked as if they had heard something very extraordinary! and Lady Slipslop declared that she had, she knew not how, but she had been a whole month, reading one volume—though she acknowledged its beauties—but that indeed she forgot what had preceded by the time she reached the end—she was sorry for it, for all her friends assured her of its excellence—but that three volumes of any thing was in itself enough to give her the vapours." At this, she yawned, and sipped her tea. "But would you believe it!" continued Miss Evergreen, "sailors now write novels, and affect to talk about what, Heaven knows they little understand, on shore! I have been forced to get a glossary for their sea jargon, which, after all, is dull enough; but their pert ignorance on other matters absolutely sets one to sleep."

They were, at this conclusive blow, joined by the gentlemen, who put an end to a dullness that seemed to have been caught by the mention of the said sea books, or possibly from the sympathetic yawning of this very fashionable lady.

It has been said, that there is no better place than a crowded ball room, for the uninterrupted enjoyment of an innocent flirtation—we will go further, and declare that a drawing room, with a large party, as in the present instance, is equally propitious to those young loves, that cast a momentary enchantment over the more common place realities of life. There is no great wonder, therefore, that while all the rest were amusing themselves, in various ways, Hawser and his Sophia had retired to one corner of the room, where a *divan* formed an agreeable seat, and where these two lovers enjoyed some moments of very tender dialogue, and in which, our hero prevailed on her not to retard a happiness he had so long contemplated with so much fervour and anxiety—at length she promised him, that she would speak to her father and mother the next morning on the subject, and let them know what she had resolved on; for she confessed, that asking their leave, implied its being granted; since they could not avoid doing so, or prevent her acting as she thought proper in this particular. As for Dandy Surface, who had attached himself, very particularly,

to Miss Littlegood, by way of hiding his disappointment and vexation, at what he now saw pretty plainly—he gave the thing up as a *bad job*, and resolved to marry the first dowager he could get hold of, *with money*, who would be so good as to fancy that a *man*, at any rate, would make her happy!

Symptoms of uneasiness in Lady H. and certain whisperings between her and her two lady patronesses, and then her husband, announced, that she did not behold the said particular discourse, between her daughter and the lieutenant, with indifference—indeed, not dreaming of Mr. Surface, or Mr. anybody else, it had been agreed upon, that very winter, between her and Lady Perplex, that a match, between the young widow and Lord Perplex, her only son, was the most desirable thing in the world—his being abroad, at that moment in Paris, was very provoking—but he was expected daily. From this quarter, however, no difficulty arose, as the very next morning the Countess got a letter, from her son, to say he had married a very celebrated songstress, just from the Pergola of Florence, whom he had fallen in love with, rather sud-

denly, at the Buffa in Paris—at the same time, in a postcript, very dutifully asking her blessing!

But, as when things, tedious and insipid in themselves, stop the action and accomplishment of that which we have nearest our hearts, through life, and oblige us to act a part of indifference, while we burn, with impatience, and are dying with desire, for some enjoyment, fancied or real—so have we described a dinner, which, indeed, may appear as dull and impertinent to our readers, as it did to the hero of this book himself; who could think of nothing, the whole time, but his approaching happiness, forced, as he was, to break off his *téte-à-téte* with his fair charmer; as others, envious of their happiness, or not suspecting it, would come and join in the conversation. To put an end, therefore, to this scene, and further suspense, we pass over a carpet dance to the piano, and a few airs that were warbled by those present, with tolerable effect; chiefly by Mrs. Classic and Sophia,—at a late hour that night, the party separated—some to bed, but the greater number to their carriages, and an hour or two's drive, before they could arrive at the same ever welcome luxury, at their

own homes. The great terror of *parties* in the country, the roads, however, were good, and the moon lit them to their respective gates.

It was at an early hour, on the following morning, that Lady H. listened, with as much patience and resignation as she could command, to her daughter's determination to choose for herself, on her renewal of the conjugal tie—her son's letter had prepared the lady mother—and she launched into reason and entreaty—to supplication; but her daughter remained firm—nor all the great advantages of the Perplex proposals could move her—obliged to yield, (for what reason, what solicitation prevails against a woman in love!) She brought the baronet to her aid—but he proved but a poor auxiliary, and joined the fair enemy at the first fire of words—declaring that he only wished to see his daughter happy!—and that she was surely of an age to know what was likely to be most agreeable to herself. The point was, at length, yielded, and Lady H. went to pour her disappointment into the ear (not the bosom) of the lady, whose alliance, she assured her, she coveted beyond expression! and she spoke with great

sincerity! "Alas!" said the countess, "dear Lady Highrouge, look at this"—giving her son's letter; "have I not reason to blush for him?—to be miserable — gracious heavens! that the blood of the Perplex's should be thus contaminated;—will our youths never have done making such monstrous matches! will no example warn them! but that they must pick up mates from foreign singers and dancers! look at—" (the good lady, as tears stood in her eyes, here enumerated divers lords and Mr.'s who had, indeed, made fools of themselves in this way) "are they not enough to disgust them—while so many of our fair girls at home, infinitely more beautiful—with *minds*—with every thing — languish, without a hope of being married!"—"My dear lady," replied the other, as soon as she had run over the fatal letter, at the same instant applying a bottle of sal volatile, to her nostril! "what you say is, indeed, but too true!—and yet, be comforted: I *have* known of some bright examples at home—and yet!" "And yet, Madam!" cried the other, "are they Italian, German, French?" "What hope is there, that, in the *end*, my son will not be pointed at as a ——." Lady H. hoped

not—and instantly leaving her friend and bottle of salts—went round and told all her female guests, not only of her daughter's approaching nuptials, at the same time inviting them to the ceremony—but of the Perplex love match—on which there were various comments. One said "It was *nothing*"—another, "Shocking"—a third, "How romantic." As it reached Miss Evergreen, she begged to know which man was the *lieutenant*, of the crowd of people she had seen the day before; and how provoking she had not been introduced, as she had never seen a *sea lieutenant* in her life!—begging to know, if he was not a very strange looking uncouth sort of creature! as to the second part, she thought that, really his lordship ought to be allowed (just as Mrs. Mangrove did) to do as he pleased—and to support this view of the question, she helped them to a little bit of very profound philosophy; in which she quoted two or three passages of her "*Quamina*," as very much to the point, and delightfully apropos!

As had been agreed on—in the course of the day, a note reached our hero from his Sophia, letting him know the result of her *confession*, and in compliance with his earnest

entreaties of the night before, fixing their wedding, for the earliest moment—*he pleased*—he lost not a moment, it may be imagined, in running to the hall, over that very park he had so often sprang across before—but never, perhaps, with half the fleetness, or so much delight—his first care was to have an interview with the baronet and Lady H., which took place in his study.

As we have before observed, whatever sins the old gentleman had to answer for to his *country at large*, he was much and deservedly beloved in his own family, for his good nature and indulgence, which was extended to every living thing on his estate. When, therefore, he shook his future son-in-law by the hand, it was with such cordiality as put him instantly at his ease; while he told him how happy he was in his daughter's choice, with many other civil things, proper to be said on such occasions—sending for his lady, the lieutenant "KISSED HANDS on his *promotion*"—nor could she help smiling on him, though a sort of reserve she tried to put on—but, in truth, there were no *solid* objections to him; and the good lady, at length, joined her husband, in his cordiality towards her son in law,

but a third person was quickly added to this group; who, from confusion, and perhaps joy, mixed with twenty conflicting sensations, threw herself into her mother's arms, while her lover, kneeling, almost devoured her yielded hand. The baronet being, of the four, the least affected, though as pleased as either, cried out, as he pulled his son-in-law up, "Come, Sophia, my dear, what nonsense! one would almost think you repented of your choice!—Eh, Horace! There, embrace each other—no need of any more ceremony: except the parson's—which, please God, shall not be long wanting. Pray, have you fixed on the day?" To this question, Sophia, who had yielded to the authorized embrace of her lover, blushing, replied that it should be whenever agreeable to Mr. Hawser.

The lieutenant would have said that very day; but the baronet interrupted him, with "Odd, so! then let's have it to-morrow: as we are all here and willing, we only want an especial licence, which we'll have in a few hours; and our worthy rector shall make you one, you rogues. Come, now, let's go and look after our guests—and try to behave yourselves like rational creatures, the rest of

the day, or you'll be prettily quizzed by them all, I can tell ye—some sharp wits! I promise you—take care!"

On this they separated till dinner, Lady H. with her daughter, and Mr. Hawser, to gladden the hearts of his family, who, that evening, joined them at the hall, much as on the preceding day, when the two knights, and the two ladies most concerned in this happy union, had long and particular conversations together—the nature of which was pretty well guessed at, by every body else—nor was it any longer indeed made a secret; so that the parties were congratulated in all sorts of ways—the sly, the grave, the facetious, and the tender: as for Surface, no sooner did he hear that things were arranged, "past hope, past cure," than he took himself off, together with Offleader, who, though very much pressed to remain till next day, declared *it* was impossible, as he was engaged to Lady Squeeze's rout—besides he had promised to meet a party at Brooks'—there was no answering *no*, to such momentous concerns, and they drove off.

Highrouge, but for the *decency* of the thing, would have gone up with them—but his father,

with whom the last two days he had been frequently closeted, talked him out of it—and told him how odd and awkward it would look, not to remain for his sister's wedding; even if he did not exactly approve of the match. Now, the fact was, this gentleman had tried to dissuade his father from consenting—not from any thing he said against the lieutenant, which he did not attempt, but, by pointing out the splendid alliances she had a right to look up to, for he uttered not a word of *Surface!*—as *that* he thought, would be "*too bad,*" seeing there was nothing very *splendid* in a fashionable *roué*, over head and ears in debt! Finding all he could say, had no effect, he at first retired within himself in haughty reserve—but, as nobody seemed to care for that either, he at last thought it best to make a merit of necessity, by coming up to his destined brother-in-law, and wishing him *joy* fairly, which the tar received with becoming *gravity*!— In short, in all England there was not a more cheerful "*hall,*" than that of the baronet's on the morning of the nuptials of this happy pair—the rector, and all his family were invited, and were present; the *indissoluble knot* was tied in the drawing

room, in the presence of all the world, dressed in their gayest attire—even the town ladies seemed to enjoy it as *something new*—being tired of those weddings that *nobody* witnesses, and those *happy couples* whom nobody ever lays eyes on—nothing was to be seen but smiling faces, wedding cake, white gloves, ribbons, favors, nosegays, and one universal chatter and titter rang throughout the house.

Solitude Lodge at one time, and still occasionally called the "BUNGALOW," having been got ready, thither Sophia and the happy lieutenant retired, to taste of something of that happiness, of that enjoyment, so many *fancy*—so few ever attain! but it was not in the feast of love alone, but rather in the enjoyment of that well regulated pleasure, fresh springing from every thing about them, and in the very happiness they created in others, or diffused around, that they were assured of a continuance of delight in each other; as there was nothing beneath their notice, their care, and solicitude, so, indeed, was there nothing that did not more or less conduce to that perfect harmony, without which, we run after what the world calls *pleasure* in vain!

since no one thing within the compass of human invention can create *content*, in the absence of that good sense which shews, by daily experience, that *things* are, in themselves, pleasing, or otherwise according to the frame of mind we bring to their contemplation, and the temperate use we are disposed to make, of the blessings, so bountifully showered on us, by the beneficent hand of the Almighty!

We will here close this our history; not because the parties are married, for, as any interest these pages may possess, does not lie most certainly in *love* and matrimony; so did a thousand circumstances spring out of the union of this pair—this *tardy love match*, perhaps as interesting as any thing we have said, that has led to it—nor have we lost sight of a couple, who may serve as a very good example of what may be done towards the *dulce et utile*, to prove that it is the most agreeable state possible—where the due medium is preserved between the inflated and short lived *romantic*, and the equally evanescent *indifference* of some young people of the present day, who come together only to teaze each other!

Scarcely any man can well chalk out to himself what he *will* do—how dispose of himself, and things about him, to the best advantage, as a fixed plan, after marrying the girl he likes—even though *she*, from love, youth, and inexperience, remains quite passive, like some soft tendril, and willing to adopt any mode of life most agreeable to himself!—a great deal, perhaps every thing, is left to chance—some are continually on the *move*, and old age finds them just going down to Naples, or Dublin—and death may overtake them in Venice, or the Alps, in their travelling carriage—the grand *plans* for *after life* (if any) *still put off*, and undecided on; others again, for half their lives, balance on which house shall be eventually occupied, the town or the country one!—Town is very well, and squares with so many *old habits* and luxuries! but then the country has its charms—who can stay in town in Autumn? but we grow stiff and tired of running about! Luxury has so inflated all *wants*, that what *was* a fortune, is no longer one!—something should be resolved on, and yet nothing *is*; meantime the "*utile*" is totally lost sight of; we cannot, ought not, for ever to be trifling;

nay, the thing itself becomes insipid, and tires—has his *country at large* no claims on an English gentleman of moderate fortune? or has his mind grown so little, as to be circumvented within some certain squares and streets!—and his ideas to be confined to squabbles and the twaddle of a parcel of old women, of both sexes, who do a thousand absurd things every year—and keep each other in countenance by a single word, "*fashion*," signifying nothing; and yet into this silly spell is every soul among us sucked; the grave, the gay, the lively, the severe—the severer and graver votaries being, indeed, the only truly ridiculous ones!

Often had our lieutenant turned this over in his mind, even in the first three months of his marriage. He loved his wife more than ever—while her fondness seemed to know no bounds for him. It was impossible for him to wish for any greater good in this world, than he now enjoyed—and to have been made admiral of the Fleet, would have appeared, in his eyes, but a poor concern, if to be exchanged for his present enviable lot and *real* independence—how often, when alone, did they sit and suggest different agreeable plans for the *first year!*

The *season* in town had flown by—theirs was the season of love, and *bowers* and *green* fields; nor were they yet tired of it; both, in truth, liked the *country* from the best of reasons; and felt no sort of envy or longing, either to be at the opera, or at Almack's, or at a certain marchioness's grand fancy ball—though Miss Evergreen, had written repeatedly to Sophia, to say she would and *could* take them *any where* and *every where*, and that it was quite ridiculous, their sticking and prosing in the country, while the farmers were making hay! "Besides, my dear," she added, "you will be thought *affected;* of all things in the world avoid that—*honeymoons* do not last more than *two weeks* now a days—and who ever talks nonsense of shady walks, and velvet lawns, and nightingales, and quiet amusements, and social chat, and all that, except boarding school girls! Lady Slip-slop says, that if you will bring that amphibious animal of your's up, she will take you to Willis's, on Wednesday, and she will *ensure* you the *season.* As for the Opera—there's my brother's box and her's. I can tell you there is not one left for you to yourself, if you, would be reasonable—unless you will be *pad-*

locked in one of those *stalls* in the *pit!* It is very amusing to see some of the good folks below us, in that new sort of *Smithfield*, to be sure! but Sontag, and Pisaroni, and Pasta, and La Garcia, are turning people mad.

Thus this lady ran on every week—without, however, drawing Sophia from her retreat. The truth was, that without any great stretch of philosophy, neither of them felt any wish, for the present, to hear and see what they had so often before—the same singers, the same dancers, the same airs—very charming in themselves—and so would continue, properly *economised!*—but they both felt that their present mode of life was a pleasing *novelty*—very much more *bearable*, at least for a good while longer, than *ball rooms* and gas lit theatres—and their own conversation, and mutual endearments, much better than the sort of constrained and hurried part, people are expected to act while they mix with each other in town—*constrained* even in a seeming *unconstraint*.

FINIS.

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